THE

HISTORY

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

WRITTEN IN SPANISH BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

TRANSLATED BY SEVERAL HANDS:

And PUBLISHED by

THE LATE Mr. MOTTEUX.

Revis'd a-new from the beſt SPANISH Edition,

By Mr. OZELL:

Who has likewiſe added EXPLANATORY NOTES
from *Jarvis*, *Oudin*, *Sobrino*, *Pineda*, *Gregorio*,
and the *Royal Academy Dictionary* of *Madrid*.

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ACCOUNT

OF THE

AUTHOR.

IF ever any writer deſerv'd to have his memory preſerv'd entire to future ages, 'tis certainly *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra;* ſince none has diverted, I had almoſt ſaid inſtructed, poſterity more than he has done by his works: yet, either out of envy or ingratitude, he has been ſo far from meeting with that juſtice from the hiſtorians his contemporaries, that they make not the leaſt mention of the place of his nativity. Some ſay that it was at Seville, and that is

only conjectur'd from a paſſage in one of his prefaces, where he ſays, that when he was a youth he had ſeen ſeveral Plays of Lopez de Rueda, a famous writer of Comedies in that city. In oppoſition to which one Signior Tomajos affirms, that he was a native of Eſquivias, a town near Toledo: but this is undoubted, that he was a gentleman, and, not unlikely, deſcended from the noble family of the Cervantes of Seville.

In this uncertainty we leave the account of his birth, and come to ſpeak ſomething of his perſon, which we are the better enabled to do, from a particular deſcription that he gives of himſelf in the preface of his Novels. The occaſion is upon his expreſſing his averſion to the writing of Prefaces, which makes him agreeably enough wiſh, ſince ſome of his had not had the good fortune to pleaſe, that, to ſave him the trouble for the future, ſome one of thoſe friends, whom his circumſtances (as he's pleas'd to ſay) more than his wit, had gain'd him, would get his picture engrav'd, to be plac'd in the frontiſpiece of his book, with the following account of the author, to ſatisfy the curioſity of thoſe readers that had a mind to know what kind of man he was.

He tells us, that he was ſharp-viſag'd; his hair brown; his forehead, in ſpite of age, free from wrinkles; his eyes briſk; his noſe ſomewhat riſing, but not ill-ſiz'd; his beard gray, and his muſtachios large; his mouth little, his teeth ill-rang'd, and not above ſix in number; his complexion lively, rather fair than ſwarthy; his body neither too fat nor too lean; ſomewhat thick in the ſhoulders, and not very light of foot.

He adds, " That he had been many years a ſol-
" dier, five a captive, and from thence had learnt to
" bear afflictions patiently; that at the battle of Le-
" panto he loſt his left hand by the ſhot of a harque-
" bus; a maim, which how unſightly ſoever it might
" appear to others, yet was look'd on by him as the
" greateſt grace and ornament, ſince got in the nobleſt
" and moſt memorable action that ever paſs'd ages had
" ſeen, or future e'er could hope to ſee; fighting un-
" der the victorious banners of the ſon of that thunder-
" bolt of war, Charles the fifth of happy memory."

For the other paſſages of his life, we are only given to underſtand, that he was for ſome time ſecretary to the duke of Alva, and that afterwards he retir'd to Madrid; where, for his maintenance, he apply'd himſelf to writing, and then compos'd moſt of thoſe admirable pieces which we now enjoy, being principally favour'd and ſupported by the generoſity of the Conde de Lemos, and the archbiſhop of Toledo; to the firſt of which great men he has addreſs'd moſt of his labours.

Since therefore, for want of further memoirs, we can give no larger hiſtory of the fortunes and actions of Cervantes, we muſt be oblig'd, in what remains, to conſider him only as an author, and ſo to give what account we can of his works.

The firſt book then which we find that he publiſh'd, was his Galatea, a kind of paſtoral romance, mix'd with a great deal of poetry, upon which we ſhall only paſs the ſame judgment that his friend the Barber does on his finding it in the library of Don Quixote: " That there is ſomething in it that ſhews

" a happy invention, ſomething propos'd, but nothing " concluded; the ſecond part being wanting to make " it compleat."

The next is, the firſt part of his incomparable Don Quixote, which is too well known to need any character. The principal deſign of which is to ridicule, by the fineſt ſatyr in the world, the humour of knight-errantry, and the romantic notions of love and honour, which at that time reign'd in the Spaniſh nation. How well he has ſucceeded, all Europe is agreed, ſince every nation has taken care to make it their own by their tranſlations.

Some are of opinion, that upon our author's being neglectfully treated by the duke of Lerma, firſt miniſter to king Philip the third, a ſtrange imperious haughty man, and one who had no value for men of learning, he, in revenge, made this ſatyr; which, as they pretend, chiefly aim'd at that miniſter: which thing cannot be true, if, as according to others, he wrote it in Barbary, to while away ſome of the melancholy hours of his captivity; beſides, that the humour which is there laugh'd at, was then ſo general in Spain, that 'tis probable no particular perſon is intended. This, however, is certain, that that noble Duke, and his management, are reflected on in thoſe verſes which are aſcrib'd to Urganda de la Deſconocida; where, though he leaves out the laſt ſyllable of every concluding word, in every line, yet it is no hard matter to gueſs who is meant in that ſhort poem; which from thence you may judge to be altogether unfit to be either imitated or tranſlated.

The firſt edition of this part was in 1605; and

while he was very gravely and leiſurely meditating and preparing the Continuation, which was impatiently expected, there comes out at Teragona, in 1614, a Second Part of the Hiſtory of Don Quixote, by Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda of Tordeſillas. Our author was extremely concern'd at this proceeding, and the more ſo, becauſe this writer was not content to invade his deſign, and rob him, as 'tis ſaid, of ſome of his copy, but miſerably abuſes poor Cervantes in his preface; which our author, upon publiſhing the year after the genuine continuation of Don Quixote, complains of, and up and down in that book gives him ſome reprehenſions; which, however unhandſome they are, are but too gentle for ſo great an injury: but it muſt be confeſs'd indeed, that having to do with a prieſt, and one that belong'd to the inquiſition, as that Plagiary did, it might not be ſafe for him to carry his reſentment higher.

Between the publiſhing of the two parts of his Don Quixote, he printed his Novelas Exemplares. The reaſon of his calling theſe Novels ſo, is, as he acquaints us, becauſe his other novels had been tax'd as more ſatyrical than exemplary; which fault reſolving to amend, he has in every one of theſe propos'd ſome virtue or other for imitation. Of theſe it muſt be juſtly ſaid, that in the original they do not diſgrace the author of Don Quixote; with this further commendation, which Cervantes himſelf gives them, that they were entirely his own invention, not borrow'd, imitated, or tranſlated from other languages, as all thoſe were that his countrymen had publiſh'd before him.

In 1615, he printed a collection of Comedies and

Interludes, eight of each, being ſuch as he choſe to make publick out of a greater number. Before theſe, is a very good account of the riſe and progreſs of the Spaniſh Drama to his own time; to the advancement of which (not without a great deal of juſtice) he makes no ſcruple to pretend that he had contributed, by the plays that he had written, which were not fewer than thirty at leaſt.

The laſt of all his works, that we have, is the Hiſtory of the Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda; to which he had but juſt put his laſt hand, and in a very affectionate and grateful addreſs dedicated it to his great patron the Conde de Lemos, upon his departing this world, or, to uſe his own expreſſion, ſetting his foot in the ſtirrup on his journey to another, being then old, and with the fate of moſt of the wittieſt men that ever liv'd, very poor. There are two other pieces of his, which he informs us he had written; the one call'd El Viage del Parnaſo, in imitation of a poem of that title of Caeſar Caporali, being a ſatyr on the Spaniſh, as Caporali's is on the Italian poets. This is printed, but not arriv'd to us; but for the other, which he calls La Semanas del Jardin, and the ſecond part of the Galatea, 'tis probable they were never perfectly finiſh'd; ſince but a few days before our author's death, in the Epiſtle Dedicatory of his Perſiles, he promiſes his patron, that if Heaven would grant him a little longer time to live, he ſhould ſee them both: but, alas! he was then on the point of expiring; and, 'tis likely, not able to be as good as his word, dying ſoon after at Madrid, in the year 1616.

It may be expected, that to conclude, we ſhould give our author's character; but we chuſe rather to let his works do that, ſince they will, more effectually than any thing we can ſay, convince all that read them, that he was a maſter of all thoſe great and rare qualities which are requir'd in an accompliſh'd writer, a perfect gentleman, and a truly good man.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

YOU may depend upon my bare word, reader, without any farther ſecurity, that I could wiſh this offſpring of my brain were as ingenious, ſprightly, and accompliſh'd as yourſelf could deſire; but the miſchief on't is, nature will have its courſe: every production muſt reſemble its author, and my barren and unpoliſh'd underſtanding can produce nothing but what is very dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond imagination. You may ſuppoſe it the child of diſturbance, engendered in ſome diſmal priſon*, where wretchedneſs keeps its reſidence, and every diſmal ſound its habitation. Reſt and eaſe, a convenient place, pleaſant fields and groves,

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* *The Author is ſaid to have wrote this ſatyrical romance in a priſon.*

murmuring ſprings, and a ſweet repoſe of mind, are helps that raiſe the fancy, and impregnate even the moſt barren muſes with conceptions that fill the world with admiration and delight. Some parents are ſo blinded by a fatherly fondneſs, that they miſtake the very imperfections of their children for ſo many beauties; and the folly and impertinence of the brave boy, muſt paſs upon their friends and acquaintance for wit and ſenſe. But I, who am only a ſtep-father, diſavow the authority of this modern and prevalent cuſtom; nor will I earneſtly beſeech you, with tears in my eyes, which is many a poor author's caſe, dear reader, to pardon or diſſemble my child's faults; for what favour can I expect from you, who are neither his friend nor relation? You have a ſoul of your own, and the privilege of free-will, whoever you be, as well as the proudeſt He that ſtruts in a gaudy outſide: you are a king by your own fire-ſide, as much as any monarch in his throne: you have liberty and property, which ſet you above favour or affection, and may therefore freely like or diſlike this hiſtory, according to your humour.

I had a great mind to have expos'd it as naked as it was born, without the addition of a preface, or the numberleſs trumpery of commendatory ſonnets, epigrams, and other poems that uſually uſher in the conceptions of authors: for I dare boldly ſay, that tho' I beſtow'd ſome time in writing the book, yet it coſt me not half ſo much labour as this very preface. I very often took up my pen, and as often laid it down, and could not for my life think of any thing to the purpoſe. Sitting once in a very ſtudious poſture, with

my paper before me, my pen in my ear, my elbow on the table, and my check on my hand, conſidering how I ſhould begin; a certain friend of mine, an ingenious gentleman, and of a merry diſpoſition, came in and ſurpriz'd me. He aſk'd me what I was ſo very intent and thoughtful upon? I was ſo free with him as not to mince the matter, but told him plainly I had been puzzling my brain for a preface to Don Quixote, and had made myſelf ſo uneaſy about it, that I was now reſolv'd to trouble my head no further either with preface or book, and even to let the atchievements of that noble knight remain unpubliſh'd: for, continued I, why ſhould I expoſe myſelf to the laſh of the old legiſlator, the vulgar? They will ſay I have ſpent my youthful days very finely, to have nothing to recommend my grey hairs to the world, but a dry, inſipid legend, not worth a ruſh, wanting good language as well as invention, barren of conceits or pointed Wit, and without either quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, which other books, tho' never ſo fabulous and profane, have to ſet 'em off. Other authors can paſs upon the publick, by ſtuffing their books from Ariſtotle, Plato, and the whole company of ancient philoſophers; thus amuſing their readers into a great opinion of their prodigious reading. Plutarch and Cicero are ſlurr'd on the publick for as orthodox doctors as St. Thomas, or any of the fathers. And then the method of theſe moderns is ſo wonderfully agreeable and full of variety, that they cannot fail to pleaſe. In one line, they will deſcribe you a whining amorous coxcomb, and the next ſhall be ſome dry ſcrap of a homily, with

ſuch ingenious turns as cannot chuſe but raviſh the reader. Now I want all theſe embelliſhments and graces: I have neither marginal notes nor critical remarks; I do not ſo much as know what authors I follow, and conſequently can have no formal index, as 'tis the faſhion now, methodically ſtrung on the letters of the alphabet, beginning with Ariſtotle, and ending with Xenophon, or Zoilus, or Zeuxis; which laſt two are commonly cramm'd into the ſame piece, tho' one of them was a famous painter, and t'other a ſaucy critick. I ſhall want alſo the pompous preliminaries of commendatory verſes ſent to me by the right honourable my Lord ſuch a one, by the honourable the Lady ſuch a one, or the moſt ingenious Mr. ſuch a one; tho' I know I might have them at an eaſy rate from two or three brothers of the quill of my acquaintance, and better, I'm ſure, than the beſt quality in Spain can compoſe.

In ſhort, my friend, ſaid I, the great Don Quixote may lie buried in the muſty records of La Mancha, 'till providence has order'd ſome better hand to fit him out as he ought to be; for I muſt own myſelf altogether uncapable of the taſk; beſides, I am naturally lazy, and love my eaſe too well to take the pains of turning over authors for thoſe things which I can expreſs as well without it. And theſe are the conſiderations that made me ſo thoughtful when you came in. The gentlemen, after a long and loud fit of laughing, rubbing his forehead; O' my conſcience, friend, ſaid he, your diſcourſe has freed me from a miſtake that has a great while impos'd upon me: I always took you for a man of ſenſe, but now I am ſuf-

ficiently convinc'd to the contrary. What! puzzled at ſo inconſiderable a trifle! a buſineſs of ſo little difficulty confound a man of ſuch deep ſenſe and ſearching thought as once you ſeem'd to be!

I am ſorry, Sir, that your lazy humour and poor underſtanding ſhould need the advice I am about to give you, which will preſently ſolve all your objections and fears concerning the publiſhing of the renown'd Don Quixote, the luminary and mirrour of all knight-errantry. Pray, Sir, ſaid I, be pleas'd to inſtruct me in whatever you think may remove my fears, or ſolve my doubts. The firſt thing you object, reply'd he, is your want of commendatory copies from perſons of figure and quality: there is nothing ſooner help'd; 'tis but taking a little pains in writing them yourſelf, and clapping whoſe name you pleaſe to 'em, you may father 'em on Preſter John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trapizonde, whom I know to be moſt celebrated poets: but ſuppoſe they were not, and that ſome preſuming pedantick criticks might ſnarl, and deny this notorious truth, value it not two farthings; and tho' they ſhould convict you of forgery, you are in no danger of loſing the hand with which you wrote* them.

As to marginal notes and quotations from authors for your hiſtory, 'tis but dropping here and there ſome ſcatter'd Latin ſentences that you have already by rote, or may have with little or no pains. For

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* *He loſt his left hand* (izquierda) *in the ſea-fight at Lepanto againſt the Turks.*

example, in treating of liberty and ſlavery, clap me in, *non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro;* and, at the ſame time, make Horace, or ſome other author, vouch it in the margin. If you treat of the power of death, come round with this cloſe †, *pallida mors aequo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.* If of loving our enemies, as heaven enjoins, you may, if you have the leaſt curioſity, preſently turn to the divine precept, and ſay, *ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos veſtros;* or if you diſcourſe of bad thoughts, bring in this paſſage, *de corde exeunt cogitationes malae.* If the uncertainty of friendſhip be your theme, Cato offers you his old couplet with all his heart; *donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos : tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris.* And ſo proceed. Theſe ſcraps of Latin will at leaſt gain you the credit of a great grammarian, which, I'll aſſure you, is no ſmall accompliſhment in this age. As to annotations or remarks at the end of your book, you may ſafely take this courſe. If you have occaſion for a giant in your piece, be ſure you bring in Goliah, and on this very Goliah (who will not coſt you one farthing) you may ſpin out a ſwingeing annotation. You may ſay, *The Giant* Goliah, *or* Goliat, *was a* Philiſtine, *whom* David *the ſhepherd ſlew with the thundering ſtroke of a pebble in the valley of* Terebinthus: vide *Kings*, in ſuch a

† *This quotation from Horace, and the following from ſcripture, are omitted in Shelton's tranſlation; as is alſo this and another ingenious preface of the author's in that of Stevens, many of whoſe notes indeed I have made uſe of.*

THE LIFE AND ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THE RENOWN'D DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

The quality and way of living of the renown'd Don Quixote de la Mancha.

AT a certain village in La Mancha*, which I ſhall not name, there liv'd not long ago one of thoſe old-faſhion'd gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horſe, and a grayhound. His diet conſiſted more of † beef than mutton; and with minc'd meat on moſt nights, lentiles on Fridays, eggs and ‡ bacon on

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* *A ſmall territory partly in the kingdom of Arragon, and partly in Caſtile; it is a liberty within itſelf, diſtinct from all the country about.*

† *Beef being cheaper in Spain than mutton.*

‡ *Strictly, ſorrow for his ſops, on Saturdays.* Duelos y Quebrantos; *in Engliſh, gruntings and groanings. He that can tell what ſort of edible the author means by thoſe words,* Erit mihi magnus Apollo. Caeſar Oudin, *the famous French traveller, negotiator, tranſlator and dictionary-maker, will have it to be eggs and bacon, as above. Our tranſlator and dictionary-maker, Stevens, has it, eggs and collops, (I ſuppoſe he meant Scotch-*

Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he conſumed three quarters of his revenue: the reſt was laid out in a pluſh coat, velvet breeches, with ſlippers of the ſame, for holidays; and a ſuit of the very beſt home-ſpun cloth, which he beſtowed on himſelf for working-days. His whole family was a houſe-keeper ſomething turn'd of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that ſerv'd him in the houſe and in the field, and could ſaddle a horſe, and handle the pruning-hook. The maſter himſelf was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and ſtrong complexion, lean-body'd, and thin-fac'd, an early riſer, and a lover of hunting. Some ſay his ſirname was Quixada, or Queſada (for authors differ in this particular): however, we may reaſonably conjecture he was call'd Quixada (*i. e.* lanthorn-jaws) tho' this concerns us but little, provided we keep ſtrictly to the truth in every point of this hiſtory.

You muſt know then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almoſt all the year round) he paſt his time in reading books of knight-errantry; which he did with

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collops) *but that's too good a diſh to mortify withal. Signor Sobrino's Spaniſh dictionary ſays,* Duelos y Quebrantos *is peaſe-ſoup. Mr. Jervis tranſlates it an amlet* (Aumulette *in French*) *which Boyer ſays is a pancake made of eggs, tho' I always underſtood* Aumulette *to be a bacon-froiſe (or rather bacon-fryze, from its being fry'd, from* frit *in French). Some will have it to mean brains fry'd with eggs, which, we are told by Mr. Jarvis, the church allows in poor countries in defect of fiſh. Others have gueſt it to mean ſome windy kind of diet, as peaſe, herbs, &c. which are apt to occaſion cholics, as if one ſhould ſay,* Greens and gripes on Saturdays. *To conclude, the 'forecited author of the new tranſlation (if a tranſlator may be call'd an author) abſolutely ſays,* Duelos y Quebrantos *is a cant-phraſe for ſome faſting-day-diſh in uſe in La Mancha. After all theſe learned diſquiſitions, who knows but the author means a diſh of* Nichils

that application and delight, that at laſt he in a manner wholly left off his country-ſports, and even the care of his eſtate; nay, he grew ſo ſtrangely beſotted with thoſe amuſements, that he ſold many acres of arable-land to purchaſe books of that kind; by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had: but among them all, none pleas'd him like the works of the famous Feliciano de Sylva; for the clearneſs of his proſe, and thoſe intricate expreſſions with which 'tis interlac'd, ſeem'd to him ſo many pearls of eloquence, eſpecially when he came to read the challenges, and the amorous addreſſes, many of them in this extraordinary ſtile. "The reaſon of your unreaſonable uſage of my reaſon, does "ſo enfeeble my reaſon, that I have reaſon to expoſtulate "with your beauty:" And this, "The ſublime heavens, "which with your divinity divinely fortify you with the ſtars, "and fix you the deſerver of the deſert that is deſerv'd by "your grandeur." Theſe, and ſuch like expreſſions ſtrangely puzzled the poor gentleman's underſtanding, while he was breaking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Ariſtotle himſelf could never have found, though he ſhould have been rais'd from the dead for that very purpoſe.

He did not ſo well like thoſe dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he conſidered that all the art of ſurgery could never ſecure his face and body from being ſtrangely diſfigured with ſcars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promiſe to finiſh that unfiniſhable adventure; and many times he had a deſire to put pen to paper, and faithfully and literally finiſh it himſelf: which he had certainly done, and doubtleſs with good ſucceſs, had not his thoughts been wholly engroſſed in much more important deſigns.

He would often diſpute with the * curate of the pariſh, a

* *In Spain the curate is the head prieſt in the pariſh, and he that has the cure of ſouls: thus* el cura *means the Rector, or,*

man of learning, that had taken his degrees at * Ciguinza, who was the better knight † Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul? but maſter Nicholas, the ‡ barber of the ſame town, would ſay, that none of 'em could compare with the Knight of the Sun; and that if any one came near him, 'twas certainly Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was a man of a moſt commodious temper, neither was he ſo finical, nor ſuch a puling whining lover as his brother; and as for courage, he was not a jot behind him.

In fine, he gave himſelf up ſo wholly to the reading of romances, that a-nights he would pore on 'till 'twas day, and a-days he would read on 'till 'twas night: and thus by ſleeping little, and reading much, the moiſture of his brain was exhauſted to that degree, that at laſt he loſt the uſe of his reaſon. A world of diſorderly notions, pick'd out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but inchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of ſtuff and impoſſibilities; inſomuch, that all the fables and fantaſtical tales which he read, ſeem'd to him now as true as the moſt authentic hiſtories. He would ſay, that the ‖ Cid Ruydiaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to ſtand in competition

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as the vulgar has it, the Parſon; but the firſt not being commonly uſed, and the laſt ſeeming too groſs, I chuſe to make it Curate, thoſe who have read the former tranſlations being us'd to the word.

* *An univerſity in Spain.*

† *England ſeems to have been often made the ſcene of chivalry; for beſides this Palmerin, we find Don Florando of England, and ſome others, not to mention Amadis's miſtreſs, the princeſs Oriana of England.*

‡ *The barber in country towns in Spain is alſo the ſurgeon.*

‖ *Cid Ruydiaz a famous Spaniſh commander, of whom many fables are written.*

with the knight of the Burning-ſword, who with a ſingle back-ſtroke had cut in ſunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who at Roncesvalles depriv'd of life the inchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground, and choak'd him in the air, as Hercules did Antaeus the ſon of the earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always ſpoke very civil things of him: for though he was one of that monſtrous brood, who ever were intolerably proud and brutiſh, he ſtill behav'd himſelf like a civil and well bred perſon.

But of all men in the world he admir'd Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his ſallying out of his caſtle to rob all he met; and then again when *abroad he carried away the idol of Mahomet, which was all maſſy gold, as the hiſtory ſays: but he ſo hated that traitor †Galalon, that for the pleaſure of kicking him handſomely, he would have given up his houſe-keeper; nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus loſt his underſtanding, he unluckily ſtumbled upon the oddeſt fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and neceſſary, as well for the increaſe of his own honour, as the ſervice of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world arm'd cap-a-pee, and mounted on his ſteed, in queſt of adventures; that thus imitating thoſe knight-errants of whom he had read, and following their courſe of life, redreſſing all manner of grievances, and expoſing himſelf to danger on all occaſions, at laſt, after a happy concluſion of his enterprizes, he might purchaſe everlaſting honour and renown. Tranſported with theſe agreeable deluſions, the poor gentleman already graſp'd in imagination the imperial ſceptre of Trebizonde, and, hurry'd away by his mighty expectations, he prepares with all expedition to take the field.

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* *In Barbary, Oudin ſays.*

† *Galalon, the Spaniards ſay, betray'd the French army at Roncesvalles.*

The firſt thing he did was to ſcour a ſuit of armour that had belonged to his great grand-father, and had lain time out of mind careleſly ruſting in a corner: but when he had clean'd and repair'd it as well as he could, he perceiv'd there was a material piece wanting; for inſtead of a compleat helmet, there was only a ſingle head-piece; however, his induſtry ſupply'd that defect, for with ſome paſteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or vizor, which being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlaſs-proof, he drew his ſword, and tried its edge upon the paſteboard vizor; but with the very firſt ſtroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a doing. He did not like its being broke with ſo much eaſe, and therefore to ſecure it from the like accident, he made it a-new, and fenc'd it with thin plates of iron, which he fix'd on the inſide of it ſo artificially, that at laſt he had reaſon to be ſatisfy'd with the ſolidity of the work; and ſo, without any farther experiment, he reſolv'd it ſhould paſs to all intents and purpoſes for a full and ſufficient helmet.

The next moment he went to view his horſe, whoſe bones ſtuck out like the corners of a Spaniſh Real, being a worſe jade than Gonela's, *qui tantum pellis et oſſa fuit;* however, his maſter thought, that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. He was four days conſidering what name to give him; for, as he argu'd with himſelf, there was no reaſon that a horſe beſtrid by ſo famous a knight, and withal ſo excellent in himſelf, ſhould not be diſtinguiſh'd by a particular name; and therefore he ſtudied to give him ſuch a one as ſhould demonſtrate as well what kind of horſe he had been before his maſter was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but juſt, ſince the owner chang'd his profeſſion, that the horſe ſhould alſo change his title, and be dignify'd with another; a good big word, ſuch a one as ſhould fill the mouth, and ſeem conſonant with the quality and profeſſion of his maſter. And thus after many names which he devis'd, rejected, chang'd, lik'd,

diſlik'd, and pitch'd upon again, he concluded to call him † Rozinante; a name, in his opinion, lofty, ſounding, and ſignificant of what he had been before, and alſo of what he was now; in a word, a horſe before or above all the vulgar breed of horſes in the world.

When he had thus given his horſe a name ſo much to his ſatisfaction, he thought of chuſing one for himſelf; and having ſeriouſly ponder'd on the matter eight whole days more, at laſt he determined to call himſelf Don Quixote. Whence the author of this moſt authentic hiſtory draws this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Queſada, as others obſtinately pretend. And obſerving, that the valiant Amadis, not ſatisfy'd with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more fa[illegible]s by his exploits, and ſo ſtil'd himſelf Amadis de Gaul; ſo he, like a true lover of his native ſoil, reſolv'd to call himſelf Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and conſequently would fix a laſting honour on that part of the world.

And now his armour being ſcour'd, his head-piece improv'd to a helmet, his horſe and himſelf new nam'd, he perceiv'd he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might beſtow the empire of his heart; for he was ſenſible that a knight-errant without a miſtreſs, was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a ſoul. Should I, ſaid he to himſelf, by good or ill fortune chance to encounter ſome giant, as 'tis common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him proſtrate on the ground, transfix'd with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in

† Rozin *commonly means an* ordinary horſe; Ante *ſignifies* before *and* formerly. *Thus the word* Rozinante *may imply, that he was formerly an ordinary horſe, and alſo, that he is now an horſe that claims the precedence from all other ordinary horſes.*

ſhort, overcome him, and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have ſome lady, to whom I may ſend him as a trophy of my valour? Then when he comes into her preſence, throwing himſelf at her feet, he may thus make his humble ſubmiſſion: "Lady, I am the giant Caraculi-"ambro, lord of the iſland of Malindrania, vanquiſh'd in "ſingle combat by that never-deſervedly-enough-extoll'd "knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has com-"manded me to caſt myſelf moſt humbly at your feet, that "it may pleaſe your honour to diſpoſe of me according to "your will." Oh! how elevated was the knight with the conceit of this imaginary ſubmiſſion of the giant; eſpecially having withal bethought himſelf of a perſon, on whom he might confer the title of his miſtreſs! which, 'tis believ'd, happen'd thus: Near the place where he lived, dwelt a good likely country laſs, for whom he had formerly had a ſort of an inclination, though 'tis believ'd, ſhe never heard of it, nor regarded it in the leaſt. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was ſhe whom he thought he might entitle to the ſovereignty of his heart: upon which he ſtudied to find her out a new name, that might have ſome affinity with her old one, and yet at the ſame time ſound ſomewhat like that of a princeſs, or lady of quality: ſo at laſt he reſolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboſo, from the place where ſhe was born; a name, in his opinion, ſweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no leſs ſignificative than the others which he had deviſ'd.

CHAP. II.

Of Don Quixote's *firſt ſally.*

THESE preparations being made, he found his deſigns ripe for action, and thought it now a crime to deny himſelf any longer to the injur'd world, that wanted ſuch a deliverer; the more when he conſider'd what grievances he was to redreſs, what wrongs and injuries to remove, what

what abuſes to correct, and what duties to diſcharge. So one morning before day, in the greateſt heat of July, without acquainting any one with his deſign, with all the ſecrecy imaginable, he arm'd himſelf cap-a-pee, lac'd on his ill-contriv'd helmet, brac'd on his target, graſp'd his lance, mounted Rozinante, and at the private door of his back-yard ſally'd out into the fields, wonderfully pleas'd to ſee with how much eaſe he had ſucceeded in the beginning of his enterprize. But he had not gone far e'er a terrible thought alarmed him, a thought that had like to have made him renounce his great undertaking; for now it came into his mind, that the honour of knighthood had not yet been conferr'd upon him, and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought to appear in arms againſt any profeſs'd knight: nay, he alſo conſider'd, that tho' he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white armour, and not to adorn his ſhield with any device, 'till he had deſerved one by ſome extraordinary demouſtration of his valour.

Theſe thoughts ſtagger'd his reſolution; but his folly prevailing more than any reaſon, he reſolv'd to be dub'd a knight by the firſt he ſhould meet, after the example of ſeveral others, who, as his diſtracting romances inform'd him, had formerly done the like. As for the other difficulty about wearing white armour, he propos'd to overcome it, by ſcouring his own at leiſure 'till it ſhould look whiter than ermin. And having thus diſmiſs'd theſe buſy ſcruples, he very calmly rode on, leaving it to his horſe's diſcretion to go which way he pleas'd; firmly believing, that in this conſiſted the very being of adventures. And as he thus went on, I cannot but believe, ſaid he to himſelf, that when the hiſtory of my famous atchievements ſhall be given to the world, the learned author will begin it in this very manner, when he comes to give an account of this my early ſetting out: "Scarce had "the ruddy-colour'd Phoebus begun to ſpread the golden "treſſes of his lovely hair over the vaſt ſurface of the earthly "globe, and ſcarce had thoſe feather'd poets of the grove,

" the pretty painted birds, tun'd their little pipes, to ſing " their early welcomes in ſoft melodious ſtrains to the beau- " tiful Aurora, who having left her jealous husband's bed, " diſplay'd her roſy graces to mortal eyes from the gates and " balconies of the Manchegan Horizon, when the renowned " knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, diſdaining ſoft repoſe, " forſook the voluptuous down, and mounting his famous " ſteed Rozinante, enter'd the ancient and celebrated plains " of * Montiel." This was indeed the very road he took; and then proceeding, " O happy age! O fortunate times! " cry'd he, decreed to uſher into the world my famous at- " chievements; atchievements worthy to be engraven on " braſs, carv'd on marble, and delineated in ſome maſter- " piece of painting, as monuments of my glory, and ex- " amples for poſterity! And thou venerable ſage, wiſe en- " chanter, whatever be thy name; thou whom fate has or- " dained to be the compiler of this rare hiſtory, forget not, I " beſeech thee, my truſty Rozinante, the eternal companion " of all my adventures." After this, as if he had been really in love; " O princeſs Dulcinea, cry'd he, lady of this captive " heart, much ſorrow and woe you have doom'd me to in " baniſhing me thus, and impoſing on me your rigorous " commands, never to appear before your beauteous face! " Remember, lady, that loyal heart your ſlave, who for your " love ſubmits to ſo many miſeries." To theſe extrava- gant conceits, he added a world of others, all in imitation, and in the very ſtile of thoſe, which the reading of romances had furniſh'd him with; and all this while he rode ſo ſoftly, and the ſun's heat increas'd ſo faſt, and was ſo violent, that it would have been ſufficient to have melted his brains had he had any left.

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* *Montiel, a proper field to inſpire courage, being the ground upon which* Henry the baſtard *ſlew his legitimate brother Don Pedro, whom our brave black prince Edward had ſet upon the throne of Spain.*

He travell'd almoſt all that day without meeting any adventure worth the trouble of relating; which put him into a kind of deſpair; for he deſir'd nothing more than to encounter immediately ſome perſon on whom he might try the vigour of his arm.

Some authors ſay, that his firſt adventure was that of the paſs called Puerto Lapice; others, that of the wind-mills; but all that I could diſcover of certainty in this matter, and that I meet with in the annals of La Mancha, is, that he travelled all that day; and towards the evening, he and his horſe being heartily tir'd, and almoſt famiſh'd, Don Quixote looking about him, in hopes to diſcover ſome caſtle, or at leaſt ſome ſhepherd's cottage, there to repoſe and refreſh himſelf, at laſt near the road which he kept, he eſpy'd an inn, as welcome a ſight to his longing eyes as if he had diſcover'd a ſtar directing him to the gate, nay, to the palace of his redemption. Thereupon haſt'ning towards the inn with all the ſpeed he could, he got thither juſt at the cloſe of the evening. There ſtood by chance at the inn door two young female adventurers, alias common wenches, who were going to Sevile with ſome carriers, that happen'd to take up their lodging there that very evening: and, as whatever our knight-errant ſaw, thought, or imagin'd, was all of a romantic caſt, and appear'd to him altogether after the manner of the books that had perverted his imagination, he no ſooner ſaw the inn, but he fancy'd it to be a caſtle fenc'd with four towers, and lofty pinnacles glittering with ſilver, together with a deep moat, draw-bridge, and all thoſe other appurtenances peculiar to ſuch kind of places.

Therefore when he came near it, he ſtopp'd a while at a diſtance from the gate, expecting that ſome dwarf wou'd appear on the battlements, and ſound his trumpet to give notice of the arrival of a knight; but finding that no body came, and that Rozinante was for making the beſt of his way to the ſtable, he advanc'd to the inn-door, where ſpying the two young doxies, they ſeem'd to him two beautiful dam-

ſels, or graceful ladies, taking the benefit of the freſh air at the gate of the caſtle. It happen'd alſo at the very moment, that a ſwine-herd getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, ſo they are call'd *) from the ſtubble-field, winded his horn; and Don Quixote preſently imagin'd this was the wiſh'd-for ſignal, which ſome dwarf gave to notify his approach; therefore with the greateſt joy in the world he rode up to the inn. The wenches, affrighted at the approach of a man cas'd in iron, and arm'd with a lance and target, were for running into their lodging; but Don Quixote perceiving their fear by their flight, lifted up the paſteboard beaver of his helmet, and diſcovering his wither'd duſty face, with comely grace and grave delivery accoſted them in this manner: "I beſeech ye, ladies, do not fly, nor "fear the leaſt offence: the order of knighthood, which I "profeſs, does not permit me to countenance or offer injuries to any one in the univerſe, and leaſt of all to virgins "of ſuch high rank as your preſence denotes." The wenches look'd earneſtly upon him, endeavouring to get a glimpſe of his face, which his ill-contriv'd beaver partly hid; but when they heard themſelves ſtiled virgins, a thing ſo out of the way of their profeſſion, that they could not forbear laughing outright; which Don Quixote reſented as a great affront. "Give me leave to tell ye, ladies, cry'd he, that mo"deſty and civility are very becoming in the fair ſex; where"as laughter without ground is the higheſt piece of indiſcre"tion: however, added he, I do not preſume to ſay this to

* *In the original* (que ſin perdon aſſi ſe llaman) *This parentheſis relating to hogs, is left out by Stevens, and other tranſlators, but judiciouſly retain'd by Jervis, who obſerves, that our author thereby ridicules the affected delicacy of the Spaniards and Italians, who look upon it as ill manners to name the word* hog *or* ſwine, *as too groſs an image. The reader will find the like excuſe repeated at every mention of the word* hog.

" offend you, or incur your diſpleaſure; no, ladies, I aſſure " you I have no other deſign but to do you ſervice." This uncommon way of expreſſion, join'd to the knight's ſcurvy figure, increas'd their mirth; which incens'd him to that degree, that this might have carry'd things to an extremity, had not the inn-keeper luckily appear'd at that juncture. He was a man whoſe burden of fat inclin'd him to peace and quietneſs, yet when he had obſerv'd ſuch a ſtrange diſguiſe of human ſhape in his old armour and equipage, he could hardly forbear keeping the wenches company in their laughter; but having the fear of ſuch a warlike appearance before his eyes, he reſolv'd to give him good words, and therefore accoſted him civilly: Sir knight, ſaid he, if your worſhip be diſpos'd to alight, you will fail of nothing here but of a bed; as for all other accommodations, you may be ſupply'd to your mind. Don Quixote obſerving the humility of the governor of the caſtle, (for ſuch the inn-keeper and inn ſeem'd to him) Senior Caſtellano, ſaid he, the leaſt thing in the world ſuffices me; for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repoſe. The inn-keeper thought he had call'd him * Caſtellano, as taking him to be one of the true Caſtilians, whereas he was indeed of Andaluſia, nay, of the neighbourhood of St. Lucar, no leſs thieviſh than Cacus, or leſs miſchievous than a truant-ſcholar, or court page, and therefore he made him this reply; " At this rate, Sir knight, " your bed might be a pavement, and your reſt to be ſtill " awake; you may then ſafely alight, and I dare aſſure you, " you can hardly miſs being kept awake all the year long in " this houſe, much leſs one ſingle night." With that he went and held Don Quixote's ſtirrup, who having not broke his faſt that day, diſmounted with no ſmall trouble or difficulty. He immediately deſir'd the governor (that is, the inn-

* *Caſtellano ſignifies both a conſtable or governor of a caſtle, and an inhabitant of the kingdom of Caſtile in Spain.*

keeper) to have ſpecial care of his ſteed, aſſuring him, that there was not a better in the univerſe; upon which the inn-keeper view'd him narrowly, but could not think him to be half ſo good as Don Quixote ſaid: However, having ſet him up in the ſtable, he came back to the knight to ſee what he wanted, and found him pulling off his armour by the help of the good-natur'd wenches, who had already reconcil'd themſelves to him; but though they had eas'd him of his corſlet and back-plate, they could by no means undo his gorget, nor take off his ill-contriv'd beaver, which he had ty'd ſo faſt with green ribbons, that 'twas impoſſible to get it off without cutting them; now he would by no means permit that, and ſo was forc'd to keep on his helmet all night, which was one of the moſt pleaſant ſights in the world: and while his armour was taking off by the two kind laſſes, imagining them to be perſons of quality, and ladies of that caſtle, he very gratefully made them the following compliment, [in imitation of an old romance.]

There never was on earth a knight
So waited on by ladies fair,
As once was he, Don Quixote hight,
When firſt he left his village dear:
Damſels t' undreſs him ran with ſpeed,
And princeſſes to dreſs his ſteed.

O Rozinante! for that is my horſe's name, ladies, and mine Don Quixote de la Mancha; I never thought to have diſcover'd it, 'till ſome feats of arms atchiev'd by me in your ſervice, had made me better known to your ladyſhips; but neceſſity forcing me to apply to preſent purpoſe that paſſage of the ancient romance of Sir Lancelot, which I now repeat, has extorted the ſecret from me before its time; yet a day will come, when you ſhall command, and I obey, and then the valour of my arm ſhall evince the reality of my zeal to ſerve your ladyſhips.

The two females, who were not uſed to ſuch rhetorical ſpeeches, could make no anſwer to this; they only ask'd him whether he would eat any thing? that I will with all my heart, cry'd Don Quixote, whatever it be, for I am of opinion nothing can come to me more ſeaſonably. Now, as ill-luck would have it, it happen'd to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had at the inn but ſome pieces of fiſh, which is called Abadexo in Caſtile, Bacallao in Andaluſia, Curadillo in ſome places, and in others Truchuela or Little Trout, though after all 'tis but Poor Jack: ſo they ask'd him whether he could eat any of that Truchuela, becauſe they had no other fiſh to give him. Don Quixote imagining they meant a ſmall trout, told them, that provided there were more than one, 'twas the ſame thing to him, they would ſerve him as well as a great one; for, continued he, 'tis all one to me whether I am paid a piece of eight in one ſingle piece, or in eight ſmall reals, which are worth as much: beſides, 'tis probable theſe ſmall trouts may be like veal, which is finer meat than beef; or like the kid, which is better than the goat. In ſhort, let it be what it will, ſo it comes quickly, for the weight of armour and the fatigue of travel are not to be ſupported without recruiting food. Thereupon they laid the cloth at the inn-door, for the benefit of the freſh air, and the landlord brought him a piece of that ſalt fiſh, but ill-water'd, and as ill-dreſs'd; and as for the bread, 'twas as mouldy and brown as the knight's armour: but 'twould have made one laugh to have ſeen him eat; for having his helmet on, with his beaver lifted up, 'twas impoſſible for him to feed himſelf without help, ſo that one of thoſe ladies had that office; but there was no giving him drink that way, and he muſt have gone without it, had not the inn-keeper bored a cane, and ſetting one end of it to his mouth, pour'd the wine in at the other; all which the knight ſuffer'd patiently, becauſe he would not cut the ribbons that faſten'd his helmet.

While he was at ſupper, a ſow-gelder happen'd to ſound

his cane-trumpet, or whiſtle of reeds, four or five times as he came near the inn; which made Don Quixote the more poſitive of his being in a famous caſtle, where he was entertain'd with muſic at ſupper, that the poor Jack was young Trout, the bread of the fineſt flour, the wenches great ladies, and the inn-keeper the governor of the caſtle; which made him applaud himſelf for his reſolution, and his ſetting out on ſuch an account. The only thing that vex'd him was, that he was not yet dubb'd a knight; for he fancy'd he could not lawfully undertake any adventure till he had receiv'd the order of knight-hood.

CHAP. III.

An account of the pleaſant method taken by Don Quixote *to be dubb'd a knight.*

DON Quixote's mind being diſturb'd with that thought, he abridg'd even his ſhort ſupper: and as ſoon as he had done, he call'd his hoſt, then ſhut him and himſelf up in the ſtable, and falling at his feet, I will never riſe from this place, cry'd he, moſt valorous knight, till you have graciouſly vouchſafed to grant me a boon, which I will now beg of you, and which will redound to your honour and the good of mankind. The inn-keeper, ſtrangely at a loſs to find his gueſt at his feet, and talking at this rate, endeavour'd to make him riſe, but all in vain, till he had promis'd to grant him what he ask'd. I expected no leſs from your great magnificence, noble Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, and therefore I make bold to tell you, that the boon which I beg, and you generouſly condeſcend to grant me, is, that to-morrow you will be pleaſed to beſtow the honour of knighthood upon me. This night I will watch my armour in the chapel of your caſtle, and then in the morning you ſhall gratify me, as I paſſionately deſire, that I may be duly qualify'd to ſeek out adventures in every corner of the univerſe, to relieve the diſtreſs'd, according to the laws of chivalry, and the incli-

nations of knight-errants like myſelf. The inn-keeper, who, as I ſaid, was a ſharp fellow, and had already a ſhrewd ſuſpicion of the diſorder in his gueſt's underſtanding, was fully convinc'd of it when he heard him talk after this manner; and, to make ſport that night, reſolv'd to humour him in his deſires, telling him he was highly to be commended for his choice of ſuch an employment, which was altogether worthy a knight of the firſt order, ſuch as his gallant deportment diſcover'd him to be: that he himſelf had in his youth follow'd that honourable profeſſion, ranging through many parts of the world in ſearch of adventures, without ſo much as forgetting to viſit the * Percheles of Malaga, the iſles of Riaran, the compaſs of Sevil, the quickſilver-houſe of Segovia, the olive field of Valencia, the circle of Granada, the wharf of St. Lucar, the potro of Cordova †, the hedge taverns of Toledo, and divers other places, where he had exerciſed the nimbleneſs of his feet, and the ſubtility of his hands, doing wrongs in abundance, ſoliciting many widows, undoing ſome damſels, bubbling young heirs ‡, and in a word making

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* *Theſe are all places noted for rogueries and diſorderly doings.*

† *A ſquare in the city of Cordova, where a fountain guſhes out from the mouth of a horſe, near which is alſo a whipping-poſt. The Spaniſh word* Potro *ſignifies a colt or young horſe.*

‡ *Pieces of roguery not unlike ſome of theſe, are to be met with in Don Belianis of Greece, and not diſapprov'd of by the hero of that romance. In alluſion to this, Don Quixote's hoſt brags of divers wonders he had perform'd this way; and this was a ſtrong precedent, nor could our knight object to any example fetch'd from his favourite Don Belianis's approv'd hiſtory. So that this paſſage in Cervantes, which has been thought very faulty, as being too groſs and open, appears from hence to be not only excuſable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpoſe of expoſing thoſe authors, and their numberleſs abſurdities.*

himſelf famous in moſt of the courts of judicature in Spain, till at length he retired to this caſtle, where he liv'd on his own eſtate and thoſe of others, entertaining all knights-errant of what quality or condition ſoever, purely for the great affection he bore them, and to partake of what they got in recompence of his good-will. He added, that his caſtle at preſent had no chapel where the knight might keep the vigil of his arms, it being pull'd down in order to be new-built, but that he knew they might lawfully be watch'd in any other place in a caſe of neceſſity, and therefore he might do it that night in the court-yard of the caſtle; and in the morning (God willing) all the neceſſary ceremonies ſhould be perform'd, ſo that he might aſſure himſelf he ſhould be dubb'd a knight, nay, as much a knight as any one in the world could be. He then ask'd Don Quixote whether he had any money? Not a croſs, replied the knight, for I never read in any hiſtory of chivalry that any knight-errant ever carry'd money about him. You are miſtaken, cry'd the inn-keeper; for admit the hiſtories are ſilent in this matter, the authors thinking it needleſs to mention things ſo evidently neceſſary as money and clean ſhirts, yet there is no reaſon to believe the knights went without either; and you may reſt aſſur'd, that all the knights-errant, of whom ſo many hiſtories are full, had their purſes well lin'd to ſupply themſelves with neceſſaries, and carry'd alſo with them ſome ſhirts, and a ſmall box of ſalves to heal their wounds; for they had not the conveniency of ſurgeons to cure 'em every time they fought in fields and deſarts, unleſs they were ſo happy as to have ſome ſage or magician for their friend to give them preſent aſſiſtance, ſending them ſome damſel or dwarf through the air in a cloud, with a ſmall bottle of water of ſo great a virtue that they no ſooner taſted a drop of it, but their wounds were as perfectly cured as if they had never receiv'd any. But when they wanted ſuch a friend in former ages, the knights thought themſelves oblig'd to take care, that their ſquires ſhould be provided with money and other neceſſaries, as lint

and ſalves to dreſs their wounds; and if thoſe knights ever happen'd to have no ſquires, which was but very ſeldom, then they carry'd thoſe things behind them in a little bag†, as if it had been ſomething of greater value, and ſo neatly fitted to their ſaddle, that it was hardly ſeen; for had it not been upon ſuch an account, the carrying of wallets was not much allow'd among knights-errant. I muſt therefore adviſe you, continu'd he, nay, I might even charge and command you, as you are ſhortly to be my ſon in chivalry, never from this time forwards to ride without money, nor without the other neceſſaries of which I ſpoke to you, which you will find very beneficial when you leaſt expect it. Don Quixote promis'd to perform very punctually all his injunctions; and ſo they diſpos'd every thing in order to his watching his arms in a great yard that adjoin'd to the inn. To which purpoſe the knight, having got them all together, laid them in a horſe-trough cloſe by a well in that yard; then bracing his target, and graſping his lance, juſt as it grew dark, he began to walk about by the horſe-trough with a graceful deportment. In the mean while the inn-keeper acquainted all thoſe that were in the houſe with the extravagancies of his gueſt, his watching his arms, and his hopes of being made a knight. They all admir'd very much at ſo ſtrange a kind of folly, and went on to obſerve him at a diſtance; where they ſaw him ſometimes walk about with a great deal of gravity, and ſometimes lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fix'd upon his arms. 'Twas now undoubted night, but yet the moon did ſhine with ſuch a brightneſs, as might almoſt have vy'd with that of the luminary which lent it her; ſo that the knight was wholly expos'd to the ſpectators view. While he was thus employ'd, one of the carriers who lodg'd in the inn came out to water his mules, which he could not do without removing

† *Of ſtripped ſtuff, which every one carries, in Spain, when they are travelling.*

the arms out of the trough. With that Don Quixote, who ſaw him make towards him, cry'd out to him aloud, O thou, whoe'er thou art, raſh knight, that prepares to lay thy hands on the arms of the moſt valorous knight-errant that ever wore a ſword, take heed; do not audaciouſly attempt to profane them with a touch, leſt inſtant death be the too ſure reward of thy temerity. But the carrier never regarded theſe dreadful threats; and laying hold on the armour by the ſtraps, without any more ado threw it a good way from him; though it had been better for him to have let it alone; for Don Quixote no ſooner ſaw this, but lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addreſſing his thoughts, as it ſeem'd, to his lady Dulcinea, aſſiſt me, lady, cry'd he, in the firſt opportunity that offers itſelf to your faithful ſlave; nor let your favour and protection be deny'd me in this firſt trial of my valour! Repeating ſuch-like ejaculations, he let ſlip his target, and lifting up his lance with both his hands, he gave the carrier ſuch a terrible knock on his inconſiderate head with his lance, that he laid him at his feet in a woful condition; and had he back'd that blow with another, the fellow would certainly have had no need of a ſurgeon. This done, Don Quixote took up his armour, laid it again in the horſe-trough, and then walk'd on backwards and forwards with as great unconcern as he did at firſt.

Soon after another carrier, not knowing what had happen'd, came alſo to water his mules, while the firſt yet lay on the ground in a trance; but as he offer'd to clear the trough of the armour, Don Quixote, without ſpeaking a word, or imploring any one's aſſiſtance, once more dropp'd his target, lifted up his lance, and then let it fall ſo heavily on the fellow's pate, that without damaging his lance, he broke the carrier's head in three or four places. His outcry ſoon alarm'd and brought thither all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the reſt; which Don Quixote perceiving, thou queen of beauty (cry'd he, bracing on his ſhield, and drawing his ſword) thou courage and vigour of

my weaken'd heart, now is the time when thou muſt enliven thy adventurous ſlave with the beams of thy greatneſs, while this moment he is engaging in ſo terrible an adventure! With this, in his opinion, he found himſelf ſupply'd with ſuch an addition of courage, that had all the carriers in the world at once attack'd him, he would undoubtedly have fac'd them all. On the other ſide, the carriers, enrag'd to ſee their comrades thus us'd, though they were afraid to come near, gave the knight ſuch a volley of ſtones, that he was forc'd to ſhelter himſelf as well as he could under the covert of his target, without daring to go far from the horſe-trough, leſt he ſhould ſeem to abandon his arms. The inn-keeper call'd to the carriers as loud as he could to let him alone; that he had told them already he was mad, and conſequently the law would acquit him, though he ſhould kill 'em. Don Quixote alſo made yet more noiſe, calling 'em falſe and treacherous villains, and the lord of the caſtle baſe and unhoſpitable, and a diſcourteous knight, for ſuffering a knight-errant to be ſo abus'd. I would make thee know (cry'd he) what a perfidious wretch thou art, had I but receiv'd the order of knighthood; but for you, baſe, ignominious rabble! fling on, do your worſt; come on, draw nearer if you dare, and receive the reward of your indiſcretion and inſolence. This he ſpoke with ſo much ſpirit and undauntedneſs, that he ſtruck a terror into all his aſſailants; ſo that partly through fear, and partly through the inn-keeper's perſuaſions, they gave over flinging ſtones at him; and he, on his ſide, permitted the enemy to carry off their wounded, and then return'd to the guard of his arms as calm and compos'd as before.

The inn-keeper, who began ſomewhat to diſreliſh theſe mad tricks of his gueſt, reſolv'd to diſpatch him forthwith, and beſtow on him that unlucky knighthood, to prevent farther miſchief: ſo coming to him, he excus'd himſelf for the inſolence of thoſe baſe ſcoundrels, as being done without his privity or conſent; but their audaciouſneſs, he ſaid, was ſufficiently puniſhed. He added, that he had already told him

there was no chapel in his caſtle; and that indeed there was no need of one to finiſh the reſt of the ceremony of knighthood, which conſiſted only in the application of the ſword to the neck and ſhoulders, as he had read in the regiſter of the ceremonies of the order; and that this might be perform'd as well in a field as any where elſe: that he had already fulfill'd the obligation of watching his arms, which requir'd no more than two hours watch, whereas he had been four hours upon the guard. Don Quixote, who eaſily believ'd him, told him he was ready to obey him, and deſir'd him to make an end of the buſineſs as ſoon as poſſible, for if he were but knighted, and ſhould ſee himſelf once attack'd, he believ'd he ſhould not leave a man alive in the caſtle, except thoſe whom he ſhould deſire him to ſpare for his ſake.

Upon this the inn-keeper, leſt the knight ſhould proceed to ſuch extremities, fetch'd the book in which he us'd to ſet down the carriers accounts for ſtraw and barley; and having brought with him the two kind females, already mentioned, and a boy that held a piece of lighted candle in his hand, he order'd Don Quixote to kneel: then reading in his manual, as if he had been repeating ſome pious oration, in the midſt of his devotion he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and then a gentle ſlap on the back with the flat of his ſword, ſtill mumbling ſome words between his teeth in the tone of a prayer. After this he ordered one of the wenches to gird the ſword about the knight's waiſt; which ſhe did with much ſolemnity, and, I may add, diſcretion, conſidering how hard a thing it was to forbear laughing at every circumſtance of the ceremony: 'tis true, the thoughts of the knight's late proweſs, did not a little contribute to the ſuppreſſion of her mirth. As ſhe girded on his ſword, Heav'n cry'd the kind lady, make your worſhip a lucky knight, and proſper you wherever you go. Don Quixote deſir'd to know her name, that he might underſtand to whom he was indebted for the favour ſhe had beſtow'd upon him, and alſo make her partaker of the honour he was to acquire by the

ſtrength of his arm. To which the lady anſwer'd with all humility, that her name was Toloſa, a cobler's daughter, that kept a ſtall among the little ſhops of Sanchobinaya at Toledo; and that whenever he pleas'd to command her, ſhe would be his humble ſervant. Don Quixote begg'd of her to do him the favour to add hereafter the title of lady to her name, and for his ſake to be call'd from that time the lady Toloſa; which ſhe promis'd to do. Her companion having buckl'd on his ſpurs, occaſion'd a like conference between them; and when he had aſked her name, ſhe told him ſhe went by the name of Miller, being the daughter of an honeſt miller of Antequera. Our new knight intreated her alſo to ſtile herſelf the lady Miller, making her new offers of ſervice. Theſe extraordinary ceremonies (the like never ſeen before) being thus hurried over in a kind of poſt-haſte, Don Quixote could not reſt till he had taken the field in queſt of adventures; therefore having immediately ſaddled his Rozinante, and being mounted, he embrac'd the inn-keeper, and return'd him ſo many thanks at ſo extravagant a rate, for the obligation he had laid upon him in dubbing him a knight, that 'tis impoſſible to give a true relation of 'em all: to which the inn-keeper, in haſte to get rid of him, return'd as rhetorical, though ſhorter, anſwers; and, without ſtopping his horſe for the reckoning, was glad with all his heart to ſee him go.

CHAP. IV.

What befel the knight after he had left the inn.

AURORA began to uſher in the morn, when Don Quixote ſally'd out of the inn, ſo well pleas'd, ſo gay and ſo overjoy'd to find himſelf knighted, that he infus'd the ſame ſatisfaction into his horſe, who ſeem'd ready to burſt his girths for joy. But calling to mind the admonitions which the inn-keeper had given him, concerning the proviſion of neceſſary accommodations in his travels, particularly money and clean ſhirts, he reſolv'd to return home to furniſh himſelf

with them, and likewiſe get him a ſquire, deſigning to entertain as ſuch a labouring man, his neighbour, who was poor and had a charge of children, but yet very fit for the office. With this reſolution he took the road which led to his own village; and Rozinante, that ſeem'd to know his will by inſtinct, began to carry him a round trot ſo briskly, that his heels ſeem ſcarcely to touch the ground. The knight had not travell'd far, when he fancy'd he heard an effeminate voice complaining in a thicket on his right hand. "I thank "Heaven (ſaid he when he heard the cries) for favouring me "ſo ſoon with an opportunity to perform the duty of my "profeſſion, and reap the fruit of my deſires! for theſe com-"plaints are certainly the moans of ſome diſtreſſed creature "who wants my preſent help." Then turning to that ſide with all the ſpeed which Rozinante could make, he no ſooner came into the wood but he found a mare ty'd to an oak, and to another a young lad about fifteen years of age, naked from the waiſt upwards. This was he who made ſuch a lamentable outcry; and not without cauſe, for a luſty country-fellow was ſtrapping him ſoundly with a girdle, at every ſtripe putting him in mind of a proverb, *Keep your mouth ſhut, and your eyes open, ſirrah.* Good maſter, cry'd the boy, I'll do ſo no more; as I hope to be ſav'd, I'll never do ſo again! indeed, maſter, hereafter I'll take more care of your goods. Don Quixote ſeeing this, cry'd, in an angry tone, "Diſcourteous knight, 'tis an unworthy act to ſtrike a per-"ſon who is not able to defend himſelf: come, beſtride thy "ſteed, and take thy lance," (for the farmer had ſomething that look'd like one leaning to the ſame tree to which his mare was ty'd) "then I'll make thee know thou haſt acted "the part of a coward." The country-fellow, who gave himſelf for loſt at the ſight of an apparition in armour brandiſhing his lance at his face, anſwer'd him in mild and ſubmiſſive words: "Sir knight, cry'd he, this boy, whom I am "chaſtiſing, is my ſervant, employ'd by me to look after a "flock of ſheep, which I have not far off; but he is ſo heed-

"leſs, that I loſe ſome of 'em every day. Now, becauſe I "correct him for his careleſneſs or his knavery, he ſays I "do it out of covetouſneſs, to defraud him of his wages; "but, upon my life and ſoul, he belies me." What! the lie "in my preſence, you ſaucy clown (cry'd Don Quixote); "by the ſun that ſhines I have a good mind to run thee "through the body with my lance. Pay the boy this inſtant, "without any more words, or, by the power that rules us "all, I'll immediately diſpatch, and annihilate thee: come, "unbind him this moment." The country-man hung down his head, and without any further reply unbound the boy; who being aſk'd by Don Quixote what his maſter ow'd him? told him 'twas nine months wages, at ſeven reals a month. The knight having caſt it up, found it came to ſixty-three reals in all; which he order'd the farmer to pay the fellow immediately, unleſs he intended to loſe his life that very moment. The poor country-man trembling for fear, told him, that, as he was on the brink of death, by the oath he had ſworn (by the by he had not ſworn at all) he did not owe the lad ſo much: for there was to be deducted for three pair of ſhoes which he had bought him, and a real for his being let blood twice when he was ſick. That may be, reply'd Don Quixote; but ſet the price of the ſhoes and the bleeding againſt the ſtripes which you have given him without cauſe: for if he has us'd the ſhoe-leather which you paid for, you have in return miſus'd and impair'd his ſkin ſufficiently; and if the ſurgeon let him blood when he was ſick, you have drawn blood from him now he is in health; ſo that he owes you nothing on that account. The worſt is, Sir knight, cry'd the farmer, that I have no money about me; but let Andrew go home with me, and I'll pay him every piece out of hand. What! I go home with him, cry'd the youngſter, the devil a-bit, Sir! not I, truly, I know better things; for he'd no ſooner have me by himſelf, but he'd flea me alive like another St. Bartholomew. He will never dare to do it, reply'd Don Quixote; I command him, and that's ſufficient to

reſtrain him: therefore provided he will ſwear by the order of knighthood which has been conferr'd upon him, that he will duly obſerve this regulation, I will freely let him go, and then thou art ſecure of thy money. Good Sir, take heed what you ſay, cry'd the boy; for my maſter is no knight, nor ever was of any order in his life: He's John Haldudo, the rich farmer of Quintinar. This ſignifies little, anſwer'd Don Quixote, for there may be knights among the Haldudo's; beſides, the brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the ſon of his own works. That's true, Sir, quoth Andrew; but of what works can this maſter of mine be the ſon, who denies me my wages, which I have earn'd with the ſweat of my brows? I do not deny to pay thee thy wages, honeſt Andrew, cry'd the maſter; be but ſo kind as to go along with me, and by all the orders of knighthood in the world, I ſwear, I'll pay thee every piece, as I ſaid, nay and perfum'd to boot*. "You may ſpare your perfume, "ſaid Don Quixote; do but pay him in reals, and I am ſa- "tisfied; but be ſure you perform your oath; for if you fail, "I myſelf ſwear by the ſame oath to return and find you "out, and puniſh you, though you ſhould hide yourſelf as "cloſe as a lizard. And if you will be inform'd who 'tis that "lays theſe injunctions on you, that you may underſtand "how highly it concerns you to obſerve 'em, know, I am "the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of "wrongs, the revenger and redreſſer of grievances; and ſo "farewel: but remember what you have promis'd and ſworn, "as you will anſwer the contrary at your peril." This ſaid,

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* *To pay or return a thing perfum'd, is a Spaniſh expreſſion, ſignifying it ſhall be done to content or with adventage to the receiver. Jarvis ſays it is uſed here as a ſatire on the effeminate cuſtom of wearing every thing perfum'd, inſomuch that the very money in their pockets were ſcented.*

he clapp'd ſpurs to Rozinante, and quickly left the maſter and the man a good way behind him.

The country-man, who follow'd him with both his eyes, no ſooner perceived that he was paſs'd the woods, and quite out of ſight, but he went back to his boy Andrew. Come, child, ſaid he, I will pay thee what I owe thee, as that righter of wrongs, and redreſſer of grievances has ordered me. Ay, quoth Andrew, on my word, you'll do well to fulfil the commands of that good knight, whom Heaven grant long to live; for he is ſo brave a man, and ſo juſt a judge, that adad if you don't pay me he'll come back and make his words good. I dare ſwear as much, anſwer'd the maſter; and to ſhew thee how much I love thee, I am willing to increaſe the debt, that I may enlarge the payment. With that he caught the youngſter by the arm, and ty'd him again to the tree; where he handled him ſo unmercifully, that ſcarce any ſigns of life were left in him. Now call your righter of wrongs, Mr. Andrew, cry'd the farmer, and you ſhall ſee he'll ne'er be able to undo what I have done: though I think 'tis but a part of what I ought to do, for I have a good mind to flea you alive, as you ſaid I would, you raſcal. However, he unty'd him at laſt, and gave him leave to go and ſeek out his judge, in order to have his decree put in execution. Andrew went his ways not very well pleas'd you may be ſure, yet fully reſolv'd to find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and give him an exact account of the whole tranſaction, that he might pay the abuſe with ſeven-fold uſury: in ſhort, he crept off ſobbing and weeping, while his maſter ſtaid behind laughing. And in this manner was this wrong redreſſed by the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha.

In the mean time, being highly pleaſed with himſelf and what had happen'd, imagining he had given a moſt fortunate and noble beginning to his feats of arms, as he went on towards his village, "O moſt beautiful of beauties," ſaid he with a low voice, "Dulcinea del Toboſo! well may'ſt thou "deem thyſelf moſt happy, ſince 'twas thy good fortune to

" captivate and hold a willing ſlave to thy pleaſure ſo valo-
" rous and renowned a knight as is, and ever ſhall be, Don
" Quixote de la Mancha; who, as all the world knows, had
" the honour of knighthood beſtowed on him but yeſterday,
" and this day redreſſed the greateſt wrong and grievance
" that ever injuſtice could deſign, or cruelty commit: this day
" has he wreſted the ſcourge out of the hands of that torment-
" or, who ſo unmercifully treated a tender infant, without
" the leaſt occaſion given." Juſt as he had ſaid this, he found himſelf at a place where four roads met; and this made him preſently bethink of thoſe croſs-ways which often uſe to put knights-errant to a ſtand, to conſult with themſelves which way they ſhould take: and that he might follow their example, he ſtopp'd a while, and after he had ſeriouſly reflected on the matter, gave Rozinante the reins, ſubjecting his own will to that of his horſe, who purſuing his firſt intent, took the way that led to his own ſtable.

Don Quixote had not gone above two miles, but he diſcover'd a company of people riding towards him, who prov'd to be merchants of Toledo, that were going to buy ſilks in Murcia. They were ſix in all, every one ſcreen'd with an umbrella, beſides four ſervants on horſe-back, and three muleteers† on foot. The knight no ſooner perceiv'd 'em, but he imagined this to be ſome new adventure; and becauſe he was reſolv'd to imitate as much as poſſible the paſſages which he had read in his books, he was pleas'd to repreſent this to himſelf as ſuch a particular adventure as he had a ſingular deſire to meet with; and ſo, with a dreadful grace and aſſurance, fixing himſelf in his ſtirrups, couching his lance, and covering his breaſt with his target, he poſted himſelf in the middle of the road, expecting the coming up of the ſuppoſed knights-errant. As ſoon as they came within hearing, with

† *Mule-boys, who conduct travellers through Spain, and bring back the mules, and take care of 'em all the way.*

a loud voice and haughty tone, " Hold cry'd he, let all man-
" kind ſtand, nor hope to paſs on further, unleſs all mankind
" acknowledge and confeſs, that there is not in the univerſe
" a more beautiful damſel than the empreſs of La Mancha,
" the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo." At thoſe words the merchants made a halt, to view the unaccountable figure of their opponent; and eaſily conjecturing, both by his expreſſion and diſguiſe, that the poor gentleman had loſt his ſenſes, they were willing to underſtand the meaning of that ſtrange confeſſion which he would force from them; and therefore one of the company, who lov'd and underſtood rallery, having diſcretion to manage it, undertook to talk to him. " Signor
" cavalier, cry'd he, we do not know this worthy lady you
" talk of; but be pleaſed to let us ſee her, and then if we find
" her poſſeſs'd of thoſe matchleſs charms, of which you aſ-
" ſert her to be the miſtreſs, we will freely, and without the
" leaſt compulſion, own the truth which you would extort
" from us." " Had I once ſhewed you that beauty, reply'd
" Don Quixote, what wonder would it be to acknowledge
" ſo notorious a truth? the importance of the thing lies in
" obliging you to believe it, confeſs it, affirm it, ſwear it, and
" maintain it, without ſeeing her; and therefore make this
" acknowledgment this very moment, or know, that 'tis
" with me you muſt join in battle, ye proud and unreaſonable
" mortals. Come one by one, as the laws of chivalry require,
" or all at once, according to the diſhonourable practice of
" men of your ſtamp; here I expect you all my ſingle ſelf,
" and will ſtand the encounter, confiding in the juſtice of my
" cauſe." " Sir knight *, reply'd the merchant, I beſeech
" you, in the name of all the princes here preſent, that for
" the diſcharge of our conſciences, which will not permit us
" to affirm a thing we never heard or ſaw, and which, beſides,

* *Now the merchant finds him to be a knight-errant, he calls him Sir Knight: before, it was only Signor Cavalier.*

" tends ſo much to the diſhonour of the empreſſes and queens
" of Alcaria and Eſtramadura, your worſhip will vouchſafe to
" let us ſee ſome portraiture of that lady, though 'twere no
" bigger than a grain of wheat; for by a ſmall ſample we
" may judge of the whole piece, and by that means reſt ſe-
" cure and ſatisfy'd, and you contented and appeas'd. Nay, I
" verily believe, that we all find ourſelves already ſo incli-
" nable to comply with you, that though her picture ſhould
" repreſent her to be blind of one eye, and diſtilling ver mil-
" lion and brimſtone at the other, yet to oblige you, we
" ſhould be ready to ſay in her favour whatever your worſhip
" deſires." " Diſtill, ye infamous ſcoundrels, reply'd Don
" Quixote, in a burning rage! diſtill, ſay you? know, that
" nothing diſtills from her but amber and civet: neither is
" ſhe defective in her make or ſhape, but more ſtreight than
" a Guadaramian ſpindle†. But you ſhall all ſeverely pay for
" the horrid blaſphemy which thou haſt utter'd againſt the
" tranſcendent beauty of my incomparable lady." Saying
this, with his lance couch'd, he ran ſo furiouſly at the mer-
ant who thus provok'd him, that had not good fortune ſo
order'd it, that Rozinante ſhould ſtumble and fall in the
midſt of his career, the audacious triſler had paid dear for his
rallery: but as Rozinante fell, he threw down his maſter, who
roll'd and tumbled a good way on the ground, without being
able to get upon his legs, though he us'd all his ſkill and
ſtrength to effect it, ſo encumber'd he was with his lance,
target, ſpurs, helmet, and the weight of his ruſty armour.
However, in this helpleſs condition he play'd the heroe with

† *As ſtreight as a ſpindle, is a Spaniſh ſimile, and Guadarama is a noted place for making them, ſays Stevens. Guadarama is a ſmall town nine leagues from Madrid, ſeated at the foot of the mountain: near it ſtands the Eſcurial. Jarvis ſays, the rocks of this hill are ſo ſtreight and perpendicular, that they are called the ſpindles.*

his tongue; "Stay, cry'd he, cowards, raſcals, do not fly! "'tis not through my fault that I lie here, but through that "of my horſe, ye poltroons!"

One of the grooms, who was none of the beſt natur'd creatures, hearing the overthrown knight thus inſolently treat his maſter, could not bear it without returning him an anſwer on his ribs; and therefore coming up to him, as he lay wallowing, he ſnatch'd his lance, and having broke it to pieces, he ſo belabour'd Don Quixote's ſides with one of them, that, in ſpite of his arms, he thraſh'd him like a wheat-ſheaf. His maſter indeed call'd to him not to lay on him ſo vigorouſly, and to let him alone; but the fellow, whoſe hand was in, would not give over rib-roaſting the knight, till he had tir'd out his paſſion and himſelf; and therefore running to the other pieces of the broken lance, he fell to it again without ceaſing, 'till he had ſplinter'd them all on the knight's iron incloſure. He, on his ſide, notwithſtanding all this ſtorm of baſtinadoes, lay all the while bellowing, threatening heaven and earth, and thoſe villainous ruffians, as he took them to be. At laſt the mule-driver was tir'd, and the merchants purſu'd their journey, ſufficiently furniſh'd with matter of diſcourſe at the poor knight's expence. When he found himſelf alone, he try'd once more to get on his feet; but if he could not do it when he had the uſe of his limbs, how ſhould he do it now, bruis'd and batter'd as he was? But yet for all this, he eſteem'd himſelf a happy man, being ſtill perſuaded, that his misfortune was one of thoſe accidents common in knight-errantry, and ſuch a one as he cou'd wholly attribute to the falling of his horſe; nor could he poſſibly get up, ſo ſore and mortify'd as his body was all over.

CHAP. V.

A farther account of our knight's misfortunes.

DON Quixote perceiving that he was not able to ſtir, reſolv'd to have recourſe to his uſual remedy, which was to bethink himſelf what paſſage in his books might afford him ſome comfort: and preſently his folly brought to his remembrance the ſtory of Baldwin and the marquis of Mantua, when Charlot left the former wounded on the mountain; a ſtory learn'd and known by little children, not unknown to young men and women, celebrated, and even believ'd, by the old, and yet not a jot more authentic than the miracles of Mahomet. This ſeem'd to him as if made on purpoſe for his preſent circumſtances, and therefore he fell a rolling and tumbling up and down, expreſſing the greateſt pain and reſentment, and breathing out, with a languiſhing voice, the ſame complaints which the wounded knight of the wood is ſaid to have made:

" Alas! where are you, lady dear,
" That for my woe you do not moan?
" You little know what ails me here,
" Or are to me diſloyal grown!"

Thus he went on with the lamentations in that romance, till he came to theſe verſes:

" O thou, my uncle and my prince,
" Marquis of Mantua, noble lord!—

When kind fortune ſo order'd it, that a ploughman, who liv'd in the ſame village, and near his houſe, happen'd to paſs by, as he came from the mill with a ſack of wheat. The fellow ſeeing a man lie at his full length on the ground, aſk'd him who he was, and why he made ſuch a ſad complaint?

Don Quixote, whoſe diſtemper'd brain preſently repreſented to him the country-man for the marquis of Mantua, his imaginary uncle, made him no anſwer, but went on with the romance, giving him an account of his misfortunes, and of the loves of his wife, and the emperor's ſon, juſt as the book relates 'em. The fellow ſtar'd, much amaz'd to hear a man talk ſuch unaccountable ſtuff; and taking off the vizor of his helmet, broken all to pieces with blows beſtow'd upon't by the mule-driver, he wip'd off the duſt that cover'd his face, and preſently knew the gentleman. Maſter Quixada! cry'd he, (for ſo he was properly call'd when he had the right uſe of his ſenſes, and had not yet from a ſober gentleman transform'd himſelf into a wand'ring knight) how came you in this condition? but the other continu'd his romance, and made no anſwers to all the queſtions the country-man put to him, but what follow'd in courſe in the book: which the good man perceiving, he took off the batter'd adventurer's armour, as well as he could, and fell a ſearching for his wounds; but finding no ſign of blood, or any other hurt, he endeavour'd to ſet him upon his legs; and at laſt with a great deal of trouble, he heav'd him upon his own aſs, as being the more eaſy and gentle carriage: he alſo got all the knight's arms together, not leaving behind ſo much as the ſplinters of his lance; and having ty'd 'em up, and laid 'em on Rozinante, which he took by the bridle, and his aſs by the halter, he led 'em all towards the village, and trudg'd a-foot himſelf very penſive, while he reflected on the extravagancies which he heard Don Quixote utter. Nor was Don Quixote himſelf leſs melancholy, for he felt himſelf ſo bruis'd and batter'd that he could hardly ſit on the aſs; and now and then he breath'd ſuch grievous ſighs, as ſeem'd to pierce the very ſkies, which mov'd his compaſſionate neighbour once more to intreat him to declare to him the cauſe of his grief: but one would have imagin'd the devil prompted him with ſtories, that had ſome reſemblance of his circumſtances; for in that inſtant, wholly forgetting Baldwin, he bethought him-

ſelf of the moor Abindaraez, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, A
cayde of Antequera, took and carry'd priſoner to his caſtle
ſo that when the huſband-man aſk'd him how he did, an
what ail'd him? he anſwer'd word for word as the priſone
Abindaraez reply'd to Rodrigo de Narvaez, in the Diana
George de Monte mayor, where that adventure is relate
applying it ſo properly to his purpoſe, that the country-ma
wiſh'd himſelf at the devil rather than within the hearing
ſuch ſtrange nonſenſe; and being now fully convinc'd, th
his neighbour's brains were turn'd, he made all the haſte h
could to the village, to be rid of his troubleſome impertinen
cies. Don Quixote in the mean time thus went on: yo
muſt know, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beautifu
Xerifa, of whom I gave you an account, is at preſent th
moſt lovely Dulcinea del Toboſo, for whoſe ſake I have don
ſtill do, and will atchieve the moſt famous deeds of chival
that ever were, are, or ever ſhall be ſeen in the univerſe. Go
Sir, reply'd the huſband-man, as I am a ſinner, I am not Do
Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but Ped
Alonzo by name, your worſhip's neighbour; nor are yo
Baldwin, nor Abindaraez, but only that worthy gentlema
Senior Quixada. I know very well who I am, anſwer'd Do
Quixote; and what's more, I know, that I may not only
the perſons I have named, but alſo the twelve peers of Franc
nay, and the nine worthies all in one; ſince my atchieve
ments will out-rival not only the famous exploits whic
made any of 'em ſingly illuſtrious, but all their mighty dee
accumulated together.

Thus diſcourſing, they at laſt got near their village abou
ſun-ſet; but the country-man ſtaid at ſome diſtance till 'twa
dark, that the diſtreſſed gentleman might not be ſeen
ſcurvily mounted, and then he led him home to his own houſe
which he found in great confuſion. The curate and the bar
ber of the village, both of 'em Don Quixote's intimate ac
quaintance, happen'd to be there at that juncture, as alſo th
houſe-keeper, who was arguing with 'em: what do yo

think, pray good doctor Perez, ſaid ſhe, (for this was the curate's name) what do you think of my maſter's miſchance? neither he, nor his horſe, nor his target, lance, nor armour have been ſeen theſe ſix days. What ſhall I do, wretch that I am! I dare lay my life, and 'tis as ſure as I am a living creature, that thoſe curſed books of errantry, which he us'd to be always poring upon, have ſet him beſides his ſenſes; for now I remember, I have heard him often mutter to himſelf, that he had a mind to turn knight errant, and jaunt up and down the world to find out adventures. May Satan and Barabbas e'en take all ſuch books that have thus crack'd the beſt head-piece in all La Mancha! His niece ſaid as much, addreſſing herſelf to the barber: you muſt know, Mr. Nicholas, quoth ſhe, (for that was his name) that many times my uncle would read you thoſe unconſcionable books of diſventures for eight and forty hours together; then away he'd throw you his book, and drawing his ſword, he'd fall a fencing againſt the walls; and when he had tir'd himſelf with cutting and ſlaſhing, he would cry, he had kill'd four giants as big as any ſteeples; and the ſweat which he put himſelf into, he would ſay, was the blood of the wounds he had receiv'd in the fight: then would he ſwallow you a huge jug of cold water, and preſently he'd be as quiet and as well as e'er he was in his life; and he ſaid, that this ſame water was a ſort of precious drink brought him by the ſage * Eſquife a great magician, and his ſpecial friend. Now 'tis I who am the cauſe of all this miſchief, for not giving you timely notice of my uncle's raving, that you might have put a ſtop to it, ere 'twas too late, and have burnt all theſe excommunicated books; for there are I don't know how many of them that deſerve as much to be burn'd as thoſe of the rankeſt heretics. I am of

* *She means Alquife, a famous enchanter in Amadis de Gaul and Don Belianis of Greece, husband to the no leſs famous Urganda the ſorcereſs.*

your mind, ſaid the curate; and verily to-morrow ſhall not paſs over before I have fairly brought 'em to a trial, and condemn'd 'em to the flames, that they may not miniſter occaſion to ſuch as would read 'em, to be perverted after the example of my good friend. The country man, who with Don Quixote ſtood without, liſtning to all this diſcourſe, now perfectly underſtood by this the cauſe of his neighbour's diſorder; and therefore, without any more ado, he call'd out aloud, Here! houſe! open the gates there, for the lord Baldwin, and the lord marquis of Mantua, who is coming ſadly wounded; and for the mooriſh lord Abindaraez, whom the valorous Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcayde of Antequera, brings priſoner. At which words they all got out of doors; and the one finding it to be her uncle, and the other to be her maſter, and the reſt their friend, who had not yet alighted from the aſs, becauſe indeed he was not able, they all ran to embrace him; to whom Don Quixote; forbear, ſaid he, for I am ſorely hurt, by reaſon that my horſe fail'd me; carry me to bed, and if it be poſſible let the enchantreſs Urganda be ſent for to cure my wounds. Now, in the name of miſchief, quoth the houſe-keeper, ſee whether I did not gueſs right, on which foot my maſter halted? come, get you to bed, I beſeech you; and, my life for your's, we'll take care to cure you without ſending for that ſame Urganda. A hearty curſe, and the curſe of curſes, I ſay it again and again a hundred times, light upon thoſe books of chivalry that have put you in this pickle. Thereupon they carry'd him up to his bed, and ſearch'd for his wounds, but could find none; and then he told them he was only bruis'd, having had a dreadful fall from his horſe Rozinante while he was fighting ten giants, the moſt outragious and audacious that ever could be found upon the face of the earth. How! cry'd the curate, have we giants too in the dance*? nay then, by the holy ſign of the

* *Alluding to a paſſage in Amadis, where ſeveral giants are mix'd with ladies and knights at Conſtantinople in a dance.*

croſs, I'll burn 'em all by to-morrow-night. Then did they aſk the Don a thouſand queſtions; but to every one he made no other anſwer, but that they ſhould give him ſomething to eat, and then leave him to his repoſe, a thing which was to him of the greateſt importance. They comply'd with his deſires; and then the curate inform'd himſelf at large in what condition the country-man had found him; and having had a full account of every particular, as alſo of the knight's extravagant talk, both when the fellow found him, and as he brought him home, this increas'd the curate's deſire of effecting what he had reſolv'd to do the next morning: at which time he call'd upon his friend, Mr. Nicholas the barber, and went with him to Don Quixote's houſe.

CHAP. VI.

Of the pleaſant and curious ſcrutiny which the curate and the barber made of the library of our ingenious gentleman.

THE knight was yet aſleep, when the curate came attended by the barber, and deſir'd his niece to let him have the key of the room where her uncle kept his books, the author of his woes: ſhe readily conſented; and ſo in they went, and the houſe-keeper with 'em. There they found above an hundred large volumes neatly bound, and a good number of ſmall ones: as ſoon as the houſe-keeper had ſpy'd 'em out, ſhe ran out of the ſtudy and return'd immediately with a holy-water pot and a ſprinkler: here doctor, cry'd ſhe, pray ſprinkle every creek and corner in the room, leſt there ſhould lurk in it ſome one of the many ſorcerers theſe books ſwarm with, who might chance to bewitch us, for the ill-will we bear 'em, in going about to ſend 'em out of the world. The curate could not forbear ſmiling at the good woman's ſimplicity; and deſir'd the barber to reach him the books one by one, that he might peruſe the title-pages, for perhaps he might find ſome among 'em, that might not deſerve to be committed to the flames. Oh, by no

means, cry'd the niece, ſpare none of them, they all help ſome how or other to crack my uncle's brain. I fancy we had beſt throw 'em all out at the window in the yard, and lay 'em together in a heap, and then ſet 'em o'fire, or elſe carry 'em into the back-yard, and there make a pile of 'em, and burn 'em, and ſo the ſmoak will offend no body: the houſe-keeper join'd with her, ſo eagerly bent they were both upon the deſtruction of thoſe poor innocents; but the curate would not condeſcend to thoſe irregular proceedings, and reſolv'd firſt to read at leaſt the title-page of every book.

The firſt that Mr. Nicholas put into his hands was Amadis de Gaul, in four volumes*. There ſeems to be ſome myſtery in this book's being the firſt taken down (cry'd the curate, as ſoon as he had look'd upon't) for I have heard 'tis the firſt book of knight-errantry that ever was printed in Spain, and the model of all the reſt; and therefore I am of opinion, that, as the firſt teacher and author of ſo pernicious a ſect, it ought to be condemn'd to the fire without mercy. I beg a reprieve for him, cry'd the barber, for I have been told 'tis the beſt book that has been written in that kind; and therefore as the only good thing of that ſort, it may deſerve a pardon. Well then, reply'd the curate, for this time let him have it. Let's ſee that other, which lies next to him. Theſe, ſaid the barber, are the exploits of Eſplandian, the lawful begotten ſon of Amadis de Gaul. Verily, ſaid the curate, the father's goodneſs ſhall not excuſe the want of it in the ſon: here, good miſtreſs houſe-keeper, open that window, and throw it into the yard, and let it ſerve as a foundation to that pile we are to ſet a blazing preſently. She was not ſlack in her obedience; and thus poor Don Eſplandian was ſent headlong into the yard, there patiently to wait the time of his fiery trial. To the next, cry'd the curate. This, ſaid the

* *Hence it appears, that only the firſt four books of Amadis were thought genuine by Cervantes. The ſubſequent volumes, to the number of twenty-one, are condemn'd hereby as ſpurious.*

barber, is Amadis of Greece; and I'm of opinion, that all thoſe that ſtand on this ſide are of the ſame family. Then let 'em all be ſent packing into the yard, reply'd the curate; for rather than loſe the pleaſure of burning queen * Pintiquinieſtra, and the ſhepherd † Darinel with his eclogues, and the confounded unintelligible diſcourſes of the author, I think I ſhould burn my own father along with 'em, if I met him in the diſguiſe of a knight-errant. I am of your mind, cry'd the barber; and I too, ſaid the niece: nay, then, quoth the old female, let 'em come, and down with 'em all into the yard. They were deliver'd to her accordingly, and many they were; ſo that to ſave herſelf the labour of carrying 'em down ſtairs, ſhe fairly ſent them flying out at the window.

What overgrown piece of lumber ‡ have we here? cry'd the curate. Olivante de Laura, return'd the barber. The ſame author wrote The garden of flowers; and, to deal ingenuouſly with you, I cannot well tell which of the two books has moſt truth in it, or, to ſpeak more properly, leſs lies: but this I know for certain, that he ſhall march into the backyard like a nonſenſical arrogant blockhead as he is.

The next, cry'd the barber, is Floriſmart of Hyrcania. How! my lord Floriſmart, is he here? reply'd the curate: nay then truly he ſhall e'en follow the reſt to the yard, in ſpite of his wonderful birth and incredible adventures; for his rough, dull, and inſipid ſtile deſerves no better uſage. Come, toſs him into the yard, and this other too, good miſtreſs. With all my heart, quoth the governeſs; and ſtrait ſhe was as good as her word.

Here's the noble Don Platir, cry'd the barber. 'Tis an old book, replied the curate, and I can think of nothing in him

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* *A terrible fighting gianteſs in Amadis de Gaul, and one of the moſt ridiculous characters imaginable.*

† *A ridiculous buffoon, in love with an empreſs*, ibid.

‡ *What* Tun *of an author*, &c. Quien es eſſe *tonel &c. in the original.*

that deſerves a grain of pity: away with him, without any more words; and down he went accordingly.

Another book was open'd, and it prov'd to be The knight of the croſs. The holy title, cry'd the curate, might in ſome meaſure atone for the badneſs of the book; but then, as the ſaying is, *The devil lurks behind the croſs!* To the flames with him.

Then the barber taking down another book, cry'd, here's The mirrour of knighthood. Oh! I have the honour to know him, reply'd the curate. There you will find the lord Rinalde of Montalban, with his friends and companions, all of them greater thieves than Cacus, together with the twelve peers of France, and that faithful hiſtorian Turpin. Truly, I muſt needs ſay, I am only for condemning them to perpetual baniſhment, at leaſt becauſe their ſtory contains ſomething of the famous *Boyardo's invention, out of which the Chriſtian poet Arioſto alſo ſpun his web: yet, if I happen'd to meet with him in this bad company, and ſpeaking in any other language than his own, I'll ſhew him no manner of favour; but if he talks in his own native tongue, I'll treat him with all the reſpect imaginable†. I have him at home in Italian, ſaid the barber but I cannot underſtand him. Neither is it any great matter, whether you do or not ‡, reply'd the curate; and I could willingly have excus'd the good captain who tranſlated it that trouble of attempting to make him ſpeak Spaniſh, for he has depriv'd him of a great deal of his primitive graces; a misfortune incident to all thoſe who preſume to tranſlate verſes, ſince their utmoſt wit and induſtry

* *A famous Italian poet, author of ſeveral canto's of Orlando Inamorato, from whom Arioſto borrow'd a great part of his Orlando Furioſo.*

† *I will put him upon my head, in the original: a mark of honour and reſpect.*

‡ *It is plain from hence, that Cervantes did not reliſh Arioſto's extravagancies.*

can never enable 'em to preſerve the native beauties and genius that ſhine in the original. For this reaſon I am for having not only this book, but likewiſe all thoſe which we ſhall find here, treating of French affairs §, laid up and depoſited in ſome dry vault, till we have maturely determined what ought to be done with 'em; yet give me leave to except one Barnardo del Carpio, that muſt be ſomewhere here among the reſt, and another, call'd Ronceſvalles; for whenever I meet with 'em I will certainly deliver 'em up into the hands of the houſe-keeper, who ſhall toſs them into the fire. The barber gave his approbation to every particular, well knowing that the curate was ſo good a Chriſtian, and ſo great a lover of truth, that he would not have utter'd a falſity for all the world. Then opening another volume, he found it to be Palmerin de Oliva, and the next to that Palmerin of England. Ha! have I found you! cry'd the curate. Here take that Oliva, let him be torn to pieces, then burnt, and his aſhes ſcatter'd in the air; but let Palmerin of England be preſerved as a ſingular relique of antiquity; and let ſuch a coſtly box be made for him as Alexander found among the ſpoils of Darius, which he devoted to incloſe Homer's works: for I muſt tell you, neighbour, that book deſerves particular reſpect for two things; firſt for its own excellencies; and, ſecondly, for the ſake of its author, who is ſaid to have been a learned king of Portugal: then all the adventures of the caſtle of Miraguarda are well and artfully manag'd, the dialogue very courtly and clear, and the decorum ſtrictly obſerved in equal character, with equal propriety and judgment. Therefore, Mr. Nicholas, continu'd he, with ſubmiſſion to your better advice, this and Amadis de Gaul ſhall be exempted from the fire; and let all the reſt be condemn'd without any further enquiry or examination. By no means, I beſeech you, return'd the barber, for this which I have in my hands is the famous Don Belli-

§ *Meaning the common ſubject of romances, the ſcene of which lay in France, under Charlemagne and the Palatins.*

anis. Truly, cry'd the curate, he, with his ſecond, third and fourth parts, had need of a doſe of rhubarb to purge his exceſſive choler. beſides, his caſtle of fame ſhould be demoliſh'd, and a heap of other rubbiſh remov'd; in order to which I give my vote to grant 'em the benefit of a reprieve; and as they ſhew ſigns of amendment, ſo ſhall mercy or juſtice be us'd towards 'em: in the mean time, neighbour, take 'em into cuſtody, and keep them ſafe at home; but let none be permitted to converſe with them. Content, cry'd the barber; and to ſave himſelf the labour of looking on any more books of that kind, he bid the houſe-keeper take all the great volumes, and throw them into the yard. This was not ſpoken to one ſtupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to to be burning them, than weaving the fineſt and largeſt web†: So that laying hold of no leſs than eight volumes at once, ſhe preſently made 'em leap towards the place of execution: but as ſhe went too eagerly to work, taking more books than ſhe could conveniently carry, ſhe happen'd to drop one at the barber's feet, which he took up out of curioſity to ſee what it was, and found it to be the hiſtory of the famous knight Tirante the White. Good-lack-a-day, cry'd the curate, is Tirante the White here; Oh! pray, good neighbour, give it me by all means, for I promiſe myſelf to find in it a treaſure of delight, and a mine of recreation. There we have that valorous knight ‡ Don Kyrie-Eleiſon of Montalban, with his brother Thomas of Montalban, and the knight Fonſeca; the combat between the valorous Detriante and Alano; the dainty and witty conceits of the damſel Pla-

† *A conceal'd piece of ſatire on the lazineſs and want of good houſewifery of the Spaniſh women.*

‡ *Moſt of theſe names are ſignificative, and are qualities perſonify'd: as* Kyrie-Eleiſon, *Greek for* Lord have mercy upon us; Alano *is a maſtiff dog;* Plazerdemivida, *pleaſure of my life;* Repoſada, *ſedate and ſtaid.*

zerdemivida, with the loves and guiles of the widow Reposada; together with the lady empreſs, that was in love with Hippolito her gentleman-uſher. I vow and proteſt to you, neighbour, continu'd he, that in its way there is not a better book in the world: why here you knights eat and drink, ſleep and die natural deaths in their beds, nay, and make their laſt wills and teſtaments; with a world of other things, of which all the reſt of theſe ſort of books don't ſay one ſyllable. Yet after all, I muſt tell you, that for wilfully taking the pains to write ſo many fooliſh things, the worthy author fairly deſerves to be ſent to the galleys for all the days of his life. Take it home with you and read it, and then tell me whether I have told you the truth or no. I believe you, reply'd the barber; but what ſhall we do with all theſe ſmaller books that are left? Certainly, reply'd the curate, theſe cannot be books of knight-errantry, they are too ſmall; you'll find they are only poets: and ſo opening one, it happen'd to be the Diana of Montemayor; which made him ſay (believing all the reſt to be of that ſtamp) theſe do not deſerve to be puniſh'd like the others, for they neither have done, nor can do that miſchief which thoſe ſtories of chivalry have done, being generally ingenious books, that can do no body any prejudice. Oh! good Sir, cry'd the niece, burn 'em with the reſt, I beſeech you; for ſhould my uncle get cur'd of his knight-errant frenzy, and betake himſelf to the reading of theſe books, we ſhould have him turn ſhepherd, and ſo wander thro' the woods and fields; nay, and what would be worſe yet, turn poet, which they ſay is a catching and an uncurable diſeaſe. The gentlewoman is in the right, ſaid the curate, and it will not be amiſs to remove that ſtumbling-block out of our friend's way; and ſince we began with the Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia, and the inchanted water, and alſo all the longer poems; and let the work eſcape with its proſe, and the honour of being the firſt of that kind. Here's another Diana, quoth the

barber, the ſecond of that name, by Salmantino; (of Salamanca) nay, and a third too, by Gil Polo. Pray, ſaid the curate, let Salmantino increaſe the number of the criminals in the yard; but as for that by Gil Polo, preſerve it as chaſtly as if Apollo himſelf had wrote it; and go on as faſt as you can, I beſeech you, good neighbour, for it grows late. Here, quoth the barber, I've a book call'd the Ten books of the fortunes of love, by Anthony de Lofraco, a Sardinian poet. Now, by my holy orders, cry'd the curate, I do not think ſince Apollo was Apollo, the muſes muſes, and the poets poets, there ever was a more comical, more whimſical book. Of all the works of the kind commend me to this, for in its way 'tis certainly the beſt and moſt ſingular that ever was publiſh'd, and he that never read it, may ſafely think he never in his life read any thing that was pleaſant. Give it me, neighbour, continu'd he, for I am more glad to have found it, than if any one had given me a caſſoc of the beſt Florence ſerge. With that he laid it aſide with extraordinary ſatisfaction, and the barber went on: theſe that follow, cry'd he, are The ſhepherd of Iberia, The Nymphs of Enares, and The cure of jealouſy. Take 'em jaylor, quoth the curate, and never aſk me why, for then we ſhall ne'er have done. The next, ſaid the barber, is The ſhepherd of Filida. He's no ſhepherd, return'd the curate, but a very diſcreet courtier; keep him as a precious jewel. Here's a bigger, cry'd the barber, call'd, The treaſure of divers poems. Had there been fewer of 'em, ſaid the curate, they would have been more eſteem'd. 'Tis fit the book ſhould be prun'd and clear'd of ſeveral trifles that diſgrace the reſt: keep it however, becauſe the author is my friend, and for the ſake of his other more heroic and lofty productions. Here's a book of ſongs by Lopez Maldonardo, cry'd the barber. He's alſo my particular friend, ſaid the curate: his verſes are very well lik'd when he reads them himſelf; and his voice is ſo excellent, that they charm us whenever he ſings 'em. He ſeems indeed to be ſomewhat too long in his eclogues; but can we ever have

too much of a good thing? Let him be preſerv'd among the beſt. What's the next book? The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes, reply'd the barber. That Cervantes has been my intimate acquaintance theſe many years, cry'd the curate; and I know he has been more converſant with misfortunes than with poetry. His book indeed has I don't know what that looks like a good deſign; he aims at ſomething, but concludes nothing: therefore we muſt ſtay for the ſecond part, which he has promis'd us*; perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full pardon, which is denied him for the preſent; till that time keep him cloſe priſoner at your houſe. I will, quoth the barber: but ſee, I have here three more for you, The Araucana of Don Alonſo de Ercilla, The Auſtirada of Juan Ruffo, a magiſtrate of Cordoua, and the Monſerrato of Chriſtopher de Virves, a Valentian poet. Theſe, cry'd the curate, are the beſt heroic poems we have in Spaniſh, and may vie with the moſt celebrated of Italy: reſerve them as the moſt valuable performance which Spain has to boaſt of in poetry.

At laſt the curate grew ſo tir'd with prying into ſo many volumes, that he ordered all the reſt to be burnt at a venture†. But the barber ſhew'd him one which he had open'd by chance ere the dreadful ſentence was paſt. Truly, ſaid the curate, who ſaw by the title 'twas The tears of Angelica, I ſhould have wept myſelf, had I caus'd ſuch a book to ſhare the condemnation of the reſt; for the author was not only one of the beſt poets in Spain, but in the whole world, and tranſlated ſome of Ovid's fables with extraordinary ſucceſs.

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* *Cervantes never perform'd this promiſe.*

† *In the original,* à Carga Cerrada *(Inſide and contents unknown) a mercantile phraſe uſed in their bills of lading.*

CHAP. VII.

Don Quixote's *ſecond ſally in queſt of adventures.*

WHILE they were thus employed, Don Quixote in raving fit began to talk aloud to himſelf: here, he valorous knights, cry'd he, now's the time that you m exert the ſtrength of your mighty arms; for lo, the courtie bear away the honour of the tournament. This amazing ou cry call'd away the inquiſitors from any further examina tion of the library; and therefore the houſe-keeper and t niece being left to their own diſcretion, 'tis thought the C rolea and Leo of Spain, with the deeds of the emper written by Don Lewis d'Avila, which to be ſure were pa of the collection, were committed to the flames unſeen and u heard, without any legal trial; a fate which perhaps the might have eſcap'd, had the curate been there to have weigh what might have been urg'd in their defence.

When they came into Don Quixote's chamber, the found him riſen out of his bed as mad as ever he was, tea ing his throat, and making a heavy buſtle, laying about hi with his ſword back-ſtroke and fore-ſtroke, as broad awak as if he had never ſlept. They ran in upon him, caught him in their arms, and carry'd him to bed again by main force; where, after he was ſomewhat quiet and ſettled, turn ing himſelf to the curate, Certainly, cry'd he, my lord arch biſhop Turpin, 'tis a great diſhonour to us who are call'd the twelve peers, to ſuffer the knights of the court to bear away the honour of the tournament without any further op poſition, after we the knight-adventurers had carry'd it for three days before. Be pacify'd, my good friend, reply'd the curate; fortune may have yet a better ſucceſs in reſerve for you, and they who loſe to-day may win to-morrow: at pre ſent think on your health, for doubtleſs you muſt needs be now extremely tir'd, if not very much wounded. Wounded! reply'd Don Quixote, no; but as for being bruis'd, I will not

deny it, for that baſe-born knight Don Orlando has batter'd all my limbs with the trunk of an oak, out of meer envy, becauſe he ſees that I only dare rival his exploits: but may I no more be called Rinaldo of Montalban, if, in ſpite of his inchantments, I do not make him ſeverely pay for this as ſoon as I can leave my bed; and therefore let my dinner be brought in, for 'tis what I want moſt at this juncture, and then let me alone to revenge this abuſe. Accordingly they brought him ſome victuals, which when he had eaten, he fell aſleep again, and they left him, all of them ſtrangely amaz'd at his uncommon madneſs. That night the houſe-keeper burnt all the books, not only thoſe in the yard, but all thoſe that were in the houſe; and ſeveral ſuffer'd in the general calamity, that deſerv'd to have been treaſur'd up in everlaſting archives, had not their fate and the remiſſineſs of the inquiſitors order'd it otherwiſe. And thus they verify'd the proverb, *That the good often fare the worſe for the bad.*

One of the expedients which the curate and the barber bethought themſelves of, in order to their friend's recovery, was to ſtop up the door of the room where his books lay, that he might not find it, nor miſs them when he roſe; for they hop'd the effect would ceaſe when they had taken away the cauſe; and they order'd, that if he enquir'd about it, they ſhould tell him, that a certain inchanter had carry'd away ſtudy, books and all. Two days after, Don Quixote being got up, the firſt thing he did was to go viſit his darling books; and as he could not find the ſtudy in the place where he had left it, he went up and down, and look'd for it in every room. Sometimes he came to the place where the door us'd to ſtand, and then ſtood feeling and groping about a good while, then caſt his eyes, and ſtar'd on every ſide, without ſpeaking a word. At laſt, after a long deliberation, he thought fit to aſk his houſe-keeper which was the way to his ſtudy? What ſtudy, (anſwer'd the woman, according to her inſtructions) or rather, what nothing is it you look for? alas! here's neither ſtudy nor books in the houſe now, for the devil

is run away with 'em all. No, 't was not the devil, ſaid the niece, but a conjurer, or an inchanter, as they call 'em, who, ſince you went, came hither one night mounted on a dragon o'th' top of a cloud, and then alighting, went into your ſtudy, where what he did, he and the devil beſt can tell, for a while after, he flew out at the roof of the houſe, leaving it all full of ſmoke; and when we went to ſee what he had done, we could neither find the books, nor ſo much as the very ſtudy; only the houſe-keeper and I very well remember, that when the old thief went away, he cry'd out aloud, that out of a private grudge which he bore in his mind to the owner of thoſe books, he had done the houſe a miſchief, as we ſhould ſoon perceive; and then I think he call'd himſelf the ſage Muniaton. Not Muniaton, but * Freſton you ſhould have ſaid, cry'd Don Quixote. Truly, quoth the niece, I can't tell whether it was Freſton or Friſton, but ſure I am that his name ended with a ton: 'tis ſo, return'd Don Quixote, for he is a famous necromancer, and my mortal enemy, and bears me a great deal of malice; for ſeeing by his art, that in ſpite of all his ſpells, in proceſs of time I ſhall fight and vanquiſh in ſingle combat a knight whoſe intereſt he eſpouſes, therefore he endeavours to do me all manner of miſchief; but I dare aſſure him, that he ſtrives againſt the ſtream, nor can his power reverſe the firſt decrees of fate. Who doubts of that? cry'd the niece: but, dear uncle, what makes you run yourſelf into theſe quarrels? had not you better ſtay at home, and live in peace and quietneſs, than go rambling up and down like a vagabond, and ſeeking for better bread than is made of wheat, without once ſo much as conſidering, that many go to ſeek wool, and come home ſhorn themſelves? Oh, good niece, reply'd Don Quixote, how ill thou underſtandeſt theſe matters! know, that before I'll ſuffer myſelf to be ſhorn, I'll tear and pluck off the beards of all thoſe audacious mor-

* *An enchanter in Don Bellianis of Greece.*

cals, that ſhall attempt to profane the tip of one ſingle hair within the verge of theſe muſtachoes. To this neither the niece nor the governeſs thought fit to make any reply, for they perceived the knigh to grow angry. Full fifteen days did our knight remain quietly at home, without betraying the leaſt ſign of his deſire to renew his rambling; during which time there paſs'd a great deal of pleaſant diſcourſe between him and his two friends the curate and the barber; while he maintain'd, that there was nothing the world ſtood ſo much in need of as knights errant; wherefore he was reſolv'd to revive the order: in which diſputes Mr. Curate ſometimes contradicted him, and ſometimes ſubmitted; for had he not now and then given way to his fancies, there would have been no converſing with him.

In the mean time Don Quixote earneſtly ſollicited one of his neighbours, a country-labourer, and a good honeſt fellow, if we may call a poor man honeſt, for he was poor indeed, poor in purſe, and poor in brains; and, in ſhort, the knight talk'd ſo long to him, ply'd him with ſo many arguments, and made him ſo many fair promiſes, that at laſt the poor ſilly clown conſented to go along with him, and become his ſquire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him, that 'twas likely ſuch an adventure would preſent itſelf, as might ſecure him the conqueſt of ſome iſland in the time that he might be picking up a ſtraw or two, and then the ſquire might promiſe himſelf to be made governor of the place. Allur'd with theſe large promiſes, and many others, Sancho Pança (for that was the name of the fellow) forſook his wife and children to be his neighbour's ſquire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his buſineſs to furniſh himſelf with money; to which purpoſe, ſelling one houſe, mortgaging another, and loſing by all, he at laſt got a pretty good ſum together. He alſo borrowed a target of a friend, and having patch'd up his head-piece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his ſquire notice of the day and hour when

he intended to ſet out, that he might alſo furniſh himſelf with what he thought neceſſary; but above all he charg'd him to provide himſelf with a wallet; which Sancho promis'd to do, telling him he wou'd alſo take his aſs along with him, which being a very good one, might be a great eaſe to him, for he was not us'd to travel much a-foot. The mentioning of the aſs made the noble knight pauſe a while; he mus'd and ponder'd whether he had ever read of any knight-errant, whoſe ſquire us'd to ride upon an aſs; but he could not remember any precedent for it: however, he gave him leave at laſt to bring his aſs, hoping to mount him more honourably with the firſt opportunity, by unhorſing the next diſcourteous knight he ſhould meet. He alſo furniſh'd himſelf with ſhirts, and as many other neceſſaries as he could conveniently carry, according to the inn-keeper's injunctions. Which being done, Sancho Pança, without bidding either his wife or children good-by; and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his houſe keeper or of his niece, ſtole out of the village one night, not ſo much as ſuſpected by any body, and made ſuch haſte, that by break of day they thought themſelves out of reach, ſhould they happen to be purſued. As for Sancho Pança, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapſack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge deſire to ſee himſelf governor of the iſland, which his maſter had promiſed him.

Don Quixote happen'd to ſtrike into the ſame road which he took the time before, that is, the plains of Montiel, over which he travel'd with leſs inconveniency than when he went alone, by reaſon it was yet early in the morning; at which time the ſun-beams being almoſt parallel to the ſurface of the earth, and not directly darted down, as in the middle of the day, did not prove ſo offenſive. As they jogg'd on, I beſeech your worſhip, Sir knight-errant, quoth Sancho to his maſter, be ſure you don't forget what you promis'd me about the iſland; for I dare ſay I ſhall make ſhift to govern it, let it be never ſo big. You muſt know, friend Sancho, re-

ply'd Don Quixote, that it has been the conſtant practice of knights-errant in former ages, to make their ſquires governours of the iſlands or kingdoms they conquer'd: now I am not only reſolv'd to keep up that laudable cuſtom, but even to improve it, and outdo my predeceſſors in generoſity: for whereas ſometimes, or rather moſt commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their ſquires till they were grown old, and worn out with ſervice, bad days, worſe nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with ſome title, either of count, or at leaſt marquis of ſome valley or province, of great or ſmall extent; now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that before we have paſs'd ſix days together, I may conquer ſome kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out moſt luckily for thee; for then would I preſently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for ſo ſtrange accidents and revolutions, ſo ſudden and ſo unforeſeen, attend the profeſſion of chivalry, that I might eaſily give thee a great deal more than I have promiſed. Why, ſhould this come to paſs, quoth Sancho Pança, and I be made a king by ſome ſuch miracle, as your worſhip ſays, then happy be lucky, my Whither-d'ye-go Mary Gutierez wou'd be at leaſt a queen, and my children infantas and princes, an't like your worſhip. Who doubts of that? cry'd Don Quixote? I doubt of it, reply'd Sancho Pança; for I can't help believing, that though it ſhould rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would ſit well upon Mary Gutierez's head; for I muſt needs tell you, ſhe's not worth two braſs jacks to make a queen of: no, counteſs would be better for her, an't pleaſe you; and that too, God help her, will be as much as ſhe can handſomely manage. Recommend the matter to providence, return'd Don Quixote, 'twill be ſure to give what is moſt expedient for thee; but yet diſdain to entertain inferiour thoughts, and be not tempted to accept leſs than the dignity of a vice-roy. No more I won't, Sir, quoth Sancho, eſpecially ſince I have ſo

rare a maſter as your worſhip, who will take care to give me whatever may be fit for me, and what I may be able to deal with.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the good ſucceſs which the valorous Don Quixote *had in the moſt terrifying and never-to-be-imagin'd adventure of the wind-mills, with other tranſactions worthy to be tranſmitted to poſterity.*

AS they were thus diſcourſing, they diſcover'd ſome thirty or forty wind-mills, that are in that plain; and as ſoon as the knight had ſpy'd them, fortune, cry'd he, directs our affairs better than we ourſelves could have wiſh'd: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at leaſt thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having depriv'd them of life, we will begin to enrich our ſelves with their ſpoils: for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that curſed brood will be an acceptable ſervice to Heaven. What giants, quoth Sancho Pança? Thoſe whom thou ſee'ſt yonder, anſwer'd Don Quixote, with their long extended arms; ſome of that deteſted race have arms of ſo immenſe a ſize, that ſometimes they reach two leagues in length. Pray look better, Sir, quoth Sancho; thoſe things yonder are no giants, but wind-mills, and the arms you fancy, are their ſails, which being whirl'd about by the wind, make the mill go. 'Tis a ſign, cry'd Don Quixote, thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aſide and ſay thy prayers, for I am reſolv'd to engage in a dreadful unequal combat againſt them all. This ſaid, he clapt ſpurs to his horſe Rozinante, without giving ear to his ſquire Sancho, who bawl'd out to him, and aſſur'd him, that they were wind-mills, and no giants. But he was ſo fully poſſeſs'd with a ſtrong conceit of the contrary, that he did not ſo much as hear his ſquire's outcry, nor was he ſenſible of what they were; although he was already very

near them: far from that, Stand, cowards, cry'd he as loud as he could; ſtand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not baſely from a ſingle knight, who dares encounter you all. At the ſame time the wind riſing, the mill-ſails began to move, which, when Don Quixote ſpy'd, Baſe miſcreants, cry'd he, though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you ſhall pay for your arrogance. He moſt devoutly recommended himſelf to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her aſſiſtance in this perilous adventure; and ſo covering himſelf with his ſhield, and couching his lance, he ruſh'd with Rozinante's utmoſt ſpeed upon the firſt wind-mill he could come at, and running his lance into the ſail, the wind whirl'd it about with ſuch ſwiftneſs, that the rapidity of the motion preſently broke the lance into ſhivers, and hurl'd away both knight and horſe along with it, till down he fell rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Pança ran as faſt as his aſs could drive to help his maſter, whom he found lying, and not able to ſtir, ſuch a blow he and Rozinante had receiv'd. Mercy o'me! cry'd Sancho, did not I give your worſhip fair warning? did not I tell you they were wind-mills, and that nobody could think otherwiſe, unleſs he had alſo wind-mills in his head? Peace, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote: there is nothing ſo ſubject to the inconſtancy of fortune as war. I am verily perſwaded, that curſed necromancer Freſton, who carry'd away my ſtudy and my books, has transform'd theſe giants into wind-mills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; ſuch is his inveterate malice againſt me: but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and ſtratagems ſhall prove ineffectual againſt the prevailing edge of my ſword. *Amen*, ſay I, reply'd Sancho; and ſo heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half ſhoulder-ſlip'd with his fall.

This adventure was the ſubject of their diſcourſe, as they made the beſt of their way towards the paſs of Lapice†; for

† *A paſs in the mountains, ſuch as they call* Puerto Seco, *a*

Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miſs of adventures in one ſo mightily frequented. However, the loſs of his lance was no ſmall affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his ſquire, I have read, ſaid he, friend Sancho, that a certain Spaniſh knight, whoſe name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his ſword in the heat of an engagement, pull'd up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at leaſt tore down a maſſy branch, and did ſuch wonderful execution, cruſhing and grinding ſo many Moors with it that day, that he won himſelf and his poſterity the ſirname of † The Pounder, or Bruiſer. I tell thee this, becauſe I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform ſuch wondrous deeds, that thou wilt eſteem thy ſelf particularly happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witneſs of atchievements which poſterity will ſcarce be able to believe. Heaven grant you may, cry'd Sancho: I believe it all, becauſe your worſhip ſays it. But, an't pleaſe you, ſit a little more upright in your ſaddle; you ride ſideling methinks; but that, I ſuppoſe, proceeds from your being bruis'd by the fall. It does ſo, reply'd Don Quixote; and if I do not complain of the pain, 'tis becauſe a knight-errant muſt never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through 'em. Then I've no more to ſay, quoth Sancho; and yet Heaven knows my heart, I ſhould be glad to hear your worſhip bone a little now and then when ſomething ails you: for my part, I ſhall not fail to bemoan my ſelf when I ſuffer the ſmalleſt pain, unleſs indeed it can be proved, that the rule of not complaining extends to the ſquires as well as knights. Don Quixote could not forbear ſmiling at the ſimplicity of his ſquire; and told him he gave him leave to complain not

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dry port, *where the king's officers levy the tolls and cuſtoms upon paſſengers and goods.*

† Machuca, *from* Machucar, *to pound in a mortar.*

only when he pleas'd, but as much as he pleas'd, whether he had any cauſe or no; for he had never yet read any thing to the contrary in any books of chivalry. Sancho deſir'd him, however, to conſider, that 'twas high time to go to dinner; but his maſter anſwer'd him, that he might eat whenever he pleas'd; as for himſelf, he was not yet diſpos'd to do it. Sancho having thus obtain'd leave, fix'd himſelf as orderly as he cou'd upon his aſs; and taking ſome victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching luſtily as he rode behind his maſter; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his noſe, and fetch'd ſuch hearty pulls, that it would have made the beſt pamper'd vintner in Malaga a-dry to have ſeen him. While he thus went on ſtuffing and ſwilling, he did not think in the leaſt of all his maſter's great promiſes; and was ſo far from eſteeming it a trouble to travel in queſt of adventures, that he fancy'd it to be the greateſt pleaſure in the world, though they were never ſo dreadful.

In fine, they paſs'd that night under ſome trees; from one of which Don Quixote tore a wither'd branch, which in ſome ſort was able to ſerve him for a lance, and to this he fix'd the head or ſpear of his broken lance. But he did not ſleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imitation of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights paſs that time, without ſleep in foreſts and deſarts, wholly taken up with the entertaining thoughts of their abſent miſtreſſes. As for Sancho, he did not ſpend the night at that idle rate; for having his paunch well ſtuff'd with ſomething more ſubſtantial than dandelion-water, he made but one nap of it; and had not his maſter wak'd him, neither the ſprightly beams which the ſun darted on his face, nor the melody of the birds, that chearfully on every branch welcom'd the ſmiling morn, wou'd have been able to have made him ſtir. As he got up, to clear his eye ſight, he took two or three long-winded ſwigs at his friendly bottle for a morning's draught: but he found it ſomewhat lighter than it was the night before; which misfortune went to his

very heart, for he ſhrewdly miſtruſted that he was not in a way to cure it of that diſtemper as ſoon as he could have wiſh'd. On the other ſide, Don Quixote wou'd not break faſt, having been feaſting all night on the more delicate and ſavoury thoughts of his miſtreſs; and therefore they went on directly towards the paſs of Lapice, which they diſcover'd about three a-clock. When they came near it, Here it is, brother Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that we may wanton, and as it were, thruſt our arms up to the very elbows, in that which we call adventures. But let me give thee one neceſſary caution; know, that tho' thou ſhould'ſt ſee me in the greateſt extremity of danger, thou muſt not offer to draw thy ſword in my defence, unleſs thou findeſt me aſſaulted by baſe plebeians and vile ſcoundrels; for in ſuch a caſe thou may'ſt aſſiſt thy maſter: but if thoſe with whom I am fighting are knights, thou muſt not do it; for the laws of chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a knight, till thou art one thy ſelf. Never fear, quoth Sancho; I'll be ſure to obey your worſhip in that, I'll warrant you; for I've ever lov'd peace and quietneſs, and never car'd to thruſt my ſelf into frays and quarrels: and yet I don't care to take blows at any one's hands neither; and ſhou'd any knight offer to ſet upon me firſt, I fancy I ſhou'd hardly mind your laws; for all laws, whether of God or man, allow one to ſtand in his own defence if any offer to do him a miſchief. I agree to that, reply'd Don Quixote; but as for helping me againſt any knights, thou muſt ſet bounds to thy natural impulſes. I'll be ſure to do it, quoth Sancho; ne'er truſt me if I don't keep your commandment as well as I do the ſabbath.

As they were talking, they ſpy'd coming towards them two monks of the order of St. Benedict mounted on two dromedaries, for the mules on which they rode were ſo high and ſtately, that they ſeem'd little leſs. They wore riding-maſks, with glaſſes at the eyes, againſt the duſt, and umbrella's to ſhelter them from the ſun. After them came a coach, with four or five men on horſeback, and two muleteers on foot.

There prov'd to be in the coach a Biſcayan lady, who was going to Seville to meet her huſband, that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take poſſeſſion of a conſiderable poſt. Scarce had Don Quixote perceiv'd the monks, who were not of the ſame company, though they went the ſame way, but he cry'd to his ſquire, Either I am deceiv'd, or this will prove the moſt famous adventure that ever was known; for without all queſtion thoſe two black things that move towards us muſt be ſome necromancers, that are carrying away by force ſome princeſs in that coach; and 'tis my duty to prevent ſo great an injury. I fear me this will prove a worſe jobb than the wind-mills, quoth Sancho. 'Slife, Sir, don't you ſee theſe are Benedictin friars, and 'tis likely the coach belongs to ſome travellers that are in't: therefore once more take warning, and don't you be led away by the devil. I have already told thee, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, thou art miſerably ignorant in matters of adventures: what I ſay is true, and thou ſhalt find it ſo preſently. This ſaid, he ſpurr'd on his horſe, and poſted himſelf juſt in the midſt of the road where the monks were to paſs. And when they came within hearing, Curs'd implements of hell, cry'd he in a loud and haughty tone, immediately releaſe thoſe high born princeſſes whom you are violently conveying away in the coach, or elſe prepare to meet with inſtant death, as the juſt puniſhment of your pernicious deeds. The monks ſtopt their mules, no leſs aſtoniſh'd at the figure, than at the expreſſions of the ſpeaker. Sir knight, cry'd they, we are no ſuch perſons as you are pleas'd to term us, but religious men, of the order of St. Benedict, that travel about our affairs; and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any princeſſes carry'd away by force in that coach. I'm not to be deceiv'd with fair words, reply'd Don Quixote; I know you well enough, perfidious caitiffs; and immediately, without expecting their reply, he ſet ſpurs to Rozinante, and ran ſo furiouſly, with his lance couch'd, againſt the firſt monk, that if he had not prudently flung himſelf off to the ground, the knight would

certainly have laid him either dead, or grievouſly wounded. The other obſerving the diſcourteous uſage of his companion, clapp'd his heels to his over-grown mule's flanks, and ſcour'd o'er the plain as if he had been running a race with the wind. Sancho Pança no ſooner ſaw the monk fall, but he nimbly ſkipt off his aſs, and running to him, began to ſtrip him immediately, but then the two muleteers, who waited on the monks, came up to him, and aſk'd why he offer'd to ſtrip him? Sancho told them, that this belong'd to him as lawful plunder, being the ſpoils won in battle by his lord and maſter Don Quixote. The fellows, with whom there was no jeſting, not knowing what he meant by his ſpoils and battle, and ſeeing Don Quixote at a good diſtance in deep diſcourſe by the ſide of the coach, fell both upon poor Sancho, threw him down, tore his beard from his chin, trampled on his guts, thump'd and maul'd him in every part of his carcaſe, and there left him ſprawling without breath or motion. In the mean while the monk, ſcar'd out of his wits, and as pale as a ghoſt, got upon his mule again as faſt as he cou'd, and ſpurr'd after his friend, who ſtaid for him at a diſtance, expecting the iſſue of this ſtrange adventure; but being unwilling to ſtay to ſee the end of it, they made the beſt of their way, making more ſigns of the croſs than if the devil had been poſting after them.

Don Quixote, as I ſaid, was all that while engaged with the lady in the coach. Lady, cry'd he, your diſcretion is now at liberty to diſpoſe of your beautiful ſelf as you pleaſe; for the preſumptuous arrogance of thoſe who attempted to enſlave your perſon lies proſtrate in the duſt, overthrown by this my ſtrenuous arm: and that you may not be at a loſs for the name of your deliverer, know I am call'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, by profeſſion a knight-errant and adventurer, captive to that peerleſs beauty Donna Dulcinea del Toboſo: nor do I deſire any other recompence for the ſervice I have done you, but that you return to Toboſo to preſent your ſelves to that lady, and let her know what I have done

to purchaſe your deliverance. To this ſtrange talk, a certain Biſcayan, the lady's ſquire, gentleman-uſher, or what you'll pleaſe to call him, who rode along with the coach, liſten'd with great attention; and perceiving that Don Quixote not only ſtopped the coach, but would have it preſently go back to Toboſo, he bore briſkly up to him, and laying hold on his lance, "Get gone," cry'd he to him in bad Spaniſh, and worſe Biſcayan*. "Get gone thou knight, and devil go with thou; "or by he who me create, if thou do not leave the coach, me "kill thee now ſo ſure as me be a Biſcayan." Don Quixote, who made ſhift to underſtand him well enough, very calmly made him this anſwer: Wert thou a gentleman†, as thou art not, ere this I would have chaſtis'd thy inſolence and temerity, thou inconſiderable mortal. What! me no gentleman? reply'd the Biſcayan; I ſwear thou be liar, as me be Chriſtian. If thou throw away lance, and draw ſword, me will make no more of thee than cat does of mouſe: me will ſhew thee me be Biſcayan, and gentleman by land, gentleman by ſea, gentleman in ſpite of devil; and thou lye if thou ſay contrary. I'll try titles with you, as the man ſaid, reply'd Don Quixote: and with that throwing away his lance, he drew his ſword, graſp'd his target, and attack'd the Biſcayan, fully bent on his deſtruction. The Biſcayan ſeeing him come on ſo furiouſly, would gladly have alighted, not truſting to his mule, which was one of thoſe ſcurvy jades that are let out to hire; but all he had time to do was only to draw his ſword, and ſnatch a cuſhion out of the coach to ſerve him inſtead of a ſhield; and immediately they aſſaulted one another with

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* *The Biſcayners generally ſpeak broken Spaniſh, as is imitated in the original; wherefore the Engliſh is render'd acccordingly.*

† Cavallero *in Spaniſh ſignifies a gentleman as well as a knight; and being here uſed, is to be ſuppos'd to have caus'd the difference between* Don Quixote *and the Biſcayner.*

all the fury of mortal enemies. The by-ſtanders did all they could to prevent their fighting; but 'twas in vain, for the Biſcayan ſwore in his gibberiſh he would kill his very lady, and all thoſe who preſum'd to hinder him, if they would not let him fight. The lady in the coach being extremely affrighted at theſe paſſages, made her coach-man drive out of harm's-way, and at a diſtance was an eye-witneſs of the furious combat. At the ſame time the Biſcayan let fall ſuch a mighty blow on Don Quixote's ſhoulder over his target, that had not his armour been ſword-proof he would have cleft him down to the very waiſt. The knight feeling the weight of that unmeaſurable blow, cry'd out aloud, Oh! lady of my ſoul, Dulcinea! flower of all beauty, vouchſafe to ſuccour your champion in this dangerous combat, undertaken to ſet forth your worth. The breathing out of this ſhort prayer, the gripping faſt of his ſword, the covering of himſelf with his ſhield, and the charging of his enemy, was but the work of a moment; for Don Quixote was reſolv'd to venture the fortune of the combat all upon one blow. The Biſcayan, who read his deſign in his dreadful countenance, reſolv'd to face him with equal bravery, and ſtand the terrible ſhock, with up-lifted ſword, and cover'd with the cuſhion, not being able to manage his jaded mule, who defying the ſpur, and not being cut out for ſuch pranks, would move neither to the right nor to the left. While Don Quixote, with his ſword aloft, was ruſhing upon the wary Biſcayan, with a full reſolution to cleave him aſunder, all the ſpectators ſtood trembling with terror and amazement, expecting the dreadful event of thoſe prodigious blows which threaten'd the two deſperate combatants: the lady in the coach, with her women, were making a thouſand vows and offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that Providence might deliver them and the ſquire out of the great danger that threaten'd them.

But here we muſt deplore the abrupt end of this hiſtory, which the author leaves off juſt at the very point when the

fortune of the battle is going to be decided, pretending he could find nothing more recorded of Don Quixote's wondrous atchievements than what he had already related. However, the ſecond undertaker of this work could not believe, that ſo curious a hiſtory could lie for ever inevitably buried in oblivion; or that the learned of La Mancha were ſo regardleſs of their country's glory, as not to preſerve in their archives, or at leaſt in their cloſets, ſome memoirs, as monuments of this famous knight; and therefore he wou'd not give over inquiring after the continuation of this pleaſant hiſtory, till at laſt he happily found it, as the next book will inform the reader.

THE LIFE AND ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THE RENOWN'D DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

The event of the moſt ſtupendious combat between the brave Biſcayan *and the valorous* Don Quixote.

IN the firſt book of this hiſtory, we left the valiant Biſcayan and the renown'd Don Quixote with their ſwords lifted up, and ready to diſcharge on each other two furious and moſt terrible blows, which had they fall'n directly, and met with no oppoſition, would have cut and divided the two combatants from head to heel, and have ſplit 'em like a pomegranate: but, as I ſaid before, the ſtory remain'd imperfect; neither did the author inform us where we might find the remaining part of the relation. This vex'd me extremely, and turn'd the pleaſure, which the peruſal of the beginning had afforded me, into diſguſt, when I had reaſon to deſpair of ever ſeeing the reſt. Yet, after all, it ſeem'd to me no leſs impoſſible than unjuſt, that ſo valiant a knight ſhould have been deſtitute of ſome learned perſon to record his incomparable exploits; a misfortune which never attended any of his predeceſſors, I mean the knights-adventu-

rers, each of whom was always provided with one or two learned men, who were always at hand to write not only their wondrous deeds, but alſo to ſet down their thoughts and childiſh petty actions, were they never ſo hidden. Therefore, as I could not imagine that ſo worthy a knight ſhould be ſo unfortunate, as to want that which has been ſo profuſely laviſh'd even on ſuch a one as Platyr*, and others of that ſtamp; I could not induce myſelf to believe, that ſo admirable a hiſtory was ever left unfiniſh'd, and rather choſe to think that time, the devourer of all things, had hid or conſum'd it. On the other ſide, when I conſider'd that ſeveral modern books were found in his ſtudy, as The cure of jealouſy, and The nymphs and ſhepherds of Henares†, I had reaſon to think, that the hiſtory of our knight could be of no very ancient date; and that, had it never been continu'd, yet his neighbours and friends could not have forgot the moſt remarkable paſſages of his life. Full of this imagination, I reſolv'd to make it my buſineſs to make a particular and exact inquiry into the life and miracles of our renown'd Spaniard, Don Quixote, that refulgent glory and mirrour of the knighthood of La Mancha, and the firſt who in theſe deprav'd and miſerable times devoted himſelf to the neglected profeſſion of knight-errantry, to redreſs wrongs and injuries, to relieve widows, and defend the honour of damſels; ſuch of them, I mean, who in former ages rode up and down over hills and dales with whip in hand, mounted

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* *A ſecond-rate knight in Palmerin of England.*

† *The river that runs through Madrid, ſays the author of the new tranſlation: but he miſtakes; Henares runs by the univerſity of Alcale* (i. e. *Complutum*) *in Old Caſtile, and therefore much celebrated by Spaniſh poets bred in that univerſity. They call it* Henarius *in Latin.*

The river that runs by Madrid, and which is in New Caſtile, is call'd Manzanares, in Latin Manzanarius.

on their palfreys, with all their virginity about them, ſecure from all manner of danger and who, unleſs they happen'd to be ravith'd by ſome boiſterous villain or huge giant, were ſure, at four ſcore years of age, (all which time they never ſlept one night under a roof) to be decently laid in their graves, as pure virgins as the mothers that bore 'em. For this reaſon and many others, I ſay, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy everlaſting and univerſal praiſe: nor ought I to be deny'd my due commendation for my indefatigable care and diligence, in ſeeking and finding out the continuation of this delightful hiſtory; though, after all, I muſt confeſs, that had not Providence, chance, or fortune, as I will now inform you, aſſiſted me in the diſcovery, the world had been depriv'd of two hours diverſion and pleaſure, which 'tis likely to afford to thoſe who will read it with attention. One day being in the *Alcana at Toledo, I ſaw a young lad offer to ſell a parcel of old written papers to a ſhopkeeper. Now I being apt to take up the leaſt piece of written or printed papers that lies in my way, though 'twere in the middle of the ſtreet, cou'd not forbear laying my hands on one of the manuſcripts, to ſee what it was, and I found it to be written in Arabic, which I cou'd not read. This made me look about to ſee whether I cou'd find e'er a Moriſco † that underſtood Spaniſh, to read it for me, and give me ſome account of it; nor was it very difficult to meet with an interpreter there; for had I wanted one for a better and more ancient tongue‡, that place would have infallibly ſupply'd me. 'I was my good fortune to find one immediately; and having informed him of my deſire, he no ſooner read ſome lines, but he began to laugh. I aſk'd him what he laugh'd at? At a certain remark here in the margin of the book, ſaid he. I pray'd

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* *An exchange; a place full of ſhops.*

† *A Moriſco is one of the race of the Moors.*

‡ *Meaning ſome Jew, to interpret the Hebrew or Chaldee.*

him to explain it; whereupon ſtill laughing, he did it in theſe words: "This Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſo often mention'd in "this hiſtory, is ſaid to have had the beſt hand at ſalting of "pork of any woman in all La Mancha." I was ſurprized when I heard him name Dulcinea del Toboſo, and preſently imagin'd that thoſe old papers contain'd the hiſtory of Don Quixote. This made me preſs him to read the title of the book; which he did, turning it thus extemporary out of Arabic; The hiſtory of Don Quixote de la Mancha; written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian hiſtoriographer. I was ſo overjoy'd when I heard the title, that I had much ado to conceal it; and preſently taking the bargain out of the ſhopkeeper's hand, I agree with the young man for the whole, and bought that for half a real, which he might have ſold me for twenty times as much, had he but gueſs'd at the eagerneſs of his chapman. I immediately withdrew with my purchaſe to the cloiſter of the great church, taking the Moor with me; and deſir'd him to tranſlate me thoſe papers that treated of Don Quixote, without adding or omitting the leaſt word, offering him any reaſonable ſatisfaction. He aſk'd me but two *Arrobes of raiſins, and two buſhels of wheat, and promis'd me to do it faithfully with all expedition: in ſhort, for the quicker diſpatch, and the greater ſecurity, being unwilling to let ſuch a lucky prize go out of my hands, I took the Moor to my own houſe, where in leſs than ſix weeks he finiſh'd the whole tranſlation.

Don Quixote's fight with the Biſcayan was exactly drawn on one of the leaves of the firſt quire, in the ſame poſture as we left them, with their ſwords lifted up over their heads, the one guarding himſelf with his ſhield, the other with his cuſhion. The Biſcayan's mule was pictur'd ſo to the life, that with half an eye you might have known it to be an hir'd mule. Under the Biſcayan was written Don Sancho de Aſ-

* *An Arroba is about* 32 lb. *weight.*

petia, and under Rozinante Don Quixote. Rozinante was admirably delineated, ſo ſlim, ſo ſtiff, ſo lean, ſo jaded, with ſharp a ridge-bone, and altogether ſo like one waſted with incurable conſumption, that any one muſt have owned at ſight, that no horſe ever better deſerv'd that name. Not off ſtood Sancho * Pança holding his aſs by the halter whoſe feet there was a ſcroll, in which was written Sancho Canças: and if we may judge of him by his picture, he thick and ſhort, paunch-belly'd, and long-haunch'd; ſo in all likelihood for this reaſon he is ſometimes called Pan and ſometimes Cança, in the hiſtory. There were ſome oth niceties to be ſeen in that piece, but hardly worth obſervati as not giving any light into this true hiſtory, otherwiſe th had not paſs'd unmention'd; for none can be amiſs ſo th be authentic. I muſt only acquaint the reader, that if a objection is to be made as to the veracity of this, 'tis on that the author is an Arabian, and thoſe of that count are not a little addicted to lying: but yet, if we conſider th they are our enemies, we ſhould ſooner imagine, that t author has rather ſuppreſs'd the truth, than added to the re worth of our knight; and I am the more inclinable to thi ſo, becauſe 'tis plain, that where he ought to have enlarg on his praiſes, he maliciouſly chooſes to be ſilent; a proce ing unworthy of an hiſtorian, who ought to be exact, ſi cere, and impartial; free from paſſion, and not to be biaſs either by intereſt, fear, reſentment, or affection to devi from truth, which is the mother of hiſtory, the preſerv and eternizer of great actions, the profeſſed enemy of obliv on, the witneſs of things paſs'd, and the director of futu times. As for this hiſtory, I know 'twill afford you as gre variety as you cou'd wiſh, in the moſt entertaining manner and if in any point it falls ſhort of your expectation, I am

* *Paunch.*

† *Haunches, or rather thigh-bones.*

opinion 'tis more the fault of the infidel* its author, than the ſubject: and ſo let us come to the ſecond book, which, according to our tranſlation, began in this manner.

Such were the bold and formidable looks of the two enraged combatants, that with up-lifted arms, and with deſtructive ſteel, they ſeem'd to threaten heaven, earth, and the infernal manſions; while the ſpectators ſeem'd wholly loſt in fear and aſtoniſhment. The choleric Biſcayan diſcharg'd the firſt blow, and that with ſuch a force, and ſo deſperate a fury, that had not his ſword turn'd in his hand, that ſingle ſtroke had put an end to the dreadful combat, and all our knight's adventures. But fate, that reſerv'd him for greater things, ſo order'd it, that his enemy's ſword turn'd in ſuch a manner, that tho' it ſtruck him on the left ſhoulder, it did him no other hurt than to diſarm that ſide of his head, carrying away with it a great part of his helmet and one half of his ear, which like a dreadful ruin fell together to the ground. Aſſiſt me ye powers! but it is in vain: the fury which then engroſs'd the breaſt of our hero of La Mancha is not to be expreſs'd; words wou'd but wrong it; for what colour of ſpeech can be lively enough to give but a ſlight ſketch or faint image of his unutterable rage? Exerting all his valour, he rais'd himſelf upon his ſtirrups, and ſeem'd even greater than himſelf; and at the ſame inſtant griping his ſword faſt with both hands, he diſcharg'd ſuch a tremendous blow full on the Biſcayan's cuſhion and his head, that in ſpite of ſo good a defence, as if a whole mountain had fallen upon him, the blood guſh'd out at his mouth, noſe, and ears, all at once; and he totter'd ſo in his ſaddle, that he had fallen to the ground immediately, had he not caught hold of the neck of his mule: but the dull beaſt itſelf being rous'd out of its ſtupidity with that terrible blow, began to run about the fields;

* Galgo *in the original, which properly means a grey-hound, but here it means any dog. In Spain they call the Moors dogs.*

and the Biſcayan, having loſt his ſtirrups and his hold, with two or three winces the mule ſhook him off, and threw him on the ground. Don Quixote beheld the diſaſter of his foe with the greateſt tranquillity and unconcern imaginable; and ſeeing him down, ſkip'd nimbly from his ſaddle, and running to him ſet the point of his ſword to his throat, and bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biſcayan was ſo ſtunn'd, that he could make him no reply; and Don Quixote had certainly made good his threats, ſo provok'd was he, had not the ladies in the coach, who with great uneaſineſs and fear beheld the ſad tranſactions, haſten'd to beſeech Don Quixote very earneſtly to ſpare his life. Truly, beautiful ladies, ſaid the victorious knight, with a great deal of loftineſs and gravity, I am willing to grant your requeſt; but upon condition that this ſame knight ſhall paſs his word of honour to go to Toboſo, and there preſent himſelf in my name before the peerleſs lady Donna Dulcinea, that ſhe may diſpoſe of him as ſhe ſhall ſee convenient. The lady, who was frighted almoſt out of her ſenſes, without conſidering what Don Quixote enjoin'd, or enquiring who the lady Dulcinea was, promiſed in her ſquire's behalf a punctual obedience to the knight's commands. Let him live then reply'd Don Quixote, upon your word, and owe to your interceſſion that pardon which I might juſtly deny his arrogance.

CHAP. II.

What farther befel Don Quixote *with the* Biſcayan; *and of the danger he ran among a parcel of Yangueſians.*

SANCHO Pança was got up again before this, not much the better for the kicks and thumps beſtow'd on his carcaſe by the monks grooms; and ſeeing his maſter engag'd in fight, he went devoutly to prayers, beſeeching heaven to grant him victory, that he might now win ſome iſland, in order to his being made governor of it, according to his promiſe. At laſt, perceiving the danger was over, the combat at

an end, and his master ready to mount again, he ran in all haste to help him; but ere the knight put his foot in the stirrup, Sancho fell on his knees before him, and kissing his hand, An't please your worship, cry'd he, my good lord Don Quixote, I beseech you make me governor of the island you have won in this dreadful and bloody fight; for tho' it were never so great, I find myself able to govern it as well as the best he that ever went about to govern an island in the world. Brother Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, these are no adventures of islands; these are only rencounters on the road, where little is to be got besides a broken head, or the loss of an ear: therefore have patience, and some adventure will offer itself, which will not only enable me to prefer thee to a government, but even to something more considerable. Sancho gave him a world of thanks; and having once more kiss'd his hand, and the skirts of his coat of armour, he help'd him to get upon Rozinante; and then leaping on his ass, he follow'd the heroe, who, without taking leave of those in the coach, put on a good round pace, and rode into a wood, that was not far off. Sancho made after him as fast as his ass wou'd trot; but finding that Rozinante was like to leave him behind, he was forc'd to call to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote accordingly check'd his horse, and soon gave Sancho leisure to overtake him. Methinks, sir, said the fearful squire, as soon as he came up with him, it won't be amiss for us to betake ourselves to some church, to get out of harm's way; for if that same man whom you've fought with should do otherwise than well, I dare lay my life they'll get a warrant from the holy * brotherhood, and have us taken up; which if they do, on my word 'twill go hard with us ere we can get out of their clutches. Hold thy tongue, cry'd Don Quixote: where didst thou ever read, or find that

* *An institution spread thro' all Spain, to suppress robbers, and make the roads safe to travellers.*

a knight-errant was ever brought before any judge for the homicides which he committed? I can't tell what you mean by your homilies, reply'd Sancho; I don't know that ever I ſaw one in my born days, not I: but well I wot, that the law lays hold on thoſe that goes to murder one another in the fields; and for your what d'ye call 'ems, I've nothing to ſay to 'em. Then be not afraid, good Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; for I wou'd deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, and with much more eaſe out of thoſe of the holy brotherhood. But come, tell me truly, doſt thou believe that the whole world can boaſt of another knight that may pretend to rival me in valour? didſt thou ever read in hiſtory, that any other ever ſhew'd more reſolution to undertake, more vigour to attack, more breath to hold out, more dexterity and activity to ſtrike, and more art and force to overthrow his enemies? Not I, by my troth, reply'd Sancho, I never did meet with any thing like you in hiſtory, for I neither can read nor write; but that which I dare wager is, that I never in my life ſerv'd a bolder maſter than your worſhip: pray heaven this ſame boldneſs may'nt bring us to what I bid you beware of. All I have to put you in mind of now is, that you get your ear dreſs'd, for you loſe a deal of blood; and by good luck I've here ſome lint and a little white ſalve in my wallet. How needleſs would all this have been, cry'd Don Quixote, had I but bethought myſelf of making a ſmall bottle full of the balſam of fierabraſs? a ſingle drop of which would have ſpar'd us a great deal of time and medicaments. What is that ſame balſam, an't pleaſe you? cry'd Sancho. A balſam, anſwer'd Don Quixote, of which I've the receipt in my head; he that has ſome of it may defy death itſelf, and dally with all manner of wounds: therefore when I have made ſome of it, and given it thee, if at any time thou happen'ſt to ſee my body cut in two by ſome unlucky back-ſtroke, as 'tis common among us knights-errant, thou haſt no more to do but to take up nicely that half of me which is fall'n to the ground, and clap it exactly to the other half on

the ſaddle before the blood's congeal'd, always taking care to lay it juſt in its proper place; then thou ſhalt give me two draughts of that balſam, and thou ſhalt immediately ſee me become whole, and ſound as an apple. If this be true, quoth Sancho, I'll quit you of your promiſe about the iſland this minute of an hour, and will have nothing of your worſhip for what ſervice I have done, and am to do you, but the receipt of that ſame balſam; for, I dare ſay, let me go whereever I will, 'twill be ſure to yield me three good reals an ounce; and thus I ſhall make ſhift to pick a pretty good livelyhood out of it. But ſtay though, continu'd he, does the making ſtand your worſhip in much, Sir? Three quarts of it, reply'd Don Quixote, may be made for three reals. Body of me, cry'd Sancho, why don't you make ſome out of hand, and teach me how to make it? Say no more, friend Sancho, return'd Don Quixote; I intend to teach thee much greater ſecrets, and deſign thee nobler rewards; but in the mean time dreſs my ear, for it pains me more than I could wiſh. Sancho then took his lint and ointment out of his wallet; but when Don Quixote perceived the vizor of his helmet was broken, he had like to have run ſtark ſtaring mad; ſtreight laying hold on his ſword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, By the great Creator of the univerſe, cry'd he, by every ſyllable contain'd in the four holy evangeliſts, I ſwear to lead a life like the great marquis of Mantua, when he made a vow to evenge the death of his couſin Baldwin, which was never to eat bread on a table cloth, never to lie with the dear partner of his bed, and other things, which, though they a e now at preſent ſlipp'd out of my memory, I comprize in my vow no leſs than if I had now mention'd 'em; and this I bind my ſelf to, till I have fully reveng'd my ſelf on him that has done me this injury.

Good your worſhip, cry'd Sancho, (amaz'd to hear him take ſuch a horrid oath) think on what you're doing; for if that ſame knight has done as you bid him and has gone and caſt himſelf before my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, I don't ſee

but you and he are quit; and the man deſerves no further puniſhment, unleſs he does you ſome new miſchief. 'Tis well obſerv'd, reply'd Don Quixote; and therefore as to the point of revenge, I revoke my oath; but I renew and confirm the reſt, proteſting ſolemnly to lead the life I mention'd, 'till I have by force of arms deſpoil'd ſome knight of as good a helmet as mine was. Neither do thou fanſy, Sancho, that I make this proteſtation lightly, or make a ſmoke of ſtraw: no, I have a laudable precedent for it, the authority of which will ſufficiently juſtify my imitation; for the very ſame thing happen'd about Mambrino's helmet, which coſt Sacripante ſo dear*. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, let all ſuch curſing and ſwearing go to the devil; there's nothing can be worſe for your ſoul's health, nay for your bodily health neither. Beſides, ſuppoſe we ſhould not this good while meet any one with a helmet on, what a ſad caſe ſhould we then be in? will your worſhip then keep your oath in ſpite of ſo many hardſhips, ſuch as to lie rough for a month together, far from any inhabited place, and a thouſand other idle penances which that mad old marquis of Mantua puniſh'd himſelf with by his vow? Do but conſider, that we may ride I don't know how long upon this road without meeting any arm'd knight to pick a quarrel with; for here are none but carriers and waggoners, who are ſo far from wearing any helmets, that 'tis ten to one whether they ever heard of ſuch a thing in their lives. Thou art miſtaken, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for we ſhall not be two hours this way without meeting more men in arms than there were at the ſiege of Albraca, to carry off the fair Angelica†. Well then, let it be ſo, quoth Sancho; and may we have the luck to come off well, and quickly win that iſland which coſts me ſo dear, and

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* *The ſtory is in Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo.*

† *Meaning king Marſilio, and the thirty two kings his tributaries, with all their forces.* Arioſto.

then I don't matter what befalls me. I have already bid thee not trouble thyſelf about this buſineſs, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote; for ſhou'd we miſs of an iſland, there is either the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradiſa*, as fit for thy purpoſe as a ring to thy finger; and what ought to be no ſmall comfort to thee, they are both upon *Terra firma*† But we'll talk of this in its proper ſeaſon: at this time I'd have thee ſee whether thou haſt any thing to eat in thy wallet, that we may afterwards ſeek for ſome caſtle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balſam I told thee; for I proteſt my ear ſmarts extremely. I have here an onion, reply'd the ſquire, a piece of cheeſe, and a few ſtale cruſts of bread; but ſure ſuch coarſe fare is not for ſuch a brave knight as your worſhip. Thou art groſly miſtaken, friend Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote: know, that 'tis the glory of knights-errant to be whole months without eating: and when they do, they fall upon the firſt thing they meet with, though it be never ſo homely. Hadſt thou but read as many books as I have done, thou hadſt been better inform'd as to that point; for though I think I have read as many hiſtories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never cou'd find that the knights-errant ever eat, unleſs it were by meer accident, or when they were invited to great feaſts and royal banquets; at other times they indulg'd themſelves with little other food beſides their thoughts. Though it is not to be imagin'd they could live without ſupplying the exigencies of human nature, as being after all no more than mortal men, yet 'tis likewiſe to be ſuppos'd, that as they ſpent the greateſt part of their lives in foreſts and deſarts, and always deſtitute of a cook, conſequently their uſual food was but ſuch coarſe country fare as thou now offereſt me. Never then make thy ſelf

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* *A fictitious kingdom in Amadis de Gaul.*

† *In alluſion to the famous Firm Iſland, in Amadis de Gaul, the land of promiſe to the faithful ſquires of knights-errant.*

uneaſy about what pleaſes me, friend Sancho, nor pretend to make a new world, nor to unhinge the very conſtitution and antient cuſtoms of knight errantry. I beg your wor ſhip's pardon, cry'd Sancho; for as I was never bred a ſcholar I may chance to have miſs'd in ſome main point of your law of knighthood; but from this time forward I'll be ſure to ſtock my wallet with all ſorts of dry fruits for you, becauſe your worſhip's a knight; as for myſelf, who am none, I'll provide good poultry and other ſubſtantial victuals. I don't ſay, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, that a knight-errant is oblig'd to feed altogether upon fruit; I only mean, that that was their common food, together with ſome roots and herbs which they found up and down the fields, of all which they had a perfect knowledge, as I myſelf have. 'Tis a good thing to know thoſe herbs, cry'd Sancho; for I am much miſtaken, or that kind of knowledge will ſtand us in good ſtead ere long. In the mean time, continu'd he, here's what good heaven has ſent us: with that he pull'd out the proviſion he had, and they fell to heartily together. But their impatience to find out a place where they might be harbour'd that night, made them ſhorten their ſorry meal, and mount again, for fear of being benighted: ſo away they put on in ſearch of a lodging. But the ſun and their hopes fail'd them at once, as they came to a place where ſome goat herds had ſet up ſome ſmall huts; and therefore they concluded to take up their lodging there that night. This was as great a mortification to Sancho, who was altogether for a good town, as it was a pleaſure to his maſter, who was for ſleeping in the open field, as believing, that as often as he did it, he confirm'd his title to knighthood by a new act of poſſeſſion.

CHAP. III.

What paſs'd between Don Quixote *and the goat-herds.*

THE knight was very courteouſly received by the goat-herds; and as for Sancho, after he had ſet up Rozinante and his aſs as well as he cou'd, he preſently repair'd to the attractive ſmell of ſome pieces of kid's fleſh which ſtood boiling in a kettle over the fire. The hungry ſquire wou'd immediately have try'd whether they were fit to be remov'd out of the kettle into the ſtomach, but was not put to that trouble; for the goat-herds took 'em off the fire, and ſpread ſome ſheep ſkins on the ground, and ſoon got their rural feaſt ready; and chearfully invited his maſter and him to partake of what they had. Next, with ſome coarſe compliment, after the country way, they deſir'd Don Quixote to ſit down on a trough with the bottom upwards; and then ſix of 'em, who were all that belong'd to that fold, ſquatted 'em down round the ſkins, while Sancho ſtood to wait upon his maſter, and gave him drink in a horn cup, which the goat-herds us'd. But he ſeeing his man ſtand behind, ſaid to him, That thou may'ſt underſtand, Sancho, the benefits of knight-errantry, and how the meaneſt retainers to it have a fair proſpect of being ſpeedily eſteem'd and honour'd by the world, 'tis my pleaſure that thou ſit thee down by me, in the company of theſe good people; and that there be no difference now obſerv'd between thee and me, thy natural lord and maſter; that thou eat in the ſame diſh, and drink in the ſame cup: for it may be ſaid of knight-errantry, as of love, that it makes all things equal. I thank your worſhip, cry'd Sancho; but yet I muſt needs own, had I but a good deal of meat before me, I'd eat it as well, or rather better, ſtanding, and by myſelf, than if I ſat by an emperor; and, to deal plainly and truly with you, I had rather munch a cruſt of brown bread and an onion in a corner, without any more a-do or

ceremony, than feed upon turkey at another man's ta
where one is fain to ſit mincing and chewing his mea
hour together, drink little, be always wiping your fing
and his chops, and never dare to cough nor ſneeze, th
he has never ſo much a mind to it, nor do a many thi
which a body may do freely by one's ſelf: therefore, g
Sir, change thoſe tokens of your kindneſs which I have
right to by being your worſhip's ſquire, into ſomethi
may do me more good As for theſe ſame honours, I he
tily thank you as much as if I had accepted 'em, but y
give up my right to 'em from this time to the world's en
Talk no more, reply'd Don Quixote, but ſit thee down, f
the humble ſhall be exalted; and ſo pulling him by the arm
he forc'd him to ſit by him

All this while the goat-herds, who did not underſtand t
jargon of knights-errant, chivalry, and ſquires, fed hearti
and ſaid nothing, but ſtar'd upon their gueſts; who ver
fairly ſwallow'd whole luncheons as big as their fiſts with
mighty appetite. The firſt courſe being over, they brou
in the ſecond, conſiſting of dry'd acorns, and half a cheeſe
hard as a brick: nor was the horn idle all the while, bu
went merrily round up and down ſo many times, ſometime
full, and ſometimes empty, like the two buckets of a well,
that they made ſhift at laſt to drink off one of the two ſki
of wine which they had there. And now Don Quixote hav-
ing ſatisfy'd his appetite, he took a handful of acorns, and
looking earneſtly upon 'em; O happy age, cry'd he, which
our firſt parents call'd the age of gold! not becauſe gold, ſo
much ador'd in this iron-age, was then eaſily purchas'd, but
becauſe thoſe two fatal words, mine and thine, were diſtinctio-
ons unknown to the people of thoſe fortunate times; for all
things were in common in that holy age: men, for their ſuſte-
nance, needed only to lift their hands, and take it from the
ſturdy oak, whoſe ſpreading arms liberally invited them to
gather the wholſome ſavoury fruit; while the clear ſprings,
and ſilver rivulets, with luxuriant plenty, offer'd them their

pure refreſhing water. In hollow trees, and in the clefts of rocks, the labouring and induſtrious bees erected their little common-wealths, that men might reap with pleaſure and with eaſe the ſweet and fertile harveſt of their toils. The tough and ſtrenuous cork-trees did of themſelves, and without other art than their native liberality, diſmiſs and impart their broad light bark, which ſerv'd to cover thoſe lowly huts, propp'd up with rough-hewn ſtakes, that were firſt built as a ſhelter againſt the inclemencies of the air: all then was union, all peace, all love and friendſhip in the world: as yet no rude plough-ſhare preſum'd with violence to pry into the pious bowles of our mother earth, for ſhe without compulſion kindly yielded from every part of her fruitful and ſpacious boſom, whatever might at once ſatisfy, ſuſtain and indulge her frugal children. Then was the time when innocent beautiful young ſhepherdeſſes went tripping o'er the hills and vales: their lovely hair ſometimes plaited, ſometimes looſe and flowing, clad in no other veſtment but what was neceſſary to cover decently what modeſty would always have concealed: the Tyrian die and the rich gloſſy hue of ſilk, martyr'd and diſſembled into every colour, which are now eſteem'd ſo fine and magnificent, were unknown to the innocent plainneſs of that age; yet bedeck'd with more becoming leaves and flowers, they may be ſaid to outſhine the proudeſt of the vain-dreſſing ladies of our age, array'd in the moſt magnificent garbs and all the moſt ſumptuous adornings which idleneſs and luxury have taught ſucceeding pride: lovers then expreſs'd the paſſion of their ſouls in the unaffected language of the heart, with the native plainneſs and ſincerity in which they were conceiv'd, and diveſted of all that artificial contexture, which enervates what it labours to enforce: impoſture, deceit and malice had not yet crept in, and impos'd themſelves unbrib'd upon mankind in the diſguiſe of truth and ſimplicity: juſtice, unbias'd either by favour or intereſt, which now ſo fatally pervert it, was equal-

ly and impartially diſpenſed; nor was the judges fancy law, for then there were neither judges, nor cauſes to be judg'd, the modeſt maid might walk where-ever ſhe pleas'd alone, free from the attacks of lewd laſcivious importuners. But in this degenerate age, fraud and a legion of ills infecting the world, no virtue can be ſafe, no honour be ſecure; while wanton deſires, diffus'd into the hearts of men, corrupt the ſtricteſt watches, and the cloſeſt retreats; which, though as intricate and unknown as the labyrinth of Crete, are no ſecurity for chaſtity. Thus that primitive innocence being vaniſh'd, the oppreſſion daily prevailing, there was a neceſſity to oppoſe the torrent of violence: for which reaſon the order of knighthood-errant was inſtituted, to defend the honour of virgins protect widows, relieve orphans, and aſſiſt all the diſtreſs'd in general. Now I myſelf am one of this order, honeſt friends; and though all people are oblig'd by the law of nature to be kind to perſons of my order; yet ſince you, without knowing any thing of this obligation, have ſo generouſly entertain'd me, I ought to pay you my utmoſt acknowledgment; and, accordingly, return you my moſt hearty thanks for the ſame.

All this long oration, which might very well have been ſpar'd, was owing to the acorns that recalled the golden age to our knight's remembrance, and made him thus hold forth to the goat herds, who devoutly liſten'd, but edify'd little, the diſcourſe not being ſuited to their capacities. Sancho, as well as they, was ſilent all the while, eating acorns, and frequently viſiting the ſecond ſkin of wine, which for coolneſs-ſake was hung upon a neighbouring cork-tree. As for Don Quixote, he was longer, and more intent upon his ſpeech than upon his ſupper. When he had done, one of the goat-herds addreſſing himſelf to him, Sir knight, ſaid he, that you may be ſure you are heartily welcome, we'll get one of our fellows to give us a ſong; he is juſt a coming: a good notable young lad he is, I'll ſay that for him, and up to the

ears in love. He's a ſcholard, and can read and write; and plays ſo rarely upon the *Rebeck, that 'tis a charm but to hear him. No ſooner were the words out of the goat-herd's mouth, but they heard the ſound of the inſtrument he ſpoke of, and preſently appear'd a good comely young man of about two and twenty years of age. The goat-herds aſk'd him if he had ſupp'd? and he having told them he had, then, dear Antonio, ſays the firſt ſpeaker, pr'ythee ſing us a ſong, to let this gentleman, our gueſt, ſee that we have thoſe among us who know ſomewhat of muſic, for all we live amidſt woods and mountains. We have told him of thee already; therefore pr'ythee make our words good, and ſing us the ditty thy uncle the prebendary made of thy love, that was ſo liked in our town. With all my heart, reply'd Antonio; and ſo without any further intreaty, ſitting down on the ſtump of an oak, he tun'd his fiddle, and very handſomely ſung the following ſong.

ANTONIO's amorous complaint.

THO' love ne'er prattles at your eyes,
(The eyes thoſe ſilent tongues of love)
Yet ſure, Olalia, you're my prize:
For truth, with zeal, ev'n heaven can move.
I think, my love you only try,
Ev'n while I fear you've ſeal'd my doom:
So, though involv'd in doubts I lie,
Hope ſometimes glimmers through the gloom.
A flame ſo fierce, ſo bright, ſo pure,
No ſcorn can quench, or art improve:
Thus like a martyr I endure;
For there's a heaven to crown my love.
In dreſs and dancing I have ſtrove
My proudeſt rivals to outvy.

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* *A fiddle, with only three ſtrings, us'd by ſhepherds.*

In ſerenades I've breath'd my love,
When all things ſlept but love and I.
I need not add, I ſpeak your praiſe
Till every nymph's diſdain I move:
Tho' thus a thouſand foes I raiſe,
'Tis ſweet to praiſe the fair I love.
Tereſa once your charms debas'd,
But I her rudeneſs ſoon reprov'd:
In vain her friend my anger fac'd;
For then I fought for her I lov'd.
Dear cruel fair, why then ſo coy?
How can you ſo much love withſtand?
Alas! I crave no lawleſs joy,
But with my heart would give my hand.
Soft, eaſy, ſtrong is Hymen's tye:
Oh! then no more the bliſs refuſe.
Oh! wed me, or I ſwear to die,
Or linger wretched and recluſe.

Here Antonio ended his ſong; Don Quixote intreated him to ſing another, but Sancho Pança, who had more mind to ſleep than to hear the fineſt ſinging in the world, told his maſter, there is enough. Good Sir, quoth he, your worſhip had better go and lie down where you are to take your reſt this night; beſides, theſe good people are tir'd with their day's labour, and rather want to go to ſleep, than to ſit up all night to hear ballads. I underſtand thee, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; and indeed I thought thy frequent viſiting the bottle would make thee fonder of ſleep than of muſic. Make us thankful cry'd Sancho, we all lik'd the wine well enough. I do not deny it, reply'd Don Quixote; but go thou and lay thee down where thou pleaſeſt; as for me, it better becomes a man of my profeſſion to wake than to ſleep: yet ſtay and dreſs my ear before thou goeſt, for it pains me extremely. Thereupon one of the goat herds beholding the wound, as Sancho offer'd to dreſs it, deſired the knight not to trouble

himſelf, for he had a remedy that would quickly cure him; and then fetching a few roſemary leaves, which grew in great plenty thereabout, he bruis'd them, and mix'd a little ſalt among 'em, and having apply'd the medicine to the ear, he bound it up, aſſuring him, he needed no other remedy; which in a little time prov'd very true.

CHAP. IV.

The ſtory which a young goat-herd told to thoſe that were with Don Quixote.

A Young fellow, who us'd to bring 'em proviſions from the next village, happen'd to come while this was doing, and addreſſing himſelf to the goat-herds, hark ye, friends, ſaid he, d'ye hear the news? What news, cry'd one of the company? That fine ſhepherd and ſcholar Chryſoſtome dy'd this morning, anſwer'd the other; and they ſay 'twas for love of that deviliſh untoward laſs Marcella, rich William's daughter, that goes up and down the country in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs. For Marcella, cry'd one of the goat-herds? I ſay for her, reply'd the fellow, and what's more, 'tis reported, he has order'd by his will, they ſhould bury him in the fields like any heathen Moor, juſt at the foot of the rock, hard by the cork-tree fountain, where they ſay he had the firſt ſight of her. Nay, he has likewiſe order'd many other ſtrange things to be done, which the heads of the pariſh won't allow of, for they ſeem to be after the way of the Pagans. But Ambroſe, the other ſcholar, who likewiſe apparell'd himſelf like a ſhepherd, is reſolv'd to have his friend Chryſoſtome's will fulfill'd in every thing, juſt as he has order'd it. All the village is in an uproar. But after all, 'tis thought Ambroſe and his friends will carry the day; and to morrow morning he is to be buried in great ſtate where I told you: I fancy 'twill be worth ſeeing; howſoever, be it what it will, I'll e'en go and ſee it, even tho' I could not get back again to morrow. We'll all go, cry'd the goat-herds, and caſt lots

who ſhall tarry to look after the goats. Well ſaid, Peter, cry'd one of the goat-herds; but as for caſting of lots, I'll ſave you that labour, for I'll ſtay my ſelf, not ſo much out of kindneſs to you neither, or want of curioſity, as becauſe of the thorn in my toe, that will not let me go. Thank you, however, quoth Peter. Don Quixote, who heard all this, intreated Peter to tell him who the deceaſed was, and alſo to give him a ſhort account of the ſhepherdeſs.

Peter made anſwer, that all he knew of the matter was, that the deceaſed was a wealthy gentleman, who lived not far off, that he had been ſeveral years at the univerſity of Salamanca, and then came home mightily improv'd in his learning. But above all, quoth he, 'twas ſaid of him, that he had great knowledge in the ſtars, and whatſoever the ſun and moon do in the ſkies; for he would tell us to a title the clip of the ſun and moon. We call it an eclipſe, cry'd Don Quixote, and not a clip, when either of thoſe two great luminaries are darken'd. He wou'd alſo, (continu'd Peter, who did not ſtand upon ſuch nice diſtinctions) foretel when the year wou'd be plentiful or *eſtil*. You wou'd ſay *ſteril*, cry'd Don Quixote, *Steril* or *Eſtil*, reply'd the fellow, that's all one to me: but this I ſay, that his parents and friends, being rul'd by him, grew woundy rich in a ſhort time; for he would tell 'em, This year ſow barley, and no wheat: in this you may ſow peaſe, and no barley: next year will be a good year for oil: the three after that, you ſhan't gather a drop; and whatſoever he ſaid wou'd certainly come to paſs. That ſcience, ſaid Don Quixote, is call'd aſtrology. I don't know what you call it, anſwer'd Peter, but I know he knew all this, and a deal more. But in ſhort, within ſome few months after he had left the verſity, on a certain morning we ſaw him come dreſs'd for all the world like a ſhepherd, and driving his flock, having laid down the long gown, which he us'd to wear as a ſcholar. At the ſame time one Ambroſe, a great friend of his, who had been his fellow-ſcholar alſo, took upon him to go like a ſhepherd, and keep him company, which

we all did not a little marvel at. I had almoſt forgot to tell you how he that's dead was a mighty man for making of verſes, inſomuch that he commonly made the carols which we ſing on Chriſtmas-Eve; and the plays which the young lads in our neighbourhood enacted on Corpus Chriſti day, and every one wou'd ſay, that no body cou'd mend 'em. Somewhat before that time Chryſoſtome's father died, and left him a deal of wealth, both in land, money, cattle, and other goods, whereof the young man remain'd diſſolute maſter; and in troth he deſerv'd it all, for he was as good-natur'd a ſoul as e'er trod on ſhoe of leather; mighty good to the poor, a main friend to all honeſt people, and had a face like a bleſſing. At laſt it came to be known, that the reaſon of his altering his garb in that faſhion, was only that he might go up and down after that ſhepherdeſs Marcella, whom our comrade told you of before, for he was fallen mightily in love with her. And now I'll tell you ſuch a thing you never heard the like in your born days, and mayn't chance to hear of ſuch another while you breathe, tho' you were to live as long as Sarnah. Say Sarah, cry'd Don Quixote; who hated to hear him blunder thus. The Sarna, or the itch, (for that's all one with us, quoth Peter) lives long enough too; but if you go on thus, and make me break off my tale at every word, we an't like to have done this twelve-month. Pardon me, friend, reply'd Don Quixote; I only ſpoke to make thee underſtand that there's a difference between Sarna and Sarah: however, thou ſay'ſt well; for the Sarna (that is, the itch) lives longer than Sarah; therefore pray make an end of thy ſtory, for I will not interrupt thee any more. Well then, quoth Peter, you muſt know, good maſter of mine, that there liv'd near us one William, a yeoman, who was richer yet than Chryſoſtome's father; now he had no child in the verſal world but a daughter; her mother dy'd in child-bed of her (reſt her ſoul) and was as good a woman as ever went upon two legs: methinks I ſee her yet ſtanding afore me, with that bleſs'd face of hers, the ſun on one ſide, and the moon

on the t'other. She was a main houſe-wife, and did a deal of good among the poor; for which I dare ſay ſhe is at this minute in paradiſe. Alas! her death broke old William's heart, he ſoon went after her, poor man, and left all to his little daughter, that Marcella by name, giving charge of her to her uncle, the parſon of our pariſh. Well, the girl grew ſuch a fine child, and ſo like her mother, that it us'd to put us in mind of her every foot: however, 'twas thought ſhe'd make a finer woman yet; and ſo it happen'd indeed; for, by that time ſhe was fourteen or fifteen years of age, no man ſet his eyes on her, that did not bleſs heaven for having made her ſo handſome; ſo that moſt men fell in love with her, and were ready to run mad for her. All this while her uncle kept her up very cloſe: yet the report of her great beauty and wealth ſpread far and near, inſomuch, that ſhe had I don't know how many ſweet-hearts, almoſt all the young men in our town aſk'd her of her uncle; nay, from I don't know how many leagues about us, there flock'd whole droves of ſuitors, and the very beſt in the country too, who all begg'd and ſu'd, and teaz'd her uncle to let them have her. But though he'd have been glad to have got fairly rid of her, as ſoon as ſhe was fit for a huſband, yet wou'd not he adviſe or marry her againſt her will; for he's a good man, I'll ſay that for him, and a true Chriſtian every inch of him, and ſcorns to keep her from marrying to make a benefit of her eſtate; and, to his praiſe be it ſpoken, he has been mainly commended for't more than once, when the people of our pariſh meet together. For I muſt tell you, Sir Errant, that here in the country, and in our little towns, there's not the leaſt thing can be ſaid or done, but people will talk and find fault: but let buſy-bodies prate as they pleaſe, the parſon muſt have been a good body indeed, who cou'd bring his whole pariſh to give him a good word, eſpecially in the country. Thou'rt in the right, cry'd Don Quixote, and therefore go on, honeſt Peter, for the ſtory is pleaſant, and thou tell'ſt it with a grace. May I never want God's grace, quoth Peter,

for that's moſt to the purpoſe. But for our parſon, as I told you before, he was not for keeping his niece from marrying, and therefore he took care to let her know of all thoſe that wou'd have taken her to wife, both what they were, and what they had, and he was at her, to have her pitch upon one of 'em for a huſband; yet wou'd ſhe never anſwer otherwiſe, but that ſhe had no mind to wed as yet, as finding herſelf too young for the burden of wedlock. With theſe and ſuch like come-offs, ſhe got her uncle to let her alone, and wait till ſhe thought fit to chooſe for herſelf: for he was wont to ſay, that parents are not to beſtow their children where they bear no liking; and in that he ſpoke like an honeſt man. And thus it happen'd, that when we leaſt dream'd of it, that coy laſs, finding herſelf at liberty, wou'd needs turn ſhepherdeſs, and neither her uncle, nor all thoſe of the village who advis'd her againſt it, cou'd work any thing upon her, but away ſhe went to the fields to keep her own ſheep with the other young laſſes of the town. But then 'twas ten times worſe; for no ſooner was ſhe ſeen abroad, when I can't tell how many ſpruce gallants, both gentlemen and rich farmers, chang'd their garb for love of her, and follow'd her up and down in ſhepherd's guiſe. One of 'em, as I have told you, was this ſame Chryſoſtome, who now lies dead, of whom 'tis ſaid, he not only lov'd, but worſhip'd her. Howſoever, I wou'd not have you think or ſurmiſe, becauſe Marcella took that courſe of life, and was as it were under no manner of keeping, that ſhe gave the leaſt token of naughtineſs or light behaviour; for ſhe ever was, and is ſtill ſo coy, and ſo watchful to keep her honour pure and free from evil tongues, that among ſo many wooers who ſuitor her, there's not one can make his brags of having the leaſt hope of ever ſpeeding with her. For though ſhe does not ſhun the company of ſhepherds, but uſes 'em courteouſly, ſo far as they behave themſelves handſomely; yet whenſoever any one of them does but offer to break his mind to her, be it never ſo well meant, and only in order to marry, ſhe caſts him away

from her, as with a ſling, and will never have any more to ſay to him.

And thus this fair maiden does more harm in this country, than the plague wou'd do; for her courteouſneſs and fair looks draw on every body to love her; but then her dogged ſtubborn coyneſs breaks their hearts, and makes 'em ready to hang themſelves; and all they can do, poor wretches, is to make a heavy complaint, and call her cruel, unkind, ungrateful, and a world of ſuch names, whereby they plainly ſhew what a ſad condition they are in: were you but to ſtay here ſome time, you'd hear theſe hills and vallies ring again with the doleful moans of thoſe ſhe has deny'd, who yet can't for the blood of 'em give over ſneaking after her. We have a place not far off, where there are ſome two dozen of beech-trees, and on 'em all you may find I don't know how many Marcella's cut in the ſmooth bark. On ſome of 'em there's a crown carv'd over the name, as much as to ſay that Marcella bears away the crown, and deſerves the garland of beauty. Here ſighs one ſhepherd, there another whines; here is one ſinging doleful ditties, there another is wringing his hands and making woful complaints. You ſhall have one lay him down at night at the foot of a rock, or ſome oak, and there lie weeping and wailing without a wink of ſleep, and talking to himſelf till the ſun finds him the next morning; you ſhall have another lie ſtretch'd upon the hot ſandy ground, breathing his ſad lamentations to heaven, without heeding the ſultry heat of the ſummer-ſun. And all this while the hard-hearted Marcella ne'er minds any one of 'em, and does not ſeem to be the leaſt concern'd for 'em. We are all mightily at a loſs to know what will be the end of all this pride and coyneſs, who ſhall be the happy man that ſhall at laſt tame her, and bring her to his lure. Now becauſe there's nothing more certain than all this, I am the more apt to give credit to what our comrade has told us, as to the occaſion of Chryſoſtome's death; and therefore I would needs have you go and ſee him laid in's grave to morrow;

which I believe will be worth your while, for he had many friends, and 'tis not half a league to the place where 'twas his will to be bury'd. I intend to be there, anſwer'd Don Quixote, and in the mean time I return thee many thanks for the extraordinary ſatisfaction this ſtory has afforded me. Alas! Sir knight, reply'd the goat-herd, I have not told you half the miſchiefs this proud creature hath done here, but to morrow may-hap we ſhall meet ſome ſhepherd by the way that will be able to tell you more. Mean while it won't be amiſs for you to take your reſt in one of the huts; for the open air is not good for your wound, tho' what I've put to it is ſo ſpecial a medicine that there's not much need to fear but 'twill do well enough. Sancho, who was quite out of patience with the goat-herd's long ſtory, and wiſh'd him at the devil for his pains, at laſt prevail'd with him to lie down in Peter's hutt, where Don Quixote, in imitation of Marcella's lovers, devoted the remainder of the night to amorous expoſtulations with his dear Dulcinea. As for Sancho, he laid himſelf down between Rozinante and his aſs, and ſlept it out, not like a diſconſolate lover, but like a man that had been ſoundly kick'd and bruis'd in the morning.

CHAP. V.

A continuation of the ſtory of Marcella.

SCARCE had day began to appear from the balconies of the eaſt, when five of the goat-herds got up, and having wak'd Don Quixote, aſk'd him if he held his reſolution of going to the funeral, whither they were ready to bear him company. Thereupon the knight, who deſired nothing more, preſently aroſe, and order'd Sancho to get Rozinante and the aſs ready immediately; which he did with all expedition, and then they ſet forwards. They had not yet gone a quarter of a league before they ſaw advancing towards them, out of a croſs path, ſix ſhepherds clad in black ſkins, their heads

crown'd with garlands of cypreſs and bitter roſe-bay-tree, with long holly-ſtaves in their hands. Two gentlemen on horſeback, attended by three young lads on foot, came immediately after 'em: as they drew near, they ſaluted one another civilly, and after the uſual queſtion, Which way d'ye travel? they found they were all going the ſame way to ſee the funeral, and ſo they all join'd company. I fancy, Senior Vivaldo, ſaid one of the gentlemen, addreſſing himſelf to the other, we ſhall not think our time miſpent in going to ſee this famous funeral; for it muſt of neceſſity be very extraordinary, according to the account which theſe men have given us of the dead ſhepherd and his murdering miſtreſs. I am ſo far of your opinion, anſwer'd Vivaldo, that I would not only ſtay one day, but a whole week, rather than miſs the ſight. This gave Don Quixote occaſion to aſk them what they had heard concerning Chryſoſtome and Marcella? One of the gentlemen made anſwer, That having met that morning with thoſe ſhepherds, they could not forbear inquiring of them, why they wore ſuch a mournful dreſs? whereupon one of 'em acquainted 'em with the ſad occaſion, by relating the ſtory of a certain ſhepherdeſs, nam'd Marcella, no leſs lovely than cruel, whoſe coyneſs and diſdain has made a world of unfortunate lovers, and caus'd the death of that Chryſoſtome, to whoſe funeral they were going. In ſhort, he repeated to Don Quixote all that Peter had told him the night before. After this, Vivaldo aſk'd the knight why he travell'd ſo compleatly arm'd in ſo peaceable a country? My profeſſion, anſwer'd the champion, does not permit me to ride otherwiſe. Luxurious feaſts, ſumptuous dreſſes, and downy eaſe were invented for effeminate courtiers; but labour, vigilance and arms are the portion of thoſe whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I have the honour to be one, though the moſt unworthy, and the meaneſt of the fraternity. He needed to ſay no more to ſatisfy 'em his brains were out of order; however, that they might the better underſtand the nature of his folly, Vivaldo aſk'd him, what

he meant by a knight-errant? Have you not read then, cry'd Don Quixote, the annals and hiſtory of Britain, where are recorded the famous deeds of king Arthur, who, according to an ancient tradition in that kingdom, never dy'd, but was turn'd into a crow by inchantment, and ſhall one day reſume his former ſhape, and recover his kingdom again. For which reaſon ſince that time, the people of Great-Britain dare not offer to kill a crow. In this good king's time, the moſt noble order of the knights of the round table was firſt inſtituted, and then alſo the amours between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and queen Guinever were really tranſacted, as that hiſtory relates; they being manag'd and carry'd on by the mediation of that honourable matron the lady Quintaniona. Which produc'd that excellent hiſtory in verſe ſo ſung and celebrated here in Spain.

There never was on earth a knight
So waited on by ladies fair,
As once was he Sir Lancelot hight,
When firſt he left his country dear:

And the reſt, which gives ſo delightful an account both of his loves and feats of arms. From that time the order of knight-errantry began by degrees to dilate and extend itſelf into moſt parts of the world. Then did the great Amadis de Gaul ſignalize himſelf by heroic exploits, and ſo did his offspring to the fifth generation. The valorous Felixmart of Hyrcania then got immortal fame, and that undaunted knight Tirante the White, who never can be applauded to his worth. Nay, had we but liv'd a little ſooner, we might have been bleſs'd with the converſation of that invincible knight of our modern times, the valorous Don Belianis of Greece. And this, gentlemen, is that order of chivalry, which, as much a ſinner as I am, I profeſs, with a due obſervance of the laws which thoſe brave knights obſerv'd before me; and for that reaſon I chuſe to wander through theſe ſo-

litary deſarts, ſeeking adventures, fully reſolv'd to expoſe my perſon to the moſt formidable dangers which fortune can obtrude on me, that by the ſtrength of my arm I may relieve the weak and the diſtreſſed.

After all this ſtuff, you may be ſure the travellers were ſufficiently convinc'd of Don Quixote's frenzy. Nor were they leſs ſurpriz'd than were all thoſe who had hitherto diſcover'd ſo unaccountable a diſtraction in one who ſeem'd a rational creature. However, Vivaldo, who was of a gay diſpoſition, had no ſooner made the diſcovery, but he reſolv'd to make the beſt advantage of it, that the ſhortneſs of the way wou'd allow him.

Therefore, to give him further occaſion to divert 'em with his whimſies, Methinks, Sir knight-errant, ſaid he to him, you have taken up one of the ſtricteſt and moſt mortifying profeſſions in the world. I don't think but that a Carthuſian fryar has a better time on't than you have. Perhaps, anſwer'd Don Quixote, the profeſſion of a Carthuſian may be as auſtere, but I am within two fingers breadth of doubting, whether it may be as beneficial to the world as ours. For, if we muſt ſpeak the truth, the ſoldier, who puts his captain's command in execution, may be ſaid to do as much at leaſt as the captain who commanded him. The application is eaſy: for, while thoſe religious men have nothing to do, but with all quietneſs and ſecurity to ſay their prayers for the proſperity of the world, we knights, like ſoldiers, execute what they do but pray for, and procure thoſe benefits to mankind, by the ſtrength of our arms, and at the hazard of our lives, for which they only interceed. Nor do we do this ſhelter'd from the injuries of the air, but under no other roof than that of the wide heavens, expos'd to ſummer's ſcorching heat, and winter's pinching cold. So that we may juſtly ſtyle ourſelves the miniſters of heaven, and the inſtruments of its juſtice upon earth; and as the buſineſs of war is not to be compaſs'd without vaſt toil and labour, ſo the religious ſoldier muſt undoubtedly be preferr'd before the re-

ligious monk, who living ſtill quiet and at eaſe, has nothing to do but to pray for the afflicted and diſtreſſed. However, gentlemen, do not imagine I wou'd inſinuate as if the profeſſion of a knight-errant was a ſtate of perfection equal to that of a holy recluſe: I would only infer from what I've ſaid, and what I myſelf endure, that ours without queſtion is more laborious, more ſubject to the diſcipline of heavy blows, to maceration, to the penance of hunger and thirſt, and in a word, to rags, to want and miſery. For if you find that ſome knights-errant have at laſt by their valour been rais'd to thrones and empires, you may be ſure it has been ſtill at the expence of much ſweat and blood. And had even thoſe happier knights been depriv'd of thoſe aſſiſting ſages and enchanters, who help'd 'em in all emergencies, they wou'd have been ſtrangely diſappointed of their mighty expectations. I am of the ſame opinion, reply'd Vivaldo. But one thing among many others, which I can by no means approve in your profeſſion, is, that when you are juſt going to engage in ſome very hazardous adventure, where your lives are evidently to be much endanger'd, you never once remember to commend yourſelves to God, as every good Chriſtian ought to do on ſuch occaſions, but only recommend yourſelves to your miſtreſſes, and that with as great zeal and devotion as if you worſhip'd no other deity; a thing, which in my opinion, ſtrongly reliſhes of Paganiſm. Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, there's no altering that method; for ſhou'd a knight-errant do otherwiſe, he wou'd too much deviate from the ancient and eſtabliſh'd cuſtoms of knight-errantry, which inviolably oblige him juſt in the moment when he is ruſhing on, and giving birth to ſome dubious atchievement, to have his miſtreſs ſtill before his eyes, ſtill preſent to his mind, by a ſtrong and lively imagination, and with ſoft, amorous and energetic looks imploring her favour and protection in that perilous circumſtance. Nay, if no body can overhear him, he's oblig'd to whiſper, or ſpeak between his teeth, ſome ſhort ejaculations,

to recommend himſelf with all the fervency imaginable to the lady of his wiſhes, and of this we have innumerable examples in hiſtory. Nor are you for all this to imagine that knights-errant omit recommending themſelves to heaven, for they have leiſure enough to do it even in the midſt of the combat.

Sir, reply'd Vivaldo, you muſt give me leave to tell you, I am not yet throughly ſatisfy'd in this point: for I have often obſerv'd in my reading, that two knights-errant, having firſt talk'd a little together, have fallen out preſently, and been ſo highly provok'd, that having turn'd their horſes heads to gain room for the career, they have wheel'd about, and then with all ſpeed run full tilt at one another, haſtily recommending themſelves to their miſtreſſes in the midſt of their career; and the next thing has commonly been, that one of them has been thrown to the ground over the crupper of his horſe, fairly run thro' and thro' with his enemies lance; and the other forc'd to catch hold of his horſe's main to keep himſelf from falling. Now I can't apprehend how the knight that was ſlain had any time to recommend himſelf to heaven, when his buſineſs was done ſo ſuddenly. Methinks thoſe haſty invocations, which in his career were directed to his miſtreſs, ſhou'd have been directed to heaven, as every good Chriſtian wou'd have done. Beſides, I fancy every knight-errant has not a miſtreſs to invoke, nor is every one of 'em in love. Your conjecture is wrong, reply'd Don Quixote; a knight-errant cannot be without a miſtreſs; 'tis not more eſſential for the ſkies to have ſtars, than 'tis to us to be in love. Inſomuch, that I dare affirm, that no hiſtory ever made mention of any knight-errant, that was not a lover; for were any knight free from the impulſes of that generous paſſion, he wou'd not be allow'd to be a lawful knight; but a miſborn intruder, and one who was not admitted within the pale of knight-hood at the door, but leap'd the fence, and ſtole in like a robber and a thief. Yet, Sir, reply'd the other, I'm much miſtaken, or I have read that Don Galaor, the brother

of Amadis, never had any certain miſtreſs to recommend himſelf to, and yet for all that, he was not the leſs eſteem'd. One ſwallow never makes a ſummer, anſwer'd Don Quixote. Beſides, I know, that knight was privately very much in love; and as for his making his addreſſes, wherever he met with beauty, this was an effect of his natural inclination, which he cou'd not eaſily reſtrain. But after all, 'tis an undeniable truth, that he had a favourite lady, whom he had crown'd empreſs of his will; and to her he frequently recommended himſelf in private, for he did not a little value himſelf upon his diſcretion and ſecrecy in love. Then, Sir, ſaid Vivaldo, ſince 'tis ſo much the being of knight-errantry to be in love, I preſume, you, who are of that profeſſion, cannot be without a miſtreſs. And therefore, if you do not ſet up for ſecrecy as much as Don Galaor did, give me leave to beg of you in the name of all the company, that you will be pleas'd ſo far to oblige us, as to let us know the name and quality of your miſtreſs, the place of her birth, and the charms of her perſon. For, without doubt, the lady cannot but eſteem herſelf happy in being known to all the world to be the object of the wiſhes of a knight ſo accompliſh'd as yourſelf. With that Don Quixote breathing out a deep ſigh, I cannot tell, ſaid he, whether this lovely enemy of my repoſe, is the leaſt affected with the world's being informed of her power over my heart; all I dare ſay, in compliance with your requeſt is, that her name is Dulcinea, her country La Mancha, and Toboſa the happy place which ſhe honours with her reſidence. As for her quality, it cannot be leſs than princeſs, ſeeing ſhe is my miſtreſs and my queen. Her beauty tranſcends all the united charms of her whole ſex; even thoſe chimerical perfections, which the hyperbolical imaginations of poets in love have aſſign'd to their miſtreſſes, ceaſe to be incredible deſcriptions when apply'd to her, in whom all thoſe miraculous endowments are moſt divinely centred. The curling locks of her bright flowing hair are pureſt gold; her ſmooth forehead the Elyſian Plain; her brows are two

celeſtial bows; her eyes two glorious ſuns; her cheeks two beds of roſes; her lips are coral; her teeth are pearl; her neck is alabaſter; her breaſts marble; her hands ivory; and ſnow wou'd loſe its whiteneſs near her boſom. Then for the parts which modeſty has vail'd, my imagination, not to wrong 'em, chooſes to loſe itſelf in ſilent admiration; for nature boaſts nothing that may give an idea of their incomparable worth. Pray, Sir, cry'd Vivaldo, oblige us with an account of her parentage, and the place of her birth, to compleat the deſcription. Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, ſhe is not deſcended from the ancient Curtius's, Caius's, nor Scipio's of Rome, nor from the more modern Colonna's, nor Urſini's; nor from the Moncada's, and Requeſens's of Catalonia; nor from the Rebilla's, and Villanova's of Valencia; nor from the Palafoxes, Nucas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foze's, or Gurrea's of Arragon; nor from the Cerda's, Manrique's, Mendoza's, and Guſmans of Caſtile; nor from the Alencaſtro's, Palla's, and Menezes of Portugal; but ſhe derives her great original from the family of Toboſo in La Mancha, a race, which though it be modern, is ſufficient to give a noble beginning to the moſt illuſtrious progenies of ſucceeding ages. And let no man preſume to contradict me in this, unleſs it be upon theſe conditions, which Zerbin fix'd at the foot of Orlando's armour,

Let none but he theſe arms diſplace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face.

I draw my pedigree from the Cachopines of Laredo, reply'd Vivaldo, yet I dare not make any compariſons with the Toboſo's of La Mancha; tho' to deal ſincerely with you, 'tis a family I never heard of till this moment. 'Tis ſtrange, ſaid Don Quixote, you ſhou'd never have heard of it before.

All the reſt of the company gave great attention to this diſcourſe; and even the very goat-herds and ſhepherds were now fully convinc'd that Don Quixote's brains were turn'd topſy-

turvy. But Sancho Pança believ'd every word that drop'd from his maſter's mouth to be truth, as having known him, from his craddle, to be a man of ſincerity. Yet that which ſomewhat ſtagger'd his faith, was this ſtory of Dulcinea of Toboſo; for he was ſure he had never heard before of any ſuch princeſs, nor even of the name, tho' he liv'd hard by Toboſo.

As they went on thus diſcourſing, they ſaw, upon the hollow road between the neighbouring mountains, about twenty ſhepherds more, all accouter'd in black ſkins with garlands on their heads, which, as they afterwards perceiv'd, were all of yew or cyprus; ſix of 'um carry'd a bier cover'd with ſeveral ſorts of boughs and flowers: which one of the goatherds eſpying, Thoſe are they, cry'd he, that are carrying poor Chryſoſtome to his grave; and 'twas in yonder bottom that he gave charge they ſhould bury his corps. This made 'em all double their pace, that they might get thither in time; and ſo they arriv'd juſt as the bearers had ſet down the bear upon the ground, and four of them had begun to open the ground with their ſpades, juſt at the foot of a rock. They all ſaluted each other courteouſly, and condol'd their mutual loſs; and then Don Quixote, with thoſe who came with him, went to view the bier; where they ſaw the dead body of a young man in ſhepherd's weeds all ſtrew'd over with flowers. The deceas'd ſeem'd to be about thirty years old; and, dead as he was, 'tis eaſily perceiv'd that both his face and ſhape were extraordinary handſome. Within the bier were ſome few books and ſeveral papers, ſome open, and the reſt folded up. This doleful object ſo ſtrangely fill'd all the company with ſadneſs, that not only the beholders, but alſo the grave-makers, and all the mourning ſhepherds remain'd a long time ſilent; till at laſt one of the bearers, addreſſing himſelf to one of the reſt, Look, Ambroſe, cry'd he, whether this be the place which Chryſoſtome meant, ſince you muſt needs have his will ſo punctually perform'd? This is the very place, anſwer'd the other; there it was that my unhappy friend many

times told me the ſad ſtory of his cruel fortune; and there was that he firſt ſaw that mortal enemy of mankind; there it was that he made the firſt diſcovery of his paſſion, no less innocent than violent; there it was that the relentleſs Marcella laſt deny'd, ſhunn'd him, and drove him to that extremity of ſorrow and deſpair that haſten'd the ſad cataſtrophe of his tragical and miſerable life; and there it was, that, as token of ſo many misfortunes, he deſir'd to be committed to the bowels of eternal oblivion.

Then addreſſing himſelf to Don Quixote and the reſt of the travellers, This body, gentlemen, ſaid he, which here you now behold, was once enliven'd by a ſoul which heaven has enrich'd with the greateſt part of its moſt valuable graces. This is the body that Chryſoſtome who was unrivall'd in wit, matchleſs in courteouſneſs, incomparable in gracefulneſs, a phoenix in friendſhip, generous and magnificent without oſtentation, prudent and grave without pride, modeſt without affectation, pleaſant and complaiſant without meanneſs; in a word, the firſt in every eſteemable qualification, and ſecond to none in misfortune: he lov'd well, and was hated; he ador'd, and was diſdain'd; he beg'd pity of cruelty itſelf; he ſtrove to move obdurate marble; purſu'd the wind; made his moans to ſolitary deſarts; was conſtant to ingratitude; and for the recompence of his fidelity, became a prey to death in the flower of his age, thro' the barbarity of a ſhepherdeſs, whom he ſtrove to immortalize by his verſe; as theſe papers which are here depoſited might teſtify, had he not commanded me to ſacrifice 'em to the flames, at the ſame time that his body was committed to the earth.

Shou'd you do ſo, cry'd Vivaldo, you wou'd appear more cruel to 'em than their exaſperated unhappy parent. Conſider, Sir, 'tis not conſiſtent with diſcretion, nor even with juſtice, ſo nicely to perform the requeſt of the dead, when 'tis repugnant to reaſon. Auguſtus Caeſar himſelf wou'd have forfeited his title to wiſdom, had he permitted that to have been effected which the divine Virgil had order'd by his will.

Therefore, Sir, now that you reſign your friend's body to the grave, do not hurry thus the noble and only remains of that dear unhappy man to a worſe fate, the death of oblivion. What, tho' he has doom'd 'em to periſh in the height of his reſentment, you ought not indiſcreetly to be their executioner; but rather reprive and redeem 'em from eternal ſilence, that they may live, and, flying thro' the world, tranſmit to all ages the diſmal ſtory of your friend's virtue and Marcella's ingratitude, as a warning to others, that they may avoid ſuch tempting ſnares and inchanting deſtructions; for not only to me, but to all here preſent is well known the hiſtory of your enamour'd and deſperate friend: we are no ſtrangers to the friendſhip that was between you, as alſo to Marcella's cruelty which occaſion'd his death. Laſt night being inform'd that he was to be buried here to-day, mov'd not ſo much by curioſity as pity, we are come to behold with our eyes that which gave us ſo much trouble to hear. Therefore, in the name of all the company, like me, deeply affected with a ſenſe of Chryſoſtome's extraordinary merit, and his unhappy fate, and deſirous to prevent ſuch deplorable diſaſters for the future, I beg that you will permit me to ſave ſome of theſe papers, whatever you reſolve to do with the reſt. And ſo, without expecting an anſwer, he ſtretch'd out his arm, and took out thoſe papers which lay next to his hand. Well, Sir, ſaid Ambroſe, you have found a way to make me ſubmit, and you may keep thoſe papers; but for the reſt, nothing ſhall make me alter my reſolution of burning 'em. Vivaldo ſaid no more; but being impatient to ſee what thoſe papers were, which he had reſcued from the flames, he open'd one of 'em immediately and read the title of it, which was, The Deſpairing lover. That, ſaid Ambroſe, was the laſt piece my dear friend ever wrote; and therefore, that you may all hear to what a ſad condition his unhappy paſſion had reduc'd him, read it aloud, I beſeech you, Sir, while the grave is making. With all my heart, reply'd Vivaldo: and ſo the

company, having the ſame deſire, preſently gather'd rou about him, and he read the following lines.

CHAP. VI.

The unfortunate ſhepherd's verſes, and other unexpected matte

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

RELENTLESS tyrant of my heart,
Attend, and hear thy ſlave impart
The matchleſs ſtory of his pain.
In vain I labour to conceal
What my extorted groans reveal;
Who can be rack'd, and not complain?
But oh! who duly can expreſs
Thy cruelty, and my diſtreſs?
No human art, no human tongue.
Then fiends aſſiſt, and rage infuſe!
A raving fury be my muſe,
And hell inſpire the diſmal ſong!
Owls, ravens, terrors of the night,
Wolves, monſters, fiends, with dire affright,
Join your dread accents to my moans!
Join, howling winds, your ſullen noiſe;
Thou, grumbling thunder, join thy voice;
Mad ſeas, your roar, and hell, thy groans.
Tho' ſtill I moan in dreary caves,
To deſart rocks, and ſilent graves,
My loud complaints ſhall wander far;
Born by the winds they ſhall ſurvive,
By pitying ecchoes kept alive,
And fill the world with my deſpair.
Love's deadly cure is fierce diſdain,
Diſtracting fear a dreadful pain,
And jealouſy a matchleſs woe;
Abſence is death, yet while it kills,
I live with all theſe mortal ills,
Scorn'd, jealous, loath'd, and abſent too.

No dawn of hope e'er chear'd my heart,
No pitying ray e'er ſooth'd my ſmart,
All, all the ſweets of life are gone;
Then come deſpair, and frantic rage,
With inſtant fate my pain aſſwage,
And end a thouſand deaths by one.
But even in death let love be crown'd,
My fair deſtruction guiltleſs found,
And I be thought with juſtice ſcorn'd:
Thus let me fall unlov'd, unbleſs'd,
With all my load of woes oppreſs'd,
And even too wretched to be mourn'd.
O! thou, by whoſe deſtructive hate,
I'm hurry'd to this doleful fate,
When I'm no more, thy pity ſpare!
I dread thy tears; oh ſpare 'em then —
But oh! I rave, I was too vain,
My death can never coſt a tear.
Tormented ſouls, on you I call,
Hear one more wretched than you all;
Come howl as in redoubled flames.
Attend me to th' eternal night,
No other dirge, or fun'ral rite,
A poor deſpairing lover claims.
And thou my ſong, ſad child of woe,
When life is gone, and I'm below,
For thy loſt parent ceaſe to grieve.
With life and thee my woes increaſe,
And ſhou'd they not by dying ceaſe,
Hell has no pain like theſe I leave.

Theſe verſes were well approv'd by all the company; only Vivaldo obſerv'd, that the jealouſies and fears of which the ſhepherd complain'd, did not very well agree with what he had heard of Marcella's unſpotted modeſty and reſervedneſs. But Ambroſe, who had been always privy to the moſt

ſecret thoughts of his friend, inform'd him, that the unhappy Chryſoſtome wrote thoſe verſes when he had torn himſelf from his ador'd miſtreſs, to try whether abſence, the common cure of love, would relieve him, and mitigate his pain. And as every thing diſturbs an abſent lover, and nothing is more uſual than for him to torment himſelf with a thouſand chimeras of his own brain, ſo did Chryſoſtome perplex himſelf with jealouſies and ſuſpicions, which had no ground but in his diſtracted imagination; and therefore whatever he ſaid in thoſe uneaſy circumſtances, could never affect, or in the leaſt prejudice Marcella's virtuous character, upon whom, ſetting aſide her cruelty, and her diſdainful haughtineſs, envy itſelf cou'd never fix the leaſt reproach. Vivaldo being thus convinc'd, they were going to read another paper, when they were unexpectedly prevented by a kind of apparition that offer'd itſelf to their view. 'Twas Marcella herſelf, who appear'd at the top of the rock, at the foot of which they were digging the grave; but ſo beautiful, that fame ſeem'd rather to have leſſen'd than to have magnify'd her charms: thoſe who had never ſeen her before, gaz'd on her with ſilent wonder and delight; nay, thoſe who us'd to ſee her every day ſeem'd no leſs loſt in admiration than the reſt. But ſcarce had Ambroſe ſpy'd her, when, with anger and indignation in his heart, he cry'd out, What mak'ſt thou there, thou fierce, thou cruel baſiliſk of theſe mountains? com'ſt thou to ſee whether the wounds of this murder'd wretch will bleed afreſh at thy preſence? or com'ſt thou thus mounted aloft, to glory in the fatal effects of thy native inhumanity, like another Nero at the ſight of flaming Rome? or is it to trample on this unfortunate corps, as Tarquin's ungrateful daughter did her father's? tell us quickly why thou com'ſt, and what thou yet deſireſt? for ſince I know that Chryſoſtome's whole ſtudy was to ſerve and pleaſe thee while he liv'd, I'm willing to diſpoſe all his friends to pay thee the like obedience now he's dead. I come not here to any of thoſe ungrateful ends, Ambroſe, reply'd Marcella; but

only to clear my innocence, and ſhew the injuſtice of all thoſe who lay their misfortunes and Chryſoſtome's death to my charge: therefore I intreat you all who are here at this time to hear me a little, for I ſhall not need to uſe many words to convince people of ſenſe of an evident truth. Heav'n, you're pleas'd to ſay, has made me beautiful, and that to ſuch a degree, that you are forc'd, nay, as it were compell'd to love me, in ſpite of your endeavours to the contrary; and for the ſake of that love, you ſay I ought to love you again. Now, tho' I am ſenſible, that whatever is beautiful is lovely, I cannot conceive, that what is lov'd for being handſome, ſhou'd be bound to love that by which 'tis lov'd, meerly becauſe 'tis lov'd. He that loves a beautiful object may happen to be ugly; and as what is ugly deſerves not to be lov'd, it would be ridiculous to ſay, I love you becauſe you are handſome, and therefore you muſt love me again tho' I am ugly. But ſuppoſe two perſons of different ſexes are equally handſome, it does not follow, that their deſires ſhould be alike and reciprocal; for all beauties do not kindle love; ſome only recreate the ſight, and never reach, nor captivate the heart. Alas! ſhould whatever is beautiful beget love, and enſlave the mind, mankind's deſires would ever run confus'd and wandering, without being able to fix their determinate choice; for as there is an infinite number of beautiful objects, the deſires would conſequently be alſo infinite; whereas, on the contrary, I have heard, that true love is ſtill confin'd to one, and voluntary and unforc'd. This being granted, why would you have me force my inclinations for no other reaſon but that you ſay you love me? tell me, I beſeech you, had heaven form'd me as ugly as it has made me beautiful, could I juſtly complain of you for not loving me? pray conſider alſo, that I do not poſſeſs thoſe charms by choice; ſuch as they are, they were freely beſtow'd on me by heaven: and as the viper is not to be blam'd for the poiſon with which ſhe kills, ſeeing 'twas aſſign'd her by nature; ſo I ought not to be cenſur'd for that beauty which I derive from

the ſame cauſe: for beauty in a virtuous woman is but like a diſtant flame, or a ſharp-edg'd ſword, and only burns and wounds thoſe who approach too near it. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the ſoul, and that body that's deſtitute of 'em cannot be eſteem'd beautiful, tho' it be naturally ſo. If then honour be one of thoſe endowments which moſt adorn the body, why ſhould ſhe that's belov'd for her beauty, expoſe herſelf to the loſs of it, meerly to gratify the looſe deſires of one, who for his own ſelfiſh ends uſes all the means imaginable to make her loſe it? I was born free, and that I might continue ſo, I retir'd to theſe ſolitary hills and plains, where trees are my companions, and clear fountains my looking-glaſſes. With the trees and with the waters I communicate my thoughts, and my beauty. I am a diſtant flame, and a ſword far off: thoſe whom I have attracted with my ſight, I have undeceiv'd with my words; and if hope be the food of deſire, as I never gave any encouragement to Chryſoſtome, nor to any other, it may well be ſaid, 'twas rather his own obſtinacy than my cruelty that ſhorten'd his life. If you tell me that his intentions were honeſt, and therefore ought to have been comply'd with; I anſwer, that when, at the very place where his grave is making, he diſcover'd his paſſion, I told him, I was reſolv'd to live and die ſingle, and that the earth alone ſhould reap the fruit of my reſervedneſs, and enjoy the ſpoils of my beauty; and if, after all the admonitions I gave him, he would perſiſt in his obſtinate purſuit, and ſail againſt the wind, what wonder is't he ſhould periſh in the waves of his indiſcretion? had I ever encourag'd him, or amus'd him with ambiguous words, then I had been falſe; and had I gratify'd his wiſhes, I had acted contrary to my better reſolves: he perſiſted, tho' I had given him a due caution, and he deſpair'd without being hated. Now I leave you to judge, whether I ought to be blam'd for his ſufferings? if I have deceiv'd any one, let him complain; if I have broke my promiſe to any one, let him deſpair; if I encourage any one, let him preſume; if I entertain any one, let

him boaſt: but let no man call me cruel nor murderer, 'till I either deceive, break my promiſe, encourage, or entertain him. Heaven has not yet been pleas'd to ſhew whether 'tis its will I ſhould love by deſtiny; and 'tis vain to think I will ever do it by choice: ſo let this general caution ſerve every one of thoſe who make their addreſſes to me for their own ends. And if any one hereafter dies on my account, let not their jealouſy, nor my ſcorn or hate, be thought the cauſe of their death; for ſhe who never pretended to love, cannot make any one jealous, and a free and generous declaration of our fix'd reſolution, ought not to be counted hate or diſdain. In ſhort, let him that calls me a tygreſs, and a baſiliſk, avoid me as a dangerous thing; and let him that calls me ungrateful, give over ſerving me: I aſſure 'em I will never ſeek nor purſue 'em. Therefore let none hereafter make it their buſineſs to diſturb my eaſe, nor ſtrive to make me hazard among men the peace I now enjoy, which I am perſuaded is not to be found with them. I have wealth enough; I neither love nor hate any one: the innocent converſation of the neighbouring ſhepherdeſſes, with the care of my flocks, help me to paſs away my time, without either coquetting with this man, or practiſing arts to enſnare that other. My thoughts are limited by theſe mountains; and if they wander further, 'tis only to admire the beauty of heaven, and thus by ſteps to raiſe my ſoul towards her original dwelling.

As ſoon as ſhe had ſaid this, without expecting any anſwer, ſhe left the place, and ran into the thickeſt of the adjoining wood, leaving all that heard her charm'd with her diſcretion as well as with her beauty.

However, ſo prevalent were the charms of the latter, that ſome of the company, who were deſperately ſtruck, could not forbear offering to follow her, without being the leaſt deterr'd by the ſolemn proteſtations which they had heard her make that very moment. But Don Quixote perceiving their deſign, and believing he had now a fit opportunity to exert his knight-errantry; Let no man, cry'd he, of what quality or

condition ſoever, preſume to follow the fair Marcella, under the penalty of incurring my furious diſpleaſure. She has made it appear, by undeniable reaſons, that ſhe was not guilty of Chryſoſtome's death; and has poſitively declar'd her firm reſolution never to condeſcend to the deſires of any of her admirers: for which reaſon, inſtead of being importun'd and perſecuted, ſhe ought to be eſteem'd and honour'd by all good men, as being perhaps the only woman in the world that ever liv'd with ſuch a virtuous reſervedneſs. Now, whether it were that Don Quixote's threats terrify'd the amorous ſhepherds, or that Ambroſe's perſuaſion prevail'd with 'em to ſtay and ſee their friend interr'd, none of the ſhepherds left the place, till the grave being made, and the papers burnt, the body was depoſited into the boſom of the earth, not without many tears from all the aſſiſtants. They cover'd the grave with a great ſtone till a monument was made, which Ambroſe ſaid he deſign'd to have ſet up there, with the following epitaph upon it.

CHRYSOSTOME'S EPITAPH.

HERE of a wretched ſwain
The frozen body's laid,
Kill'd by the cold diſdain
Of an ungrateful maid.
Here firſt love's pow'r he try'd,
Here firſt his pains expreſs'd;
Here firſt he was deny'd,
Here firſt he choſe to reſt.
You who the ſhepherd mourn,
From coy Marcella fly;
Who Chryſoſtome cou'd ſcorn,
May all mankind deſtroy.

The ſhepherds ſtrew'd the grave with many flowers and boughs; and every one having condol'd a while with his

friend Ambroſe, they took their leave of him, and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the like; as did alſo Don Quixote, who was not a perſon to forget himſelf on ſuch occaſions: he likewiſe bid adieu to the kind goat-herds, that had entertain'd him, and to the two travellers who deſir'd him to go with 'em to Seville, aſſuring him there was no place in the world more fertile in adventures, every ſtreet and every corner there producing ſome. Don Quixote return'd them thanks for their kind information; but told 'em he neither would, nor ought to go to Seville, till he had clear'd all thoſe mountains of the thieves and robbers which he heard very much infeſted all thoſe parts. Thereupon the travellers, being unwilling to divert him from ſo good a deſign, took their leaves of him once more, and purſu'd their journey, ſufficiently ſupply'd with matter to diſcourſe on from the ſtory of Marcella and Chryſoſtome, and Don Quixote's follies. As for him, he reſolv'd to find out the ſhepherdeſs Marcella, if poſſible, to offer her his ſervice to protect her to the utmoſt of his power: but he happen'd to be croſs'd in his deſigns, as you ſhall hear in the ſequel of this true hiſtory; for here ends the ſecond book.

THE

LIFE

AND

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE RENOWN'D

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Giving an account of Don Quixote's *unfortunate rencounter with certain bloody-minded and wicked* Yangueſian * *carriers.*

THE ſage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that when Don Quixote had taken leave of all thoſe that were at Chryſoſtome's funeral, he and his ſquire went after Marcella into the wood; and having rang'd it above two hours without being able to find her, they came at laſt to a meadow, whoſe ſpringing green, water'd with a delightful and refreſhing rivulet, invited, or rather pleaſantly forc'd 'em to alight and give way to the heat of the day, which began to be very violent: ſo leaving the aſs and Rozinante to graze at large, they ranſack'd the wallet; and without ceremony the maſter and the man fell to, and fed lovingly on what they found. Now Sancho had not taken care to tie up Rozinante, knowing him to be a horſe of that ſobriety and cha-

* *Carriers of the kingdom of Galicia, commonly ſo called.*

ſtity, that all the mares in the paſtures of Cordova could not have rais'd him to attempt an indecent thing. But either fortune, or the devil, who ſeldom ſleeps, ſo order'd it, that a good number of Galician mares, belonging to ſome Yangueſian carriers, were then feeding in the ſame valley, it being the cuſtom of thoſe men, about the hotteſt time of the day, to ſtop wherever they met with graſs and water to refreſh their cattle: nor could they have found a fitter place than that where Don Quixote was. Rozinante, as I ſaid before, was chaſte and modeſt; however, he was fleſh and blood; ſo that as ſoon as he had ſmelt the mares, forſaking his natural gravity and reſerv'dneſs, without aſking his maſter's leave, away he trots it briſkly to make 'em ſenſible of his little neceſſities: but they, who it ſeems had more mind to feed than to be merry, receiv'd their gallant ſo rudely with their heels and teeth, that in a trice they broke his girts and threw down his ſaddle, and left him diſrob'd of all his equipage. And for an addition to his miſery, the carriers perceiving the violence that was offer'd to their mares, flew to their relief with poles and pack-ſtaves, and ſo belabour'd poor Rozinante that he ſoon ſunk to the ground under the weight of their unmerciful blows.

Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving at a diſtance the ill uſage of Rozinante, ran with all ſpeed to his reſcue; and as they came near the place, panting, and almoſt out of breath, Friend Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, I perceive theſe are no knights, but only a pack of ſcoundrels and fellows of the loweſt rank; I ſay it, becauſe thus thou may'ſt lawfully help me to revenge the injury they have done Rozinante before our faces. What a devil d'ye talk of revenge, quoth Sancho? we are like to revenge ourſelves finely! you ſee they are above twenty, and we are but two; nay, perhaps but one and a half. I alone am worth a hundred, reply'd Don Quixote; then, without any more words, he drew his ſword, and flew upon the Yangueſians. Sancho, encourag'd by his maſter's example, did the like; and with the firſt blow which Don

Quixote gave one of 'em, he cut through his leathern doublet, and gave him a deep ſlaſh in the ſhoulder. The Yangueſians, ſeeing themſelves thus rudely handled, betook themſelves to their leavers and pack-ſtaves, and then all at once ſurrounding the valiant knight and his truſty ſquire, they charg'd 'em and laid on with great fury. At the ſecond round, down they ſettled poor Sancho, and then Don Quixote himſelf, who, as chance would have it, fell at the feet of Rozinante, that had not yet recover'd his legs; neither could the knight's courage nor his ſkill avail againſt the fury of a number of ruſtical fellows arm'd with pack-ſtaves. The Yangueſians fearing the ill conſequences of the miſchief they had done, made all the haſte they could to be gone, leaving our two adventurers in a woful condition. The firſt that came to himſelf was Sancho Pança, who, finding himſelf near his maſter, call'd to him thus, with a weak and doleful voice; Ah maſter! maſter! Sir, Sir knight! What's the matter, friend Sancho? aſk'd the knight, in the ſame feeble and lamenting tone. I could wish, reply'd Sancho, that your worſhip would help me to two good draughts of the liquor you talk on, if you have any by you; perhaps 'tis as good to cure broken bones, as 'tis to heal outward wounds. Oh! that I had ſome of it here now, cry'd Don Quixote; we could not then be ſaid to want any thing: but I ſwear to thee, honeſt Sancho, by the faith of a knight-errant, within theſe two days (if no other diſaſter prevent me) I will have ſome at my diſpoſal, or it ſhall hardly eſcape my hands. Two days, Sir! reply'd Sancho: why, pray how many days do you think 'twill be before we are able to ſtir our feet? As for myſelf, anſwer'd the bruis'd Don Quixote, I muſt own I cannot ſet a certain term to the days of our recovery; but 'tis I who am the fatal cauſe of all this miſchief; for I ought not to have drawn my ſword againſt a company of fellows, upon whom the honour of knight-hood was never conferr'd; and I do not doubt but that the Lord of hoſts ſuffer'd this puniſhment to befal me for tranſgreſſing thus the laws of chivalry. Therefore, friend Sancho, obſerve what I am go-

ing to tell thee, for it is a thing that highly concerns the welfare of us both: 'tis, that for the future, whenever thou perceiv'ſt us to be any ways abus'd by ſuch inferior fellows, thou art not to expect I ſhould offer to draw my ſword againſt them; for I will not do it in the leaſt: no, do thou then draw, and chaſtiſe 'em as thou think'ſt fit: but if any knights come to take their parts, then will I be ſure to ſtep between thee and danger, and aſſault 'em with the utmoſt vigour and intrepidity. Thou haſt already had a thouſand proofs of the greatneſs of my valour, and the prevailing ſtrength of my moſt dreadful arm; (ſo arrogant the knight was grown ſince his victory over the bold Biſcayan) but Sancho was not ſo well pleas'd with his maſter's admonitions, but that he thought fit to anſwer him. Sir, ſays he, I am a peaceful man, a harmleſs quiet fellow, d'ye ſee; I can make ſhift to paſs by an injury as well as any man, as having a wife to maintain, and children to bring up, and therefore pray take this from me by the way of advice, (for I'll not offer to command my maſter) that I will not in any wiſe draw my ſword neither againſt knight nor clown, not I. I freely forgive all mankind, high and low, rich and poor, lords and beggars, whatever wrongs they ever did or may do me, without the leaſt exception. Sancho (ſaid his maſter, hearing this) I heartily wiſh I had breath enough to anſwer thee effectually, or that the pain which I feel in one of my ſhort ribs would leave me but for ſo long as might ſerve to convince thee of thy error. Come, ſuppoſe, thou ſilly wretch, that the gale of fortune, which has hitherto been ſo contrary to us, ſhould at laſt turn favourable, ſwelling the ſails of our deſires, ſo that we might with as much ſecurity as eaſe arrive at ſome of thoſe iſlands which I have promiſ'd thee; what would become of thee, if after I had conquer'd one of 'em, I were to make thee lord of it? thou wouldſt certainly be found not duly qualify'd for that dignity, as having abjur'd all knighthood, all thoughts of honour, and all intention to revenge injuries, and defend thy own dominions. For thou muſt underſtand, that in king-

doms and provinces newly conquer'd, the hearts and minds of the inhabitants are never ſo thoroughly ſubdu'd, or wedded to the intereſts of their new ſovereign, but that there is reaſon to fear, they will endeavour to raiſe ſome commotions to change the face of affairs, and, as men ſay, once more try their fortune. Therefore 'tis neceſſary that the new poſſeſſor have not only underſtanding to govern, but alſo valour to attack his enemies, and defend himſelf on all occaſions. I would I had had that underſtanding and valour you talk of, quoth Sancho; but now, Sir, I muſt be free to tell you, I have more need of a ſurgeon, than of a preacher. Pray try whether you can riſe, and we'll help Rozinante, tho' he does not deſerve it; for he's the chief cauſe of all this beating. For my part, I could never have believ'd the like of him before, for I always took him for as chaſte and ſober a perſon as myſelf. In ſhort, 'tis a true ſaying, that *a man muſt eat a peck of ſalt with his friend, before he knows him;* and I find *there's nothing ſure in this world:* for, who would have thought, after the dreadful flaſhes you gave to that knight-errant, ſuch a terrible ſhower of baſtinadoes would ſo ſoon have fallen upon our ſhoulders? As for thine, reply'd Don Quixote, I doubt they are us'd to endure ſuch ſort of ſhowers; but mine, that were nurs'd in ſoft linnen, will moſt certainly be longer ſenſible of this misfortune; and were it not that I imagine, (but why do I ſay imagine?) were it not that I am poſitively ſure, that all theſe inconveniences are inſeparable from the profeſſion of chivalry, I would abandon myſelf to grief, and die of meer deſpair on this very ſpot. I beſeech you, Sir, quoth Sancho, ſince theſe rubs are the vails of your trade of knighthood, tell me whether they uſe to come often, or whether we may look for 'em at ſet times: for, I fancy, if we meet but with two ſuch harveſts more, we ſhall never be able to reap the third, unleſs God of his infinite mercy aſſiſt us. Know, friend Sancho, return'd Don Quixote, that the life of knights-errant is ſubject to a thouſand hazards and misfortunes: but on the other ſide, they may at any time ſuddenly become

kings and emperors, as experience has demonſtrated in many knights, of whoſe hiſtories I have a perfect knowledge. And I could tell thee now (would my pain ſuffer me) of ſome of 'em who have rais'd themſelves to thoſe high dignities only by the valour of their arm; and thoſe very knights, both before and after their advancement, were involv'd in many calamities: for, the valorous Amadis de Gaul ſaw himſelf in the power of his mortal enemy Archelaus the inchanter, of whom 'tis credibly reported, that when he held him priſoner, he gave him above two hundred ſtripes with his horſe bridle, after he had ty'd him to a pillar in the court-yard of his houſe. There is alſo a ſecret author of no little credit relates, that the knight of the ſun being taken in a trap in a certain caſtle, was hurry'd to a deep dungeon, where, after they had bound him hand and foot, they forcibly gave him a clyſter of ſnow-water and ſand, which would probably have coſt him his life, had he not been aſſiſted in that diſtreſs by a wiſe magician, his particular friend. Thus I may well bear my misfortune patiently, ſince thoſe which ſo many greater perſons have endur'd may be ſaid to outdo it: for, I would have thee to know, that thoſe wounds that are given with the inſtruments and tools which a man happens to have in his hand, do not really diſgrace the perſon ſtruck. We read it expreſly in the laws of duels, "That if a ſhoe-maker ſtrikes another man "with his laſt which he held in his hand, tho' it be of wood, "as a cudgel is, yet the party who was ſtruck with it ſhall "not be ſaid to have been cudgell'd." I tell thee this, that thou may'ſt not think we are in the leaſt diſhonour'd, tho' we have been horribly beaten in this rencounter; for the weapons which thoſe men us'd were but inſtruments of their profeſſion, and not one of 'em, as I very well remember, had either tuck, or ſword, or dagger. They gave me no leiſure, quoth Sancho, to examine things ſo narrowly; for I had no ſooner laid my hand on my cutlaſs*, but they croſs'd my

* Tizona: *The romantic name of the ſword, which the Spa-*

ſhoulders with ſuch a wooden bleſſing, as ſettl'd me on the ground without ſenſe or motion, where you ſee me lie, and where I don't trouble my head whether it be a diſgrace to be mawl'd with cudgels or with pack-ſtaves: let 'em be what they will, I am only vex'd to feel them ſo heavy on my ſhoulders, where I am afraid they are imprinted as deep as they are on my mind. For all this, reply'd Don Quixote, I muſt inform thee, friend Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time will not deface, nor no pain to which death will not put a period. Thank you for nothing, quoth Sancho! what worſe can befal us, than to have only death to truſt to? were our affliction to be cur'd with a plaiſter or two, a man might have ſome patience; but for ought I ſee, all the ſalves in an hoſpital won't ſet us on our beſt legs again. Come, no more of this, cry'd Don Quixote; take courage, and make a virtue of neceſſity; for 'tis what I am reſolv'd to do. Let's ſee how it fares with Rozinante; for if I am not miſtaken, the poor creature has not been the leaſt ſufferer in this adventure. No wonder at that, quoth Sancho, ſeeing he's a knight-errant too; I rather wonder, how my aſs has eſcap'd ſo well, while we have fared ſo ill. In our diſaſters, return'd Don Quixote, fortune leaves always ſome door open to come at a remedy. I ſay it, Sancho, becauſe that little beaſt may now ſupply the want of Rozinante, to carry me to ſome caſtle, where I may get cur'd of my wounds. Nor do I eſteem this kind of riding diſhonourable, for I remember, that the good old Silenus, tutor and governor to the jovial god of wine, rode very fairly on a goodly aſs, when he made his entry into the city with a hundred gates. Ay, quoth Sancho, 'twill do well enough, cou'd you ride as fairly on

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niſh general Roderick Diaz de Bivar uſed againſt the Moors. Titio *Latin for a* firebrand (*from whence* Tiſon *in French*) *and thence* Tizona *in Spaniſh; and* (*if I miſtake not*) *Rinald of Montaubaris Whinyard was call'd Flamberge.*

your aſs, as he did on his; but there's a deal of difference between riding and being laid croſs the pannel like a pack of rubbiſh. The wounds which are receiv'd in combat, ſaid Don Quixote, rather add to our honour, than deprive us of it; therefore good Sancho, trouble me with no more replies, but, as I ſaid, endeavour to get up, and lay me as thou pleaſeſt upon thy aſs, that we may leave this place ere night ſteal upon us. But, Sir, cry'd Sancho, I have heard you ſay, that 'tis a common thing among you knights-errant to ſleep in the fields and deſarts the beſt part of the year, and that you look upon it to be a very happy kind of life. That is to ſay, reply'd Don Quixote, when we can do no better, or when we are in love; and this is ſo true, that there have been knights who have dwelt on rocks, expos'd to the ſun, and other inclemencies of the ſky, for the ſpace of two years, without their lady's knowledge: one of thoſe was Amadis, when, aſſuming the name of The Lovely Obſcure, he inhabited the bare rock, either eight years, or eight months, I can't now punctually tell which of the two; for I don't thoroughly remember that paſſage. Let it ſuffice that there he dwelt, doing penance, for I don't know what unkindneſs his lady Oriana had ſhew'd him. But ſetting theſe diſcourſes aſide, pr'ythee diſpatch, leſt ſome miſchief befal the aſs, as it has done Rozinante. That would be the devil indeed, reply'd Sancho, and ſo breathing out ſome thirty lamentations, threeſcore ſighs, and a hundred and twenty plagues and poxes on thoſe that had decoy'd him thither, he at laſt got upon his legs, yet not ſo but that he went ſtooping, with his body bent like a Turk's bow, not being able to ſtand upright. Yet in this crooked poſture he made a ſhift to harneſs his aſs, who had not forgot to take his ſhare of licentiouſneſs that day. After this, he help'd up Rozinante, who, could his tongue have expreſs'd his ſorrows, would certainly not have been behind-hand with Sancho and his maſter. After many bitter oh's, and ſcrew'd faces, Sancho laid Don Quixote on the aſs, ty'd Rozinante to its tail, and then leading the aſs by the halter, he took the

neareſt way that he could gueſs to the high road; to which he luckily came, before he had travell'd a ſhort league, and then he diſcover'd an inn; which, in ſpite of all he could ſay, Don Quixote was pleas'd to miſtake for a caſtle. Sancho ſwore bloodily 'twas an inn, and his maſter was as poſitive of the contrary. In ſhort, their diſpute laſted ſo long, that before they could decide it they reach'd the inn door, where Sancho ſtraight went in, with all his train, without troubling himſelf any further about the matter.

CHAP. II.

What happen'd to Don Quixote *in the inn which he took for a caſtle.*

THE inn-keeper, ſeeing Don Quixote lying quite athwart the aſs, aſk'd Sancho what ail'd him? Sancho anſwer'd, 'twas nothing, only his maſter had got a fall from the top of a rock to the bottom, and had bruis'd his ſides a little. The inn-keeper had a wife, very different from the common ſort of hoſteſſes, for ſhe was of a charitable nature, and very compaſſionate of her neighbour's affliction; which made her immediately take care of Don Quixote, and call her daughter (a good handſome girl) to ſet her helping-hand to his cure. One of the ſervants in the inn was an Aſturian wench, a broad-fac'd, flat-headed, ſaddle-nos'd dowdy; blind of one eye, and t'other almoſt out: however, the activity of her body ſupply'd all other defects. She was not above three feet high from her heels to her head; and her ſhoulders, which ſomewhat loaded her, as having too much fleſh upon 'em, made her look downwards oftener than ſhe could have wiſh'd. This charming original likewiſe aſſiſted the miſtreſs and the daughter; and with the latter, help'd to make the knight's bed, and a ſorry one it was; the room where it ſtood was an old gambling cock-loft, which by manifold ſigns ſeem'd to have been, in the days of yore, a repoſitory for chop'd ſtraw. Somewhat further, in a corner of that garret, a carrier had

his lodging; and tho' his bed was nothing but the pannels and coverings of his mules, 'twas much better than that of Don Quixote, which only conſiſted of four rough hewn boards laid upon two uneven treſſels, a flock bed, that, for thinneſs, might well have paſs'd for a quilt, and was full of knobs and bunches, which had they not peep'd out thro' many a hole, and ſhewn themſelves to be of wool, might well have been taken for ſtones: the reſt of that extraordinary bed's furniture was a pair of ſheets, which rather ſeem'd to be of leather than of linnen cloth, and a coverlet whoſe every individual thread you might have told, and never have miſs'd one in the tale.

In this ungracious bed was the knight laid to reſt his belabour'd carcaſe, and preſently the hoſteſs and her daughter anointed and plaiſter'd him all over, while Maritornes (for that was the name of the Aſturian wench) held the candle. The hoſteſs, while ſhe greas'd him, wondering to ſee him ſo bruis'd all over, I fancy, ſaid ſhe, thoſe bumps look much more like a dry beating than a fall. 'Twas no dry beating, miſtreſs, I promiſe you, quoth Sancho, but the rock had I know not how many cragged ends and knobs, whereof every one gave my maſter a token of his kindneſs. And by the way, forſooth, continu'd he, I beſeech you ſave a little of that ſame tow and ointment for me too, for I don't know what's the matter with my back, but I fancy I ſtand mainly in want of a little greaſing too. What, I ſuppoſe you fell too, quoth the landlady. Not I, quoth Sancho, but the very fright that I took to ſee my maſter tumble down the rock, has ſo wrought upon my body, that I'm as ſore as if I had been ſadly maul'd. It may well be as you ſay, cry'd the inn-keeper's daughter; for I have dream'd ſeveral times that I have been falling from the top of a high tower without ever coming to the ground; and, when I wak'd, I have found myſelf as out of order, and as bruis'd, as if I had fall'n in good earneſt. That's e'en my caſe, miſtreſs, quoth Sancho; only ill luck would have it ſo, that I ſhould find myſelf e'en almoſt as batter'd and bruis'd

as my lord Don Quixote, and yet all the while be as broad awake as I am now. How do you call this ſame gentleman, quoth Maritornes? He's Don Quixote de la Mancha, reply'd Sancho; and he is a knight-errant, and one of the primeſt and ſtouteſt that ever the ſun ſhin'd on. A knight-errant, cry'd the wench, pray what's that? Heigh-day! cry'd Sancho, does the wench know no more of the world than that comes to? why, a knight-errant is a thing which in two words you ſee well cudgell'd, and then an emperor. To day there's not a more wretched thing upon the earth, and yet to morrow he'll have you two or three kingdoms to give away to his ſquire. How comes it to paſs then, quoth the landlady, that thou who art this great perſon's ſquire, haſt not yet got thee at leaſt an earldom? Fair and ſoftly goes far, reply'd Sancho. Why, we have not been a month in our gears, ſo that we have not yet encounter'd any adventure worth the naming: beſides, many a time we look for one thing, and light on another. But if my lord Don Quixote happens to get well again, and I 'ſcape remaining a cripple, I'll not take the beſt title in the land for what I am ſure will fall to my ſhare.

Here Don Quixote, who had liſten'd with great attention to all theſe diſcourſes, rais'd himſelf up in his bed with much ado, and taking the hoſteſs in a moſt obliging manner by the hand, Believe me, ſaid he, beautiful lady, you may well eſteem it a happineſs that you have now the opportunity to entertain my perſon in your caſtle. Self-praiſe is unworthy a man of honour, and therefore I ſhall ſay no more of myſelf, but my ſquire will inform you who I am; only thus much let me add, that I will eternally preſerve your kindneſs in the treaſury of my remembrance, and ſtudy all occaſions to teſtify my gratitude. And I wiſh, continu'd he, the powers above had ſo diſpos'd my fate, that I were not already love's devoted ſlave, and captivated by the charms of the diſdainful beauty who engroſſes all my ſofter thoughts; for then would I be proud to ſacrifice my liberty to this beautiful damſel. The

hoſteſs, her daughter, and the kind-hearted Maritornes ſtar'd on one another, quite at a loſs for the meaning of this high-flown language, which they underſtood full as well as if it had been Greek. Yet, conceiving theſe were words of compliment and courtſhip, they look'd upon him, and admir'd him as a man of another world: and ſo, having made him ſuch returns as inn-keeper's breeding cou'd afford, they left him to his reſt; only Maritornes ſtay'd to rub down Sancho, who wanted her help no leſs than his maſter.

Now you muſt know, that the carrier and ſhe had agreed to paſs the night together; and ſhe had given him her word, that as ſoon as all the people in the inn were in bed, ſhe wou'd be ſure to come to him, and be at his ſervice. And 'tis ſaid of this good-natur'd thing, that whenever ſhe had paſs'd her word in ſuch caſes, ſhe was ſure to make it good, tho' ſhe had made the promiſe in the midſt of a wood, and without any witneſs at all: for ſhe ſtood much upon her gentility, tho' ſhe undervalu'd herſelf ſo far as to ſerve in an inn; often ſaying, that nothing but croſſes and neceſſity cou'd have made her ſtoop to it.

Don Quixote's hard, ſcanty, beggarly, miſerable bed was the firſt of the four in that wretched apartment; next to that was Sancho's kennel, which conſiſted of nothing but a bed-mat and a coverlet, that rather ſeem'd ſhorn canvas than a rug. Beyond theſe two beds was that of the carrier, made, as we have ſaid, of the pannels and furniture of two of the beſt of twelve mules which he kept, every one of 'em goodly beaſts, and in ſpecial good caſe; for he was one of the richeſt muleteers of Arevalo, as the Mooriſh author of this hiſtory relates, who makes particular mention of him, as having been acquainted with him; nay, ſome don't ſtick to ſay, he was ſomewhat akin to him. However it be, it appears, that Cid Mahomet Benengeli was a very exact hiſtorian, ſince he takes care to give us an account of things that ſeem ſo inconſiderable and trivial. A laudable example which thoſe hiſtorians ſhould follow, who uſually relate matters ſo conciſely, that we have

ſcarcely a ſmack of 'em, leaving the moſt eſſential part of the ſtory drown'd in the bottom of the ink-horn, either thro' neglect, malice or ignorance. A thouſand bleſſings then be given to the curious author of Tablante of Ricamonte, and to that other indefatigable ſage who recorded the atchievements of count Tomillas; for they have deſcrib'd even the moſt minute and trifling circumſtances with a ſingular preciſeneſs. But to return to our ſtory, you muſt know, that after the carrier had viſited his mules, and given them their ſecond courſe*, he laid himſelf down upon his pannels, in expectation of the moſt punctual Maritornes's kind viſit. By this time Sancho, duly greas'd and anointed, was crept into his ſty, where he did all he could to ſleep, but his aking ribs did all they could to prevent him. As for the knight, whoſe ſides were in as bad circumſtances as his ſquire's, he lay with both his eyes open like a hare. And now was every ſoul in the inn gone to bed, not any light to be ſeen, except that of a lamp which hung in the middle of the gate way. This general tranquillity ſetting Don Quixote's thoughts at work, offer'd to his imagination one of the moſt abſurd follies that ever crept into a diſtemper'd brain from the peruſal of romantic whimſies. Now he fancy'd himſelf to be in a famous caſtle, (for as we have already ſaid, all the inns he lodg'd in ſeem'd no leſs than caſtles to him) and that the innkeeper's daughter (conſequently daughter to the lord of the caſtle) ſtrangely captivated with his graceful preſence and gallantry, had promis'd him the pleaſure of her embraces, as ſoon as her father and mother were gone to reſt. This chimera diſturb'd him, as if it had been a real truth; ſo that he began to be mightily perplex'd, reflecting on the danger to which his honour was expos'd: but at laſt his virtue overcame the powerful temptation, and he firmly reſolv'd

* *In Spain they get up in the night to dreſs their cattle, and give 'em their barley and ſtraw, which ſerves for hay and oats.*

not to be guilty of the leaſt infidelity to his lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, tho' queen Genever herſelf, with her truſty matron Quintaniona, ſhould join to decoy him into the alluring ſnare.

While theſe wild imaginations work'd in his brain, the gentle Maritornes was mindful of her aſſignation, and with ſoft and wary ſteps, bare-foot, and in her ſmock, with her hair gather'd up in a fuſtian coif, ſtole into the room, and felt about for her beloved carrier's bed: but ſcarce had ſhe got to the door, when Don Quixote, whoſe ears were on the ſcout, was ſenſible that ſomething was coming in: and therefore having rais'd himſelf in his bed, ſore and wrapt up in plaiſters, as he was, he ſtretch'd out his arms to receive his fancy'd damſel, and caught hold of Maritornes by the wriſt, as ſhe was, with her arms ſtretch'd, groping her way to her paramour; he pull'd her to him, and made her ſit down by his bed's ſide, ſhe not daring to ſpeak a word all the while. Now, as he imagin'd her to be the lord of the caſtle's daughter, her ſmock, which was of the coarſeſt canvas, ſeem'd to him of the fineſt holland; and the glaſs-beads about her wriſt, precious oriental pearls; her hair, that was almoſt as rough as a horſe's main, he took to be ſoft flowing threads of bright curling gold; and her breath, that had a ſtronger hogoe than ſtale veniſon, was to him a grateful compound of the moſt fragrant perfumes of Arabia. In ſhort, flattering imagination transform'd her into the likeneſs of thoſe romantic beauties, one of whom, as he remember'd to have read, came to pay a private viſit to a wounded knight, with whom ſhe was deſperately in love; and the poor gentleman's obſtinate folly had ſo infatuated his outward ſenſe, that his feeling and his ſmell could not in the leaſt undeceive him, and he thought he had no leſs than a balmy Venus in his arms, while he hugg'd a fulſome bundle of deformities, that would have turn'd any man's ſtomach but a ſharp-ſet carrier's. Therefore claſping her ſtill cloſer, with a ſoft and amorous whiſper; oh! thou moſt lovely temptation, cry'd he, oh!

that I now might but pay a warm acknowledgment for the mighty bleſſing which your extravagant goodneſs would laviſh on me; yes, moſt beautiful charmer, I would give an empire to purchaſe your more deſirable embraces: but fortune, madam, fortune, that tyrant of my life, that unrelenting enemy to the truly deſerving, has maliciouſly hurry'd and rivetted me to this bed, where I lie ſo bruis'd and macerated, that, tho' I were eager to gratify your deſires, I ſhould at this dear unhappy minute be doom'd to impotence: nay, to that unlucky bar fate has added a yet more invincible obſtacle; I mean my plighted faith to the unrival'd Dulcinea del Toboſo, the ſole miſtreſs of my wiſhes, and abſolute ſovereign of my heart. Oh! did not this oppoſe my preſent happineſs, I could never be ſo dull and inſenſible a knight as to loſe the benefit of this extraordinary favour which you have now condeſcended to offer me.

Poor Maritornes all this while ſweated for fear and anxiety, to find herſelf thus lock'd in the knight's arms; and without either underſtanding, or willing to underſtand his florid excuſes, ſhe did what ſhe could to get from him, and ſheer off, without ſpeaking a word. On the other ſide, the carrier, whoſe lewd thoughts kept him awake, having heard his truſty lady when ſhe firſt came in, and liſten'd ever ſince to the knight's diſcourſe, began to be afraid that ſhe had made ſome other aſſignation; and ſo, without any more ado, he crept ſoftly to Don Quixote's bed, where he liſten'd a while to hear what would be the end of all this talk, which he could not underſtand: but perceiving at laſt by the ſtruggling of his faithful Maritornes, that 'twas none of her fault, and that the knight ſtrove to detain her againſt her will, he could by no means bear his familiarity; and therefore taking it in mighty dudgeon, he up with his fiſt, and hit the enamour'd knight ſuch a ſwinging blow on the jaws, that his face was all over blood in a moment. And not ſatisfy'd with this, he got o' top of the knight, and with his ſplay feet betrampled him, as if he had been trampling a hay-mow. With that the bed,

whoſe foundations were none of the beſt, ſunk under the additional load of the carrier, and fell with ſuch a noiſe, that it wak'd the inn-keeper, who preſently ſuſpects it to be one of Maritornes's nightly ſkirmiſhes; and therefore having call'd her aloud, and finding that ſhe did not anſwer, he lighted a lamp, and made to the place where he heard the buſtle. The wench, who heard him coming, knowing him to be of a paſſionate nature, was ſcar'd out of her wits, and fled for ſhelter to Sancho's ſty, where he lay ſnoring to ſome tune: there ſhe pigg'd in, and ſlunk under the coverlet, where ſhe lay ſnug, and truſs'd up as round as an egg. Preſently her maſter came in, in a mighty heat: Where's this damn'd whore, cry'd he? I dare ſay, this is one of her pranks. By this, Sancho awak'd; and feeling that unuſual lump, which almoſt overlaid him, he took it to be the night-mare, and began to lay about him with his fiſts, and thump'd the wench ſo unmercifully, that at laſt fleſh and blood were no longer able to bear it; and forgetting the danger ſhe was in, and her dear reputation, ſhe paid him back his thumps as faſt as her fiſts could lay 'em on, and ſoon rous'd the drouſy ſquire out of his ſluggiſhneſs, whether he would or no: who finding himſelf thus pommell'd, by he did not know who, he buſtled up in his neſt, and catching hold of Maritornes, they began the moſt pleaſant ſkirmiſh in the world. When the carrier perceiving, by the light of the inn-keeper's lamp, the diſmal condition that his dear miſtreſs was in, preſently took her part; and leaving the knight, whom he had more than ſufficiently mawl'd, flew at the ſquire, and paid him confoundedly. On the other hand, the inn-keeper, who took the wench to be the cauſe of all this hurly-burly, cuff'd and kick'd, and kick'd and cuff'd her over and over again: and ſo there was a ſtrange multiplication of fiſticuffs and drubbings. The carrier pommell'd Sancho, Sancho mawl'd the wench, the wench belabour'd the ſquire, and the inn-keeper thraſh'd her again: and all of 'em laid on with ſuch expedition, that you would have thought they had been afraid

of loſing time. But the jeſt was, that in the heat of the fray the lamp went out, ſo that being now in the dark, they ply'd one another at a venture; they ſtruck and tore, all went to rack, while nails and fiſts flew about without mercy.

There happen'd to lodge that night in the inn one of the officers belonging to that ſociety which they call the old holy brotherhood of Toledo, whoſe chief office is to look after thieves and robbers. Being wak'd with the heavy buſtle, he preſently jump'd out of his bed, and with his ſhort ſtaff in one hand, and a tin-box with his commiſſion in't in the other, he grop'd out his way; and being enter'd the room in the dark, cry'd out, I charge ye all to keep the peace: I am an officer of the holy brotherhood. The firſt he popp'd his hand upon happen'd to be the poor batter'd knight, who lay upon his back at his full length, without any feeling, upon the ruins of his bed. The officer, having caught him by the beard, preſently cry'd out, I charge you to aid and aſſiſt me: but finding he could not ſtir, tho' he grip'd him hard, he preſently imagin'd him to be dead, and murder'd by the reſt in the room. With that he bawl'd out to have the gates of the inn ſhut. Here's a man murder'd, cry'd he; look that no body makes his eſcape. Theſe words ſtruck all the combatants with ſuch a terror, that as ſoon as they reach'd their ears, they gave over, and left the argument undecided. Away ſtole the inn-keeper to his own room, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her kennel; only the unfortunate knight, and his as unfortunate ſquire, remain'd where they lay, not being able to ſtir; while the officer, having let go Don Quixote's beard, went out for a light, in order to apprehend the ſuppos'd murderers: but the inn-keeper having wiſely put out the lamp in the gate-way, as he ſneak'd out of the room, the officer was oblig'd to repair to the kitchen-chimney, where with much ado, puffing and blowing a long while amidſt the embers, he at laſt made ſhift to get a light.

CHAP. III.

A further account of the innumerable hardſhips which the brave Don Quixote, *and his worthy ſquire* Sancho, *underwent in the inn, which the knight unluckily took for a caſtle.*

DON Quixote, who by this time was come to himſelf, began to call Sancho with the ſame lamentable tone as the day before, when he had been beaten by the carriers in the meadow. Sancho, cry'd he, friend Sancho, art thou aſleep? art thou aſleep, friend Sancho? Sleep! reply'd Sancho, mightily out of humour, may Old Nick rock my cradle then. Why, how the devil ſhould I ſleep, when all the imps of hell have been tormenting me to night? Nay, thou'rt in the right, anſwer'd Don Quixote, for either I have no ſkill in theſe matters or this caſtle is inchanted. Hear what I ſay to thee, but firſt ſwear thou wilt never reveal it till after my death. I ſwear it, quoth Sancho. I am thus cautious, ſaid Don Quixote, becauſe I hate to take away the reputation of any perſon. Why, quoth Sancho, I tell you again, I ſwear never to ſpeak a word of the matter while you live; and I wiſh I may be at liberty to talk on't to morrow. Why, cry'd Don Quixote! have I done thee ſo much wrong, Sancho, that you would'ſt have me die ſo ſoon? Nay, 'tis not for that neither, quoth Sancho; but becauſe I can't abide to keep things long, for fear they ſhould grow mouldy. Well, let it be as thou pleaſeſt, ſaid Don Quixote: for I dare truſt greater concerns to thy courteſy and affection. In ſhort, know, that this very night there happen'd to me one of the ſtrangeſt adventures that can be imagin'd; for the daughter of the lord of this caſtle came to me, who is one of the moſt engaging and moſt beautiful damſels that ever nature has been proud to boaſt of: what could I not tell thee of the charms of her ſhape and face, and the perfections of her mind! what could I not add of other hidden beauties, which I condemn to ſilence and oblivion, leſt I endanger my allegiance and fidelity to my

lady Dulcinea del Toboſo! I will only tell thee, that the heavens envying the ineſtimable happineſs which fortune had thrown into my hand; or rather, becauſe this caſtle is inchanted, it happen'd, that in the midſt of the moſt tender and paſſionate diſcourſes that paſs'd between us, the prophane hand of ſome mighty giant, which I could not ſee, nor imagine whence it came, hit me ſuch a dreadful blow on the jaws, that they are ſtill embru'd with blood; after which the diſcourteous wretch, preſuming on my preſent weakneſs, did ſo barbarouſly bruiſe me, that I feel myſelf in a worſe condition now than I did yeſterday, after the carriers had ſo roughly handled me for Rozinante's incontinency: from which I conjecture, that the treaſure of this damſel's beauty is guarded by ſome inchanted Moor, and not reſerv'd for me.

Nor for me, neither, quoth Sancho; for I have been rib-roaſted by above four hundred Moors, who have hammer'd my bones in ſuch guiſe, that I may ſafely ſay, the aſſault and battery made on my body by the carriers poles and pack-ſtaves, were but ticklings and ſtroakings with a feather to this*. But, Sir, pray tell me, d'ye call this ſuch a pleaſant adventure, when we are ſo lamentably pounded after it? And yet your hap may well be accounted better than mine, ſeeing you've hugg'd that fair maiden in your arms. But I, what have I had, I pray you, but the heavieſt blows that e'er fell on a poor man's ſhoulders? Woe's me, and the mother that bore me, for I neither am, nor ever mean to be a knight-errant, and yet of all the miſ-adventures, the greater part falls ſtill to my lot. What, haſt thou been beaten as well as I, ſaid Don Quixote? What a plague, cry'd Sancho, han't I been telling you ſo all this while! Come, never let it trouble thee, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for I'll immedi-

* *In the original, were tarts and cheeſe-cakes to this:* Tortas y pan pinta.

ately make the precious balſam, that will cure thee in the twinkling of an eye.

By this time the officer, having lighted his lamp, came into the room, to ſee who it was that was murder'd. Sancho ſeeing him enter in his ſhirt, a napkin wrapp'd about his head like a turbant, and the lamp in his hand, he being alſo an ugly ill-look'd fellow; Sir, quoth the ſquire to his maſter, pray ſee whether this be not the inchanted Moor, that's come again to have t'other bout with me, and * try whether he has not left ſome place unbruis'd for him now to mawl as much as the reſt. It cannot be the Moor, reply'd Don Quixote: for perſons inchanted are to be ſeen by nobody. If they don't ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen, quoth Sancho, at leaſt they ſuffer themſelves to be felt: if not, let my carcaſe bear witneſs. So might mine, cry'd Don Quixote: yet this is no ſufficient reaſon to prove, that what we ſee is the inchanted Moor.

While they were thus arguing, the officer advanc'd, and wonder'd to hear two men talk ſo calmly to one another there: yet finding the unfortunate knight lying in the ſame deplorable poſture as he left him, ſtretch'd out like a corps, bloody, bruis'd, and beplaiſter'd, and not able to ſtir himſelf; how is't, honeſt fellow, quoth he to the champion, how do you find yourſelf? Were I your fellow, reply'd Don Quixote, I would have a little more manners than you have, you

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* Left ſome place unbruis'd, *&c. The new tranſlation has it*, Left ſomething at the bottom of the inkhorn; *which is indeed what Cervantes literally ſays*, Si ſe dexò algo en el tintero. *But as no Engliſh reader wou'd underſtand this, and many more of the like phraſes (without notes at leaſt) I have thought proper to deviate ſometimes from the very words of the original.* To leave ſomething at the bottom of the ink-horn, *is* to leave a hiſtory, or any other book imperfect, *or* partly unwritten; *here it alludes to the* unbruis'd *places of* Sancho's *body*.

blockhead, you; is that your way of approaching knights-errant in this country? The officer could not bear such a reprimand from one who made so scurvy a figure, and lifting up the lamp, oil and all, hit Don Quixote such a blow on the head with it, that he had reason to fear he had made work for the surgeon, and therefore stole presently out of the room, under the protection of the night. Well, Sir, quoth Sancho, d'you think now 'twas the inchanted Moor, or no? for my part, I think he keeps the treasure you talk of for others, and reserves only kicks, cuffs, thumps and knocks for your worship and myself. I am now convinc'd, answer'd Don Quixote: therefore let's wave that resentment of these injuries, which we might otherwise justly shew; for considering these inchanters can make themselves invisible when they please, 'tis needless to think of revenge. But, I pr'ythee rise, if thou can'st, Sancho, and desire the governour of the castle to send me some oil, salt, wine and rosemary, that I may make my healing balsam; for truly I want it extremely, so fast the blood flows out of the wound which the fantasm gave me just now.

Sancho then got up as fast as his aking bones wou'd let him, and with much ado made shift to crawl out of the room to look for the inn-keeper, and stumbling by the way on the officer, who stood heark'ning to know what mischief he had done; Sir, quoth he to him, for heaven's sake, do so much as help us to a little oil, salt, wine and rosemary, to make a med'cine for one of the best knights-errant that e'er trod on shoe of leather, who lies yonder grievously wounded by the inchanted Moor of this inn. The officer hearing him talk at that rate, took him to be one out of his wits; and it beginning to be day-light, he open'd the inn door, and told the inn-keeper what Sancho wanted. The host presently provided the desir'd ingredients, and Sancho crept back with 'em to his master, whom he found holding his head, and sadly complaining of the pain which he felt there: tho' after all, the lamp had done him no more harm than only raising of two huge

bumps; for that which he fancy'd to be blood, was only ſweat, and the oil of the lamp that had liquor'd his hair and face.

The knight took all the ingredients, and having mix'd 'em together, he had 'em ſet o'er the fire, and there kept 'em boiling till he thought they were enough. That done, he aſk'd for a vial to put this precious liquor in: but there being none to be got, the inn-keeper preſented him with an old earthen jug, and Don Quixote was forc'd to be contented with that. Then he mumbled over the pot above fourſcore *Paternoſter's*, and as many *Ave-maria's*, *Salve Regina's*, and *Credo's*, making the ſign of the croſs at every word by way of benediction. At which ceremony, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer were preſent; for as for the carrier, he was gone to look after his mules, and took no manner of notice of what was paſs'd. This bleſſed medicine being made, Don Quixote reſolv'd to make an immediate experiment of it on himſelf; and to that purpoſe he took off a good draught of the overplus, which the pot wou'd not hold: but he had ſcarce gulp'd it down, when it ſet him a vomiting ſo violently, that you wou'd have thought he'd have caſt up his heart, liver and guts; and his reaching and ſtraining put him into ſuch a ſweat, that he deſir'd to be cover'd up warm, and left to his repoſe. With that they left him, and he ſlept three whole hours; and then waking, found himſelf ſo wonderfully eas'd, that he made no queſtion but he had now the right balſam of Fierabraſs; and therefore he thought he might ſafely undertake all the moſt dangerous adventures in the world, without the leaſt hazard of his perſon.

Sancho, encourag'd by the wonderful effect of the balſam on his maſter, begg'd that he wou'd be pleas'd to give him leave to ſip up what was left in the pot, which was no ſmall quantity; and the Don having conſented, honeſt Sancho lifted it up with both his hands, and with a ſtrong faith, and better will, pour'd every drop down his throat. Now the man's ſtomach not being ſo nice as his maſter's, the drench

did not ſet him a vomiting after that manner; but caus'd ſuch a wambling in his ſtomach, ſuch a bitter loathing, keeking, and reaching, and ſuch grinding pangs, with cold ſweats and ſwoonings, that he verily believ'd his laſt hour was come, and in the midſt of his agony gave both the balſam and him that made it to the devil. Friend, ſaid Don Quixote, ſeeing him in that condition, I begin to think all this pain befalls thee, only becauſe thou haſt not receiv'd the order of knighthood; for 'tis my opinion, this balſam ought to be us'd by no man that is not a profeſs'd knight. What a plague did you mean then by letting me drink it? quoth Sancho; a murrain on me, and all my generation, why did not you tell me this before? At length the doſe began to work to ſome purpoſe, and forc'd its way at both ends ſo copiouſly, that both his bed-mat and coverlet were ſoon made unfit for any further uſe; and all the while he ſtrain'd ſo hard, that not only himſelf, but the ſtanders-by thought he wou'd have dy'd. This dreadful hurricane laſted about two hours; and then too, inſtead of finding himſelf as free from pain as his maſter, he felt himſelf as feeble, and ſo far ſpent, that he was not able to ſtand.

But Don Quixote, as we have ſaid, found himſelf in an excellent temper; and his active ſoul loathing an inglorious repoſe, he preſently was impatient to depart to perform the duties of his adventurous profeſſion: for he thought thoſe moments that were trifled away in amuſements, or other concerns, only a blank in life; and all delays a depriving diſtreſs'd perſons, and the world in general, of his needed aſſiſtance. The confidence which he repoſed in his balſam, heighten'd, if poſſible, his reſolution; and thus carry'd away by his eager thoughts, he ſaddl'd Rozinante himſelf, and then put the pannel upon the aſs, and his ſquire upon the pannel, after he had help'd him to huddle on his cloaths: that done, he mounted his ſteed; and having ſpy'd a javelin that ſtood in a corner, he ſeiz'd and appropriated it to himſelf, to ſupply the want of his lance. Above twenty people that were in

the inn ſtood ſpectators of all theſe tranſactions; and among the reſt the inn-keeper's daughter, from whom Don Quixote had not power to withdraw his eyes, breathing out at every glance a deep ſigh from the very bottom of his heart; which thoſe who had ſeen him ſo mortify'd the night before, took to proceed from the pain of his bruiſes.

And now being ready to ſet forwards, he call'd for the maſter of the houſe, and with a grave delivery, My lord governour, cry'd he, the favours I have receiv'd in your caſtle are ſo great and extraordinary, that they bind my grateful ſoul to an eternal acknowledgment: therefore that I may be ſo happy as to diſcharge part of the obligation, think if there be e'er a proud mortal breathing on whom you deſire to be reveng'd for ſome affront or other injury, and acquaint me with it now, and by my order of knighthood, which binds me to protect the weak, relieve the oppreſſed, and puniſh the bad, I promiſe you I'll take effectual care, that you ſhall have ample ſatisfaction to the utmoſt of your wiſhes. Sir knight, anſwer'd the inn-keeper with an auſtere gravity, I ſhall not need your aſſiſtance to revenge any wrong that may have been offer'd to my perſon; for I would have you to underſtand, that I am able to do myſelf juſtice, whenever any man preſumes to do me wrong: therefore all the ſatisfaction I deſire is, that you will pay your reckoning for horſe-meat and man's meat, and all your expences in my inn. How! cry'd Don Quixote, is this an inn? Yes, anſwer'd the hoſt, and one of the moſt noted, and of the beſt repute upon the road. How ſtrangely have I been miſtaken then! cry'd Don Quixote; upon my honour I took it for a caſtle, and a conſiderable one too: but if it be an inn, and not a caſtle, all I have to ſay is, that you muſt excuſe me from paying any thing; for I would by no means break the laws which we knight-errants are bound to obſerve; nor was it ever known, that they ever paid in any inn whatſoever; for this is the leaſt recompence that can be allow'd 'em for the intolerable labours they endure day and night, winter and ſummer, o'foot

and o'horſe-back, pinch'd with hunger, choak'd with thirſt, and expos'd to all the injuries of the air, and all the inconveniencies in the world. I've nothing to do with all this, cry'd the inn-keeper: pay your reckoning, and don't trouble me with your fooliſh ſtories of a cock and a bull; I can't afford to keep houſe at that rate. Thou art both a fool and a knave of an inn-keeper, reply'd Don Quixote: and with that clapping ſpurs to Rozinante, and brandiſhing his javelin at his hoſt, he rode out of the inn without any oppoſition, and got a good way from it, without ſo much as once looking behind him to ſee whether his ſquire came after him.

The knight being march'd off, there remain'd only the ſquire, who was ſtopp'd for the reckoning. However he ſwore bloodily he would not pay a croſs; for the ſelf-ſame law that acquitted the knight acquitted the ſquire. This put the inn-keeper into a great paſſion, and made him threaten Sancho very hard, telling if he would not pay him by fair means, he would have him laid by the heels that moment. Sancho ſwore by his maſter's knighthood, he wou'd ſooner part with his life than his money on ſuch an account; nor ſhould the ſquires in after-ages ever have occaſion to upbraid him with giving ſo ill a precedent, or breaking their rights. But as ill luck would have it, there happen'd to be in the inn four Segovia clothiers, three Cordoua point-makers, and two Seville huckſters, all briſk, gameſome, arch fellows; who agreeing all in the ſame deſign, encompaſs'd Sancho, and pull'd him off his aſs, while one of 'em went and got a blanket. Then they put the unfortunate ſquire into it, and obſerving the roof of the place they were in, to be ſomewhat too low for their purpoſe, they carry'd him into the back-yard, which had no limits but the ſky, and there they toſs'd him for ſeveral times together in the blanket, as they do dogs on Shrove-tueſday. Poor Sancho made ſo grievous an outcry all the while, that his maſter heard him, and imagin'd thoſe lamentations were of ſome perſon in diſtreſs, and conſequently the occaſion of ſome adventure: but having at laſt di-

ſtinguiſh'd the voice, he made to the inn with a broken gallop; and finding the gates ſhut, he rode about to ſee whether he might not find ſome other way to get in. But he no ſooner came to the back-yard wall, which was none of the higheſt, when he was an eye-witneſs of the ſcurvy trick that was put upon his ſquire. There he ſaw him aſcend and deſcend, and frolick and caper in the air with ſo much nimbleneſs and agility, that 'tis thought the knight himſelf could not have forborn laughing, had he been any thing leſs angry. He did his beſt to get over the wall, but alas! he was ſo bruis'd, that he could not ſo much as alight from his horſe. This made him fume and chafe, and vent his paſſion in a thouſand threats and curſes, ſo ſtrange and various that 'tis impoſſible to repeat 'em. But the more he ſtorm'd, the more they toſs'd and laugh'd; Sancho on his ſide begging, and howling, and threatning, and damning to as little purpoſe as his maſter, for 'twas wearineſs alone could make the toſſers give over. Then they charitably put an end to his high dancing, and ſet him upon his aſs again, carefully wrapp'd in his mantle. But Maritornes's tender ſoul made her pity a male creature in ſuch tribulation; and thinking he had danc'd and tumbled enough to be a-dry, ſhe was ſo generous as to help him to a draught of water, which ſhe purpoſely drew from the well that moment, that it might be the cooler. Sancho clapp'd the pot to his mouth, but his maſter made him deſiſt: Hold, hold, cry'd he, ſon Sancho, drink no water, child, 'twill kill thee: behold I have here the moſt holy balſam, two drops of which will cure thee effectually. Ha, (reply'd Sancho, ſhaking his head, and looking ſourly on the knight with a ſide-face) have you again forgot that I'm no knight? or wou'd you have me caſt up the few guts I've left ſince yeſternight's jobb? Keep your brewings for yourſelf in the devil's name, and let me alone. With that he lifted up the jug to his noſe, but finding it to be meer element, he ſpirted out again the little he had taſted, and deſir'd the wench to help him to ſome better liquor: ſo ſhe went and fetch'd him wine to make

him amends, and paid for't too out of her own pocket; for to give the devil his due, 'twas ſaid of her, that tho' ſhe was ſomewhat too free of her favours, yet ſhe had ſomething of Chriſtianity in her. As ſoon as Sancho had tipp'd off his wine, he viſited his aſs's ribs twice or thrice with his heels, and free egreſs being granted him, he troop'd off mightily tickled with the thoughts of having had his ends; and got off ſhot-free, tho' at the expence of his ſhoulders, his uſual ſureties: 'tis true, the inn-keeper kept his wallet for the reckoning; but the poor ſquire was ſo diſmay'd, and in ſuch haſte to be gone, that he never miſs'd it. The hoſt was for ſhutting the inn-doors after him, for fear of the worſt; but the toſſers would not let him, being a ſort of fellows that would not have matter'd Don Quixote a ſtraw, tho' he had really been one of the knights of the round-table.

CHAP. IV.

Of the diſcourſe between the knight and the ſquire, with other matters worth relating.

SANCHO overtook his maſter, but ſo pale, ſo dead-hearted, and ſo mortify'd, that he was hardly able to ſit his aſs. My dear Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, ſeeing him in that condition, I am now fully convinc'd that this caſtle, or inn, is inchanted; for what could they be that made themſelves ſuch barbarous ſport with thee, but ſpirits and people of the other world? and I the rather believe this, ſeeing, that when I look'd over the wall, I ſaw thee thus abus'd, I ſtrove to get over it, but could not ſtir, nor by any means alight from Rozinante. For, by my honour, could I either have got over the wall, or diſmounted, I would have reveng'd thee ſo effectually on thoſe diſcourteous wretches, that they ſhould never have forgot the ſeverity of their puniſhment, though for once I had infringed the laws of chivalry; which, as I have often inform'd thee, do not permit any knight to lay hands

on one that is not knighted, unleſs it be in his own defence, and in caſe of great neceſſity. Nay, quoth Sancho, I would have paid 'em home myſelf, whether knight or no knight, but 'twas not in my power; and yet I dare ſay, thoſe that made themſelves ſo merry with my carcaſe were neither ſpirits nor inchanted folks, as you will have it, but meer fleſh and blood as we be. I'm ſure they call'd one another by their Chriſtian names and ſirnames, while they made me vault and friſk in the air: one was call'd Pedro Martinez, t'other Tenorio Hernandez; and as for our dog of a hoſt, I heard 'em call him Juan Palomeque the left-handed. Then pray don't you fancy, that your not being able to get over the wall, nor to alight, was ſome inchanter's trick. 'Tis a folly to make many words; 'tis as plain as the noſe in a man's face, that theſe ſame adventures which we hunt for up and down, are like to bring us at laſt into a peck of troubles, and ſuch a plaguy deal of miſchief, that we ſhan't be able to ſet one foot afore t'other. The ſhort and the long is, I take it to be the wiſeſt courſe to jog home and look after our harveſt, and not to run rambling from * *Ceca* to *Meca*, leſt *we leap out of the frying-pan into the fire*, or, *out of God's bleſſing into the warm ſun*. Poor Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, how ignorant thou art in matters of chivalry! come, ſay no more, and have patience: a day will come when thou ſhalt be convinc'd how honourable a thing it is to follow this employment. For, tell me, what ſatisfaction in this world, what pleaſure can equal that of vanquiſhing and triumphing over one's enemy? None, without doubt. It may be ſo for ought I know, quoth Sancho, though I know nothing of the mat-

* Ceca *was a place of devotion among the Moors, in the city of Cordova, to which they us'd to go on pilgrimage from other places, as* Meca *is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to ſignify* Sauntring about to no purpoſe. *A banter upon Popiſh pilgrimages.*

ter. However, this I may venture to ſay, that ever ſince we have turn'd knights-errant, (your worſhip I mean, for 'tis not for ſuch ſcrubs as myſelf to be nam'd the ſame day with ſuch folk) the devil of any fight you have had the better in, unleſs it be that with the Biſcayan; and in that too you came off with the loſs of one ear and the vizor of your helmet. And what have we got ever ſince, pray, but blows, and more blows; bruiſes, and more bruiſes? beſides this toſſing in a blanket, which fell all to my ſhare, and for which I can't be reveng'd becauſe they were hobgoblins that ſerv'd me ſo forſooth, though I hugely long to be even with 'em, that I may know the pleaſure you ſay there is in vanquiſhing one's enemy. I find, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, thou and I are both ſick of the ſame diſeaſe; but I will endeavour with all ſpeed to get me a ſword made with ſo much art, that no ſort of inchantment ſhall be able to hurt whoſoever ſhall wear it; and perhaps fortune may put into my hand that which Amadis de Gaul wore when he ſtyl'd himſelf, *The knight of the burning ſword*, which was one of the beſt blades that ever was drawn by knight: for, beſides the virtue I now mention'd, it had an edge like a razor, and would enter the ſtrongeſt armour that ever was tempered or inchanted. I'll lay any thing, quoth Sancho, when you've found this ſword, 'twill prove juſt ſuch another help to me as your balſam; that is to ſay, 'twill ſtand no body in any ſtead but your dubb'd knights, let the poor devil of a ſquire ſhift how he can. Fear no ſuch thing, reply'd Don Quixote; heaven will be more propitious to thee than thou imagineſt.

Thus they went on diſcourſing, when Don Quixote, perceiving a thick cloud of duſt ariſe right before 'em in the road, the day is come, ſaid he, turning to his ſquire, the day is come, Sancho, that ſhall uſher in the happineſs which fortune has reſerv'd for me: this day ſhall the ſtrength of my arm be ſignaliz'd by ſuch exploits as ſhall be tranſmitted even to the lateſt poſterity. See'ſt thou that cloud of duſt, Sancho? it is raiſed by a prodigious army marching this way, and

compos'd of an infinite number of nations. Why then, at this rate, quoth Sancho, there ſhould be two armies; for yonder's as great a duſt on t'other ſide: with that Don Quixote look'd, and was tranſported with joy at the ſight, firmly believing that two vaſt armies were ready to engage each other in that plain: for his imagination was ſo crowded with thoſe battles, inchantments, ſurprizing adventures, amorous thoughts, and other whimſies which he had read of in romances, that his ſtrong fancy chang'd every thing he ſaw into what he deſir'd to ſee; and thus he could not conceive that the duſt was only rais'd by two large flocks of ſheep that were going the ſame road from different parts, and could not be diſcern'd till they were very near: he was ſo poſitive that they were two armies, that Sancho firmly believ'd him at laſt. Well Sir, quoth the ſquire, what are we to do, I beſeech you? What ſhall we do, reply'd Don Quixote, but aſſiſt the weaker and the injur'd ſide? for know, Sancho, that the army which now moves towards us is commanded by the great Alifanfaron, emperor of the vaſt iſland of Taprobana: the other that advances behind us is his enemy, the king of the Garamantians, Pentapolin with the naked arm; ſo call'd, becauſe he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare*. Pray Sir, quoth Sancho, why are theſe two great men going together by the ears? the occaſion of their quarrel is this, anſwer'd Don Quixote, Alifanfaron, a ſtrong Pagan, is in love with Pentapolin's daughter, a very beautiful lady and a Chriſtian: now her father refuſes to give her in marriage to the heathen prince, unleſs he abjure his falſe belief and embrace the Chriſtian religion. Burn my beard, ſaid Sancho, if Pentapolin ben't in the right on't; I'll ſtand by him, and help him all I may. I commend thy reſolution, reply'd Don Quixote, 'tis not only lawful, but requiſite; for there's no need of being a knight to fight in ſuch battles.

* *Alluding to the ſtory of Scanderbeg king of Epirus.*

I gueſs'd as much, quoth Sancho: but where ſhall we leave my aſs in the mean time, that I may be ſure to find him again after the battle; for I fancy you never heard of any man that ever charg'd upon ſuch a beaſt. 'Tis true, anſwer'd Don Quixote, and therefore I would have thee turn him looſe, though thou wert ſure never to find him again; for we ſhall have ſo many horſes after we have got the day, that even Rozinante himſelf will be in danger of being chang'd for another. Then mounting to the top of a hillock, whence they might have ſeen both the flocks, had not the duſt obſtructed their ſight, look yonder Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote! that knight whom thou ſee'ſt in the gilded arms, bearing in his ſhield a crown'd lion couchant at the feet of a lady, is the valiant Laurealco, lord of the ſilver bridge. He in the armour powder'd with flowers of gold, bearing three crows Argent in a field Azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, great duke of Quiracia. That other of a gigantic ſize that marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, ſovereign of the three Arabia's; he's array'd in a ſerpents-ſkin, and carries inſtead of a ſhield a huge gate, which they ſay belong'd to the temple which Samſon pull'd down at his death, when he reveng'd himſelf upon his enemies. But caſt thy eyes on this ſide, Sancho, and at the head of t'other army ſee the ever victorious Timonel of Carcaiona, prince of New Biſcay, whoſe armour is quarter'd Azure, Vert, Or, and Argent, and who bears in his ſhield a cat Or, in a field Gules, with theſe four letters, *M I A U*, for a motto, being the beginning of his miſtreſs's name, the beautiful Miaulina, daughter to Alpheniquen duke of Algarva. That other monſtrous load upon the back of yonder wild horſe, with arms as white as ſnow, and a ſhield without any device, is a Frenchman, new created knight, call'd Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique: he whom you ſee pricking that py'd courſer's flanks with his arm'd heels, is the mighty duke of Nervia, Eſpatafilardo of the wood, bearing in his ſhield a field of pure Azure, pow-

der'd with Aſparagus (*Eſparrago**) with this motto in Caſtilian, *Raſtrea mi ſuerte; Thus trails, or drags my fortune.* And thus he went on, naming a great number of others in both armies, to every one of whom his fertile imagination aſſign'd arms, colours, impreſſes and motto's, as readily as if they had really been that moment extant before his eyes. And then proceeding without the leaſt heſitation; that vaſt body, ſaid he, that's juſt oppoſite to us, is compos'd of ſeveral nations. There you ſee thoſe who drink the pleaſant ſtream of the famous Xanthus: there the mountaineers that till the Maſſilian † fields: thoſe that ſift the pure gold of Arabia Faelix: thoſe that inhabit the renown'd and delightful banks of Thermodoon. Yonder, thoſe who ſo many ways ſluice and drain the golden Pactolus for its precious ſand. The Numidians, unſteady, and careleſs of their promiſes. The Perſians, excellent archers. The Medes and Parthians, who fight flying. The Arabs, who have no fix'd habitations. The Scythians, cruel and ſavage, though fair-complexion'd. The ſooty Ethiopians, that bore their lips; and a thouſand other nations whoſe countenances I know, tho' I have forgotten their names. On the other ſide, come thoſe whoſe country is water'd with the cryſtal ſtreams of Betis, ſhaded with olive-trees. Thoſe who bathe their limbs in the rich flood of the

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* *The gingle between the duke's name* Eſpartafilardo *and* Eſparago (*his arms*) *is a ridicule upon the fooliſh quibbles ſo frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a ſatire upon ſeveral great names and ſounding titles in Spain, whoſe owners were arrant beggars. The* trailing *of his fortune may allude to the word* Eſparto, *a ſort of ruſh they make ropes with. Or perhaps he was without a miſtreſs, to which the ſparagraſs may allude: for in Spain they have a proverb,* Solo comes el Eſparago: *As ſolitary as ſparagraſs, becauſe every one of them ſprings up by itſelf.*

† *This is an imitation of* Homer's *catalogue of ſhips.*

golden Tagus. Thoſe whoſe manſions are lav'd by the profitable ſtream of the divine Genile. Thoſe who range the verdant Tarteſian meadows. Thoſe who indulge their luxurious temper in the delicious paſtures of Xerez. The wealthy inhabitants of the Mancha, crown'd with golden ears of corn. The ancient offspring of the Goths, cas'd in iron. Thoſe who wanton in the lazy current of Piſverga. Thoſe who feed their numerous flocks in the ample plains where the Guadiana, ſo celebrated for its hidden courſe, purſues its wand'ring race. Thoſe who ſhiver with extremity of cold, on the woody Pyrenean hills, or on the hoary tops of the ſnowy Apennine. In a word, all that Europe includes within its ſpacious bounds, half a world in an army. 'Tis ſcarce to be imagin'd how many countries he ran over, how many nations he enumerated, diſtinguiſhing every one by what is peculiar to 'em, with an incredible vivacity of mind, and that ſtill in the puffy ſtyle of his fabulous books. Sancho liſten'd to all this romantic muſter-roll as mute as a fiſh, with amazement; all that he could do was now and then to turn his head on this ſide and t'other ſide, to ſee if he could diſcern the knights and giants whom his maſter nam'd. But at length not being able to diſcover any; why, cry'd he, you had as good tell me it ſnows; the devil of any knight, giant, or man can I ſee, of all thoſe you talk of now; who knows but all this may be witchcraft and ſpirits, like yeſternight? How, reply'd Don Quixote! doſt thou not hear their horſes neigh, their trumpets ſound, and their drums beat? Not I, quoth Sancho, I prick up my ears like a ſow in the beans, and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of ſheep. Sancho might juſtly ſay ſo indeed, for by this time the two flocks were got very near 'em. Thy fear diſturbs thy ſenſes, ſaid Don Quixote, and hinders thee from hearing and ſeeing right: but 'tis no matter; withdraw to ſome place of ſafety, ſince thou art ſo terrify'd; for I alone am ſufficient to give the victory to that ſide which I ſhall favour with my aſſiſtance. With that he couch'd his lance, clapp'd ſpurs to Rozinante, and ruſh'd

like a thunder-bolt from the hillock into the plain. Sancho bawl'd after him as loud as he could; Hold, Sir, cry'd Sancho; for heav'ns ſake come back. What do you mean? as ſure as I am a ſinner thoſe you're going to maul are nothing but poor harmleſs ſheep. Come back, I ſay. Woe be to him that begot me! Are you mad, Sir? there are no giants, no knights, no cats, no aſparagus-gardens, no golden quarters, nor what d'ye call 'ems. Does the devil poſſeſs you? you're leaping over the hedge before you come at the ſtile. You're taking the wrong ſow by the ear. Oh that I was ever born to ſee this day! But Don Quixote ſtill riding on, deaf and loſt to good advice, out-roar'd his expoſtulating ſquire. Courage, brave knights, cry'd he; march up, fall on, all you who fight under the ſtandard of the valiant Pentapolin with the naked arm: follow me, and you ſhall ſee how eaſily I will revenge him on that infidel Alifanfaron of Taprobana; and ſo ſaying, he charg'd the ſquadron of ſheep with that gallantry and reſolution, that he pierc'd, broke, and put it to flight in an inſtant, charging through and through, not without a great ſlaughter of his mortal enemies, whom he laid at his feet, biting the ground and wallowing in their blood. The ſhepherds ſeeing their ſheep go to rack, call'd out to him; till finding fair means ineffectual, they unloos'd their ſlings, and began to ply him with ſtones as big as their fiſts. But the champion diſdaining ſuch a diſtant war, ſpite of their ſhowers of ſtones, ruſh'd among the routed ſheep, trampling both the living and the ſlain in a moſt terrible manner, impatient to meet the general of the enemy, and end the war at once. Where, where art thou, cry'd he, proud Alifanfaron? Appear! ſee here a ſingle knight who ſeeks thee every where, to try now, hand to hand, the boaſted force of thy ſtrenuous arm, and deprive thee of life, as a due puniſhment for the unjuſt war which thou haſt audaciouſly wag'd with the valiant Pentapolin. Juſt as he had ſaid this, while the ſtones flew about his ears, one unluckily light upon his ſmall ribs, and had like to have buried two of the

ſhorteſt deep in the middle of his body. The knight thought himſelf ſlain, or at leaſt deſperately wounded; and therefore calling to mind his precious balſam, and pulling out his earthen jug, he clapp'd it to his mouth: but before he had ſwallow'd a ſufficient doſe, ſouſe comes another of thoſe bitter almonds that ſpoil'd his draught, and hit him ſo pat upon the jug, hand and teeth, that it broke the firſt, maim'd the ſecond, and ſtruck out three or four of the laſt. Theſe two blows were ſo violent, that the boiſterous knight falling from his horſe, lay upon the ground as quiet as the ſlain; ſo that the ſhepherds fearing he was kill'd, got their flock together with all ſpeed, and carrying away their dead, which were no leſs than ſeven ſheep, they made what haſte they cou'd out of harm's way, without looking any farther into the matter.

All this while Sancho ſtood upon the hill, where he was mortify'd upon the ſight of this mad adventure. There he ſtamp'd and ſwore, and bann'd his maſter to the bottomleſs pit; he tore his beard for madneſs, and curs'd the moment he firſt knew him: but ſeeing him at laſt knock'd down, and ſettl'd, the ſhepherds being ſcamper'd, he thought he might venture to come down; and found him in a very ill plight, tho' not altogether ſenſeleſs. Ah! maſter, quoth he, this comes of not taking my counſel. Did not I tell you 'twas a flock of ſheep, and no army? Friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, know 'tis an eaſy matter for necromancers to change the ſhapes of things as they pleaſe: thus that malicious inchanter, who is my inveterate enemy, to deprive me of the glory which he ſaw me ready to acquire, while I was reaping a a full harveſt of laurels, transform'd in a moment the routed ſquadrons into ſheep. If thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my ſake; do but take thy aſs, and follow thoſe ſuppos'd ſheep at a diſtance, and I dare engage thou ſhalt ſoon ſee 'em reſume their former ſhapes, and appear ſuch as I deſcrib'd 'em. But ſtay, do not go yet, for I want thy aſſiſtance: draw near, and ſee how many cheek-teeth and others I want, for by the dreadful pain in my jaws and

gums, I fear there is a total dilapidation in my mouth. With that the knight open'd his mouth as wide as he could, while the ſquire gap'd to tell his grinders, with his ſnout almoſt in his chaps; but juſt in that fatal moment the balſam that lay wambling and fret.ing in Don Quixote's ſtomach, came up with an unlucky hickup; and with the ſame violence that the powder flies out of a gun all that he had in his ſtomach di charg'd itſelf upon the beard, face, eyes, and mouth of the officious ſquire. Santa Maria, cry'd poor Sancho, what will become of me! my maſter is a dead man! he's vomiting his very heart's blood! but he had hardly ſaid this, when the colour, ſmell, and taſte ſoon undeceiv'd him; and finding it to be his maſter's loathſome drench, it caus'd ſuch a ſudden rumbling in his maw, that before he could turn his head he unladed the whole cargo of his ſtomach full in his maſter's face, and put him in as delicate a pickle as he was himſelf. Sancho having thus paid him in his own coin, half blinded as he was, ran to his aſs, to take out ſomething to clean himſelf and his maſter: but when he came to look for his wallet, and found it miſſing, not rememb'ring till then that he had unhappily left it in the inn, he was ready to run quite out of his wits: he ſtorm'd and ſtamp'd, and curs'd him worſe than before, and reſolv'd with himſelf to let his maſter go to the devil, and e'en trudge home by himſelf, tho' he was ſure to loſe his wages, and his hopes of being governor of the promis'd iſland.

Thereupon Don Quixote got up with much ado, and clapping his left-hand before his mouth, that the reſt of his looſe teeth might not drop out, he laid his right-hand on Rozinante's bridle; (for ſuch was the good-nature of the creature, that he had not budg'd a foot from his maſter) then it crept along to ſquire Sancho, that ſtood lolling on his aſs's pannel, with his face in the hollow of both his hands, in a doleful moody melancholy fit. Friend Sancho, ſaid he, ſeeing him thus abandon'd to ſorrow, learn of me, that one man is no more than another, if he do no more than what another does. All

theſe ſtorms and hurricanes are but arguments of the approaching calm: better ſucceſs will ſoon follow our paſt calamities: good and bad fortune have their viciſſitudes; and 'tis a maxim, that nothing violent can laſt long: and therefore we may well promiſe ourſelves a ſpeedy change in our fortune, ſince our afflictions have extended their reign beyond the uſual ſtint: beſides, thou ought'ſt not to afflict thyſelf ſo much for misfortunes, of which thou haſt no ſhare, but what friendſhip and humanity bid thee take. How, quoth Sancho! have I no other ſhare in them! was not he that was toſs'd in the blanket this morning the ſon of my father? and did not the wallet, and all that was in't, which I have loſt, belong to the ſon of my mother? How, aſk'd Don Quixote, haſt thou loſt thy wallet? I don't know, ſaid Sancho, whether 'tis loſt or no, but I'm ſure I can't tell what's become of it. Nay then, reply'd Don Quixote, I find we muſt faſt to day. Ay marry muſt we, quoth Sancho, unleſs you take care to gather in theſe fields ſome of thoſe roots and herbs which I've heard you ſay you know, and which uſe to help ſuch unlucky knights-errant as yourſelf at a dead lift. For all that, cry'd Don Quixote, I would rather have at this time a good luncheon of bread, or a cake and two pilchards heads, than all the roots and ſimples in Dioſcorides's herbal, and doctor Laguna's ſupplement and commentary: I pray thee therefore get upon thy aſs, good Sancho, and follow me once more; for God's Providence, that relieves every creature, will not fail us, eſpecially ſince we are about a work ſo much to his ſervice; thou ſeeſt he even provides for the little flying inſects in the air, the wormlings in the earth, and the ſpawnlings in the water; and, in his infinite mercy, he makes his ſun ſhine on the righteous, and on the unjuſt, and rains upon the good and the bad. Many words won't fill a buſhel, quoth Sancho interrupting him; you would make a better preacher than a knight-errant, or I'm plaguily out. Knights-errant reply'd Don Quixote, ought to know all things: there have been ſuch in former ages, that have

deliver'd as ingenious and learned a ſermon or oration at the head of an army, as if they had taken their degrees at the univerſity of Paris: from which we may infer, that the lance never dull'd the pen, nor the pen the lance. Well then, quoth Sancho, for once let it be as you'd have it; let's e'en leave this unlucky place, and ſeek out a lodging; where, I pray God, there may be neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor inchanted Moors; for before I'll be hamper'd as I've been, may I be curs'd with bell, book and candle, if I don't give the trade to the devil. Leave all things to Providence, reply'd Don Quixote, and for once lead which way thou pleaſeſt, for I leave it wholly to thy diſcretion to provide us a lodging. But firſt, I pray thee, feel a little how many teeth I want in my upper jaw on the right ſide, for there I feel moſt pain. With that Sancho feeling with his finger in the knight's mouth; Pray, Sir, quoth he, how many grinders did your worſhip uſe to have on that ſide? Four, anſwer'd Don Quixote, beſides the eye-tooth, all of 'em whole and ſound. Think well on what you ſay, cry'd Sancho. I ſay four, reply'd Don Quixote, if there were not five; for I never in all my life have had a tooth drawn or dropp'd out, or rotted by the worm, or looſen'd by rheum. Bleſs me, quoth Sancho! why, you have in this neither jaw on this ſide but two grinders and a ſtump; and in that part of your upper jaw, never a ſtump, and never a grinder; alas! all's level'd there as ſmooth as the palm of one's hand. Oh unfortunate Don Quixote! cry'd the knight, I had rather have loſt an arm, ſo it were not my ſword-arm; for a mouth without cheek-teeth is like a mill without a mill-ſtone, Sancho; and every tooth in a man's head is more valuable than a diamond. But we that profeſs this ſtrict order of knight-errantry, are all ſubject to theſe calamities; and therefore ſince the loſs is irretrievable, mount, my truſty Sancho, and go thy own pace; I'll follow thee. Sancho obey'd, and led the way, ſtill keeping the road they were in; which being very much beaten, promis'd to bring him ſooneſt to a lodging. Thus pacing a-

long very ſoftly, for Don Quixote's gums and ribs would not ſuffer him to go faſter; Sancho, to divert his uneaſy thoughts, reſolv'd to talk to him all the while of one thing or other, as the next chapter will inform you.

CHAP. V.

Of the wiſe diſcourſe between Sancho *and his maſter; as alſo of the adventure of the dead corps, and other famous occurrences.*

NOW, Sir, quoth Sancho, I can't help thinking, but that all the miſhaps that have befall'n us of late, are a juſt judgment for the grievous ſin you've committed againſt the order of knighthood, in not keeping the oath you ſwore, not to eat bread at board, nor to have a merry bout with the queen, and the Lord knows what more, 'till you had won what d'ye call him, the Moor's * helmet, I think you nam'd him. Truly anſwer'd Don Quixote, thou'rt much in the right, Sancho; and to deal ingenuouſly with thee, I wholly forgot that: and now thou may'ſt certainly aſſure thyſelf, thou wert toſt in a blanket for not rememb'ring to put me in mind of it. However, I will take care to make due atonement; for knight-errantry has ways to conciliate all ſorts of matters. Why, quoth Sancho, did I ever ſwear to mind you of your vow? 'tis nothing to the purpoſe, reply'd Don Quixote, whether thou ſwor'ſt or no: let it ſuffice that I think thou art not very clear from being acceſſary to the breach of my vow; and therefore to prevent the worſt, there will be no harm in providing for a remedy. Hark you then, cry'd Sancho, be ſure you don't forget your atonement, as you did your oath, leſt thoſe confounded hobgoblins come and mawl me, and mayhap you too, for being a ſtubborn ſinner.

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* *Melandrino.*

Inſenſibly night overtook 'em before they could diſcover any lodging; and, which was worſe, they were almoſt hunger-ſtarv'd, all their proviſion being in the wallet which Sancho had unluckily left behind; and to compleat their diſtreſs, there happen'd to them an adventure, or ſomething that really look'd like one.

While our benighted travellers went on dolefully in the dark, the knight very hungry, and the ſquire very ſharp ſet, what ſhou'd they ſee moving towards them but a great number of lights, that appear'd like ſo many wandring ſtars. At this ſtrange apparition, down ſunk Sancho's heart at once, and even Don Quixote himſelf was not without ſome ſymptoms of ſurprize. Preſently the one pull'd to him his aſs's halter, the other his horſes's bridle, and both made a ſtop. They ſoon perceiv'd that the lights made directly towards them, and the nearer they came the bigger they appear'd. At the terrible wonder Sancho ſhook and ſhiver'd every joint like one in a palſy, and Don Quixote's hair ſtood up an end: however, heroically ſhaking off the amazement which that ſight ſtamp'd upon his ſoul, Sancho, ſaid he, this muſt doubtleſs be a great and moſt perilous adventure, where I ſhall have occaſion to exert the whole ſtock of my courage and ſtrength. Woe's me, quoth Sancho, ſhou'd this happen to be another adventure of ghoſts, as I fear it is, where ſhall I find ribs to endure it? Come all the fiends in hell, cry'd Don Quixote, I will not ſuffer 'em to touch a hair of thy head. If they inſulted thee lately, know there was then between thee and me a wall, over which I could not climb; but now we are in the open field, where I ſhall have liberty to make uſe of my ſword. Ay, quoth Sancho, you may talk; but ſhou'd they bewitch you as they did before, what the devil would it avail us to be in the open field? Come, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, be of good cheer; the event will ſoon convince thee of the greatneſs of my valour. Pray heav'n it may, quoth Sancho; I'll do my beſt. With that they rode a little out of the way, and gaz-

ing earneſtly at the lights, they ſoon diſcover'd a great number of perſons all in white. At the dreadful ſight, all poor Sancho's ſhuffling courage baſely deſerted him; his teeth began to chatter as if he had been in an ague fit, and as the objects drew nearer his chattering increas'd. And now they could plainly diſtinguiſh about twenty men on horſe-back, all in white, with torches in their hands, follow'd by a herſe cover'd over with black, and ſix men in deep mourning, whoſe mules were alſo in black down to their very heels. Thoſe in white mov'd ſlowly murmuring from their lips ſomething in a low and lamentable tone. This diſmal ſpectacle, at ſuch a time of night, in the midſt of ſuch a vaſt ſolitude, was enough to have ſhipwreck'd the courage of a ſtouter ſquire than Sancho, and even of his maſter, had he been any other than Don Quixote: but as his imagination ſtraight ſuggeſted to him, that this was one of thoſe adventures of which he had ſo often read in his books of chivalry, the herſe appear'd to him to be a litter, where lay the body of ſome knight either ſlain or dangerouſly wounded, the revenge of whoſe misfortunes was reſerv'd for his prevailing arm: and ſo without any more ado, couching his lance, and ſeating himſelf firm in his ſaddle, he poſted himſelf in the middle of the road, where the company were to paſs. As ſoon as they came near, Stand, cry'd he to 'em in a haughty tone, whoever you be, and tell me who you are, whence you come, whither you go, and what you carry in that litter? for there's all the reaſon in the world to believe, that you have either done, or receiv'd a great deal of harm; and 'tis requiſite I ſhould be inform'd of the matter, in order either to puniſh you for the ill you have committed, or elſe to revenge you of the wrong you have ſuffer'd. Sir, anſwer'd one of the men in white, we are in haſte; the inn is a great way off, and we cannot ſtay to anſwer ſo many queſtions; and with that ſpurring his mule, he mov'd forwards. But Don Quixote, highly diſſatisfy'd with the reply, laid hold on the mule's bridle and ſtopp'd him: Stay, cry'd he, proud diſcourteous

knight, mend your behaviour, and give me inſtantly an account of what I aſk'd of ye, or here I defy you all to mortal combat. Now the mule, that was ſhy and ſkittiſh, being thus rudely ſeiz'd by the bridle, was preſently ſcar'd, and riſing up on her hinder legs, threw her rider to the ground. Upon this one of the footmen that belong'd to the company gave Don Quixote ill language; which ſo incens'd him, that being reſolv'd to be reveng'd upon 'em all, in a mighty rage he flew at the next he met, who happen'd to be one of the mourners. Him he threw to the ground very much hurt; and then turning to the reſt with a wonderful agility, he fell upon 'em with ſuch fury, that he preſently put 'em all to flight. You wou'd have thought Rozinante had wings at that time, ſo active and ſo fierce he then approv'd himſelf.

It was not indeed for men unarm'd, and naturally fearful to maintain the field againſt ſuch an enemy; no wonder then if the gentlemen in white were immediately diſpers'd: ſome ran one way, ſome another, croſſing the plain with their lighted torches: you wou'd now have taken 'em for a parcel of frolickſom maſqueraders gamboling and ſcouring on a carnaval night. As for the mourners, they, poor men, were ſo muffled up in their long cumberſome cloaks, that not being able to make their party good, nor defend themſelves, they were preſently routed, and ran away like the reſt, the rather, for that they thought 'twas no mortal creature, but the devil himſelf, that was come to fetch away the dead body which they were accompanying to the grave*. All the while Sancho was loſt in admiration and aſtoniſhment, charm'd with the ſight of his maſter's valour; and now concluded him to be the formidable champion he boaſted himſelf.

After this the knight, by the light of a torch that lay burning upon the ground, perceiving the man who was thrown by his mule lying near it, he rode up to him, and ſetting

* *The author ſeems here to have intended a ridicule on thoſe funeral ſolemnities.*

his lance to his throat, Yield, cry'd he, and beg thy life, or thou dy'ſt. Alas, Sir, cry'd t'other, what need you aſk me to yield? I am not able to ſtir, for one of my legs is broken; and I beſeech you, if you are a Chriſtian, do not kill me. I am a maſter of arts, and in holy orders; 'twould be a heinous ſacrilege to take away my life. What a devil brought you hither then, if you are a clergyman, cry'd Don Quixote? what elſe but my ill fortune, reply'd the ſupplicant? a worſe hovers over thy head, cry'd Don Quixote, and threatens thee, if thou do'ſt not anſwer this moment to every particular queſtion I aſk. I will, I will, Sir, reply'd the other; and firſt I muſt beg your pardon for ſaying I was a maſter of arts, for I have yet but taken my batchelor's degree. My name is Alonzo Lopez: I am of Alcovendas, and came now from the town of Baeça, with eleven other clergymen, the ſame that now ran away with the torches. We were going to Segovia to bury the corps of a gentleman of that town, who dy'd at Baeça, and lies now in yonder herſe. And who kill'd him? aſk'd Don Quixote. Heaven, with a peſtilential fever, anſwer'd the other. If it be ſo, ſaid Don Quixote, I am diſcharg'd of revenging his death. Since Heaven did it, there is no more to be ſaid; had it been its pleaſure to have taken me off ſo, I too muſt have ſubmitted. I would have you inform'd, reverend Sir, that I am a knight of La Mancha, my name Don Quixote; my employment is to viſit all parts of the world in queſt of adventures, to right and relieve injur'd innocence, and puniſh oppreſſion. Truly, Sir, reply'd the clergyman, I do not underſtand how you can call that to right and relieve men, when you break their legs: you've made that crooked which was right and ſtraight before; and heaven knows whether it can ever be ſet right as long as I live. Inſtead of relieving the injur'd, I fear you have injur'd me paſt relief; and while you ſeek adventures, you have made me meet with a very great miſadventure*. All things, reply'd Don Quixote,

* *The author's making the batchelor quibble ſo much, under*

are not bleſs'd alike with a proſperous event, good Mr. Batchelor: you ſhou'd have taken care not to have thus gone a proceſſioning in theſe deſolate plains, at this ſuſpicious time of night, with your white ſurplices, burning torches and ſable weeds, like ghoſts and goblins, that went about to ſcare people out of their wits: for I could not omit doing the duty of my profeſſion, nor would I have forborn attacking you, though you had really been all Lucifer's infernal crew; for ſuch I took you to be, and till this moment cou'd have no better opinion of you. Well, Sir, ſaid the Batchelor, ſince my bad fortune has ſo order'd it, I muſt deſire you, as you are a knight-errant, who have made mine ſo ill an errand, to help me to get from under my mule, for it lies ſo heavy upon me, that I cannot get my foot out of the ſtirrup. Why did not you acquaint me ſooner with your grievances, cry'd Don Quixote? I might have talk'd on till to-morrow morning and never have thought on't. With that he call'd Sancho, who made no great haſte, for he was much better employ'd in rifling a load of choice proviſions, which the holy men carry'd along with 'em on a ſumpter-mule. He had ſpread his coat on the ground, and having laid on it as much food as it would hold, he wrapp'd it up like a bag, and laid the booty on his aſs; and then away he ran to his maſter, and help'd him to ſet the batchelor upon his mule: after which he gave him his torch, and Don Quixote bade him follow his company, and excuſe him for his miſtake, though, all things conſider'd, he could not avoid doing what he had done. And, Sir, quoth Sancho, if the gentlemen would know who 'twas that ſo well threſh'd their jackets, you may tell

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ſuch improper circumſtances, was properly deſign'd as a ridicule upon the younger ſtudents of the univerſities, who are ſo apt to run into an affectation that way, and to miſtake it for wit; as alſo upon the dramatic writers who frequently make their heroes, in their greateſt diſtreſſes, guilty of the like abſurdity.

'em 'twas the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwiſe call'd The knight of the woeful figure.

When the batchelor was gone, Don Quixote aſk'd Sancho why he call'd him the knight of the woeful figure? I'll tell you why, quoth Sancho; I have been ſtaring upon you this pretty while by the light of that unlucky prieſt's torch, and may I ne'er ſtir if e'er I ſet eyes on a more diſmal figure in my born-days; and I can't tell what ſhould be the cauſe on't, unleſs your being tir'd after this fray, or the want of your worſhip's teeth. That's not the reaſon, cry'd Don Quixote; no, Sancho, I rather conjecture, that the ſage who is commiſſion'd by fate to regiſter my atchievements, thought it convenient I ſhould aſſume a new appellation, as all the knights of yore; for one was call'd the knight of the burning ſword, another of the unicorn, a third of the phoenix, a fourth the knight of the damſels, another of the griffin, and another the knight of death; by which by-names and diſtinctions they were known all over the globe. Therefore, doubtleſs, that learned ſage, my hiſtorian, has inſpired thee with the thought of giving me that additional appellation of the knight of the woeful figure: and accordingly I aſſume the name, and intend henceforwards to be diſtinguiſh'd by that denomination. And that it may ſeem the more proper, I will with the firſt opportunity have a moſt woeful face painted on my ſhield. O'my word, quoth Sancho, you may e'en ſave the money, and inſtead of having a woeful face painted, you need no more but only ſhew your own. I'm but in jeſt, as a body may ſay, but what with the want of your teeth, and what with hunger, you look ſo queerly and ſo woefully, that no painter can draw you a figure ſo fit for your purpoſe as your worſhip's. This merry conceit of Sancho extorted a ſmile from his maſter's auſtere countenance: however, he perſiſted in his reſolution about the name and the picture; and after a pauſe, a ſudden thought diſturbing his conſcience, Sancho, cry'd he, I am afraid of being excommunicated for having laid violent hands upon a man in

holy orders, *Juxta illud; ſi quis ſuadente diabolo*, &c*. But yet, now I think better on't, I never touch'd him with my hands, but only with my lance; beſides, I did not in the leaſt ſuſpect I had to do with prieſts, whom I honour and revere as every good Catholick and faithful Chriſtian ought to do, but rather took 'em to be evil ſpirits. Well, let the worſt come to the worſt, I remember what befel the Cid Ruy-Dias, when he broke to pieces the chair of a king's ambaſſador in the pope's preſence, for which he was excommunicated; which did not hinder the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar from behaving himſelf that day like a valorous knight, and a man of honour.

This ſaid, Don Quixote was for viſiting the herſe, to ſee whether what was in it were only dead bones: but Sancho would not let him; Sir, quoth he, you are come off now with a whole ſkin, and much better than you have done hitherto. Who knows but theſe ſame fellows that are now ſcamper'd off, may chance to bethink themſelves what a ſhame it is for 'em to have ſuffer'd themſelves to be thus routed by a ſingle man, and ſo come back, and fall upon us all at once; then we ſhall have work enough upon our hands. The aſs is in good caſe; there's a hill not far off, and our bellies cry cup-board. Come, let's e'en get out of harm's-way, *and not let the plough ſtand to catch a mouſe*, as the ſaying is; *to the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread.* With that he put on a dog-trot with his aſs, and his maſter, bethinking himſelf that he was in the right, put on after him without replying.

After they had rid a little way, they came to a valley that lay ſculking between two hills; there they alighted, and Sancho having open'd his coat and ſpread it on the graſs, with the proviſion which he had bundl'd up in it, our two adventurers fell to; and their ſtomachs being ſharpen'd with

* Canon. 72. Diſtinct. 134.

the ſauce of hunger, they eat their breakfaſt, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and ſupper, all at the ſame time, feaſting themſelves with variety of cold meats, which you may be ſure were the beſt that could be got, the prieſts, who had brought it for their own eating, being like the reſt of their coat, none of the worſt ſtewards for their bellies, and knowing how to make much of themſelves.

But now they began to grow ſenſible of a very great misfortune, and ſuch a misfortune as was bemoan'd by poor Sancho, as one of the ſaddeſt that ever could befal him; for they found they had not one drop of wine or water to waſh down their meat and quench their thirſt, which now ſcorch'd and choaked 'em worſe than hunger had pinch'd 'em before. However, Sancho conſidering they were in a place where the graſs was freſh and green, ſaid to his maſter ——— what you ſhall find in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Of a wonderful adventure atchiev'd by the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; *the like never compaſs'd with leſs danger by any of the moſt famous knights in the world.*

THE graſs is ſo freſh (quoth Sancho, half choak'd with thirſt) that I dare lay my life we ſhall light of ſome ſpring or ſtream hereabouts; therefore, Sir, let's look, I beſeech you, that we may quench this confounded drought that plagues our throats ten times worſe than hunger did our guts. Thereupon Don Quixote leading Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his aſs by the halter, after he had laid up the reverſion of their meal, they went feeling about, only guided by their gueſs; for 'twas ſo dark they ſcarce could ſee their hands. They had not gone above two hundred paces before they heard a noiſe of a great water-fall? which was to them the moſt welcome ſound in the world: but then

liſtning with great attention to know on which ſide the grateful murmur came, they on a ſudden heard another kind of noiſe that ſtrangely allay'd the pleaſure of the firſt, eſpecially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful, and puſillanimous. They heard a terrible din of obſtreperous blows, ſtruck regularly, and a more dreadful rattling of chains and irons, which together with the roaring of the waters, might have fill'd any other heart but Don Quixote's with terror and amazement. Add to this the horrors of a dark night and ſolitude, in an unknown place, the loud ruſtling of the leaves of ſome lofty trees under which fortune brought 'em at the ſame unlucky moment, the whiſtling of the wind, which concurr'd with the other diſmaying ſounds; the fall of the waters, the thundring thumps and the clinking of chains aforeſaid. The worſt too was, that the blows were redoubled without ceaſing, the wind blow'd on, and day-light was far diſtant. But then it was, Don Quixote, ſecur'd by his intrepidity (his inſeparable companion) mounted his Rozinante, brac'd his ſhield, brandiſh'd his lance, and ſhew'd a ſoul unknowing fear, and ſuperior to danger and fortune. Know, Sancho, cry'd he, I was born in this iron age, to reſtore the age of gold, or the golden age, as ſome chuſe to call it. I am the man for whom fate has reſerv'd the moſt dangerous and formidable attempts, the moſt ſtupendious and glorious adventures, and the moſt valorous feats of arms. I am the man who muſt revive the order of the round-table, the twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies, and efface the memory of your Platyrs, your Tablantes, your Olivantes, and your Tirantes. Now muſt your knights of the ſun, your Belianis's, and all the numerous throng of famous heroes, and knights-errant of former ages, ſee the glory of all their moſt dazzling actions eclips'd and darken'd by more illuſtrious exploits. Do but obſerve, O thou my faithful ſquire, what a multifarious aſſemblage of terrors ſurrounds us! A horrid darkneſs, a doleful ſolitude, a confus'd ruſtling of leaves, a diſmal rattling of chains, a howling of the winds, an aſtoniſhing

noiſe of cataracts, that ſeem to fall with a boiſt'rous rapidity from the ſteep mountains of the moon, a terrible ſound of redoubled blows, ſtill wounding our ears like furious thunder-claps, and a dead and univerſal ſilence of thoſe things that might buoy up the ſinking courage of frail mortality. In this extremity of danger, Mars himſelf might tremble with the affright: yet I, in the midſt of all theſe unutterable alarms, ſtill remain undaunted and unſhaken. Theſe are but incentives to my valour, and but animate my heart the more; it grows too big and mighty for my breaſt, and leaps at the approach of this threatning adventure, as formidable as 'tis like to prove. Come, girt Rozinante ſtraighter, and then Providence protect thee: thou may'ſt ſtay for me here; but if I do not return in three days, go back to our village; and from thence, for my ſake, to Toboſo, where thou ſhalt ſay to my incomparable lady Dulcinea, that her faithful knight fell a ſacrifice to love and honour, while he attempted things that might have made him worthy to be call'd her adorer.

When Sancho heard his maſter talk thus, he fell a weeping in the moſt pitiful manner in the world. Pray Sir, cry'd he, why will you thus run yourſelf into miſchief? Why need you go about this rueful miſventure? 'tis main dark, and there's ne'er a living ſoul ſees us; we have nothing to do but to ſheer off, and get out of harm's way, though we were not to drink a drop theſe three days. Who is there to take notice of our flinching? I've heard our parſon, whom you very well know, ſay in his pulpit, that he who ſeeks danger, periſhes therein: and therefore we ſhould not tempt heaven by going about a thing that we cannot compaſs but by a miracle. Is't not enough, think you, that it has preſerv'd you from being toſs'd in a blanket, as I was, and made you come off ſafe and ſound from among ſo many goblins that went with the dead man? if all this won't work upon that hard heart of yours, do but think of me, and reſt yourſelf aſſur'd, that when once you've left your poor Sancho,

he'll be ready to give up the ghoſt for very fear, to the next that will come for't: I left my houſe and home, my wife, children, and all to follow you, hoping to be the better for't, and not the worſe; but as covetouſneſs breaks the ſack, ſo has it broke me and my hopes; for while I thought myſelf cockſure of that unlucky and accurs'd iſland, which you ſo often promis'd me, in lieu thereof you drop me here in a ſtrange place. Dear maſter, don't be ſo hard-hearted; and if you won't be perſwaded not to meddle with this ungracious adventure, do but put it off till day-break, to which, according to the little ſkill I learn'd when a ſhepherd, it can't be above three hours; for the muzzle of the leſſer bear is juſt over our heads, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm. How, can'ſt thou ſee the muzzle of the bear, aſk'd Don Quixote? there's not a ſtar to be ſeen in the ſky. That's true, quoth Sancho; but fear is ſharp-ſighted, and can ſee things under ground, and much more in the ſkies. Let day come, or not come, 'tis all one to me, cry'd the champion; it ſhall never be recorded of Don Quixote, that either tears or intreaties could make him neglect the duty of a knight. Then, Sancho, ſay no more; for heaven that has inſpir'd me with a reſolution of attempting this dreadful adventure, will certainly take care of me and thee: come quickly, girt my ſteed, and ſtay here for me; for you will ſhortly hear of me again, either alive or dead.

Sancho finding his maſter obſtinate, and neither to be mov'd with tears nor good advice, reſolv'd to try a trick of policy to keep him there till day-light: and accordingly, while he pretended to faſten the girths, he ſlily ty'd Rozinante's hinder legs with his aſs's halter, without being ſo much as ſuſpected: ſo that when Don Quixote thought to have mov'd forwards he found his horſe would not go a ſtep without leaping, though he ſpurr'd him on ſmartly. Sancho perceiving his plot took; look you, Sir, quoth he, heaven's o'my ſide, and won't let Rozinante budge a foot forwards; and now if you'll ſtill be ſpurring him, I dare pawn my life,

'twill be but ſtriving againſt the ſtream; or, as the ſaying is, but kicking againſt the pricks. Don Quixote fretted and chaf'd, and rav'd, and was in a deſperate fury, to find his horſe ſo ſtubborn; but at laſt, obſerving that the more he ſpurr'd and gall'd his ſides, the more reſty he prov'd, and he, though unwillingly, reſolv'd to have patience 'till 'twas light. Well, ſaid he, ſince Rozinante will not leave this place, I muſt tarry in't 'till the dawn, though its ſlowneſs will coſt me ſome ſighs. You ſhall not need to ſigh nor be melancholy, quoth Sancho, for I'll undertake to tell you ſtories, 'till it be day, unleſs your worſhip had rather get off your horſe, and take a nap upon the green graſs, as knights-errant are wont, that you may be the freſher, and the better able in the morning to go through that monſtrous adventure that waits for you. What do'ſt thou mean by this alighting and ſleeping, reply'd Don Quixote? think'ſt thou I'm one of thoſe carpet-knights that abandon themſelves to ſleep and lazy eaſe, when danger is at hand? no, ſleep thou, thou art born to ſleep; or do what thou wilt. As for myſelf, I know what I have to do. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, don't put yourſelf into a paſſion, I meant no ſuch thing, not I: ſaying this, he clapp'd one of his hands upon the pummel of Rozinante's ſaddle and 'tother upon the crupper, and thus he ſtood embracing his maſter's left thigh, not daring to budge an inch, for fear of the blows that dinn'd continually in his ears. Don Quixote then thought fit to claim his promiſe, and deſired him to tell ſome of his ſtories to help to paſs away the time. Sir, quoth Sancho, I'm wofully frighted, and have no heart to tell ſtories; however, I'll do my beſt; and now I think on't there's one come into my head, which if I can but hit on't right, and nothing happen'd to put me out, is the beſt ſtory you ever heard in your life; therefore liſten, for I'm going to begin. In the days of yore, when it was as it was, good betide us all, and evil to him that evil ſeeks. And here, Sir, you are to take notice that they of old did not begin their tales in an ordinary way; for 'twas a ſaying of a wiſe man whom they call'd

Cato, the Roman Tonſor*, that ſaid, Evil to him that evil ſeeks, which is as pat for your purpoſe as a ring for the finger, that you may neither meddle nor make, nor ſeek evil and miſchief for the nonce, but rather get out of harm's way, for no body forces us to run into the mouth of all the devils in hell that wait for us yonder. Go on with the ſtory, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, and leave the reſt to my diſcretion. I ſay then, quoth Sancho, that in a country-town in Eſtremadura, there liv'd a certain ſhepherd, goat-herd I ſhould have ſaid; which goat-herd, as the ſtory has it, was called Lope Ruyz; and this Lope Ruyz was in love with a ſhepherdeſs, whoſe name was Toralva, the which ſhepherdeſs, whoſe name was Toralva, was the daughter of a wealthy grazier, and this wealthy grazier——If thou goeſt on at this rate, cry'd Don Quixote, and mak'ſt ſo many needleſs repetitions, thou'lt not have told thy ſtory theſe two days. Pr'ythee tell it conciſely, and like a man of ſenſe, or let it alone. I tell it you, quoth Sancho, as all ſtories are told in our country, and I can't for the blood of me tell it any other way, nor is it fit I ſhould alter the cuſtom. Why then tell it how thou wilt, reply'd Don Quixote, ſince my ill fortune forces me to ſtay and hear thee. Well then, dear Sir, quoth Sancho, as I was ſaying, this ſame ſhepherd, goat-herd I ſhould have ſaid, was woundily in love with that ſame ſhepherdeſs Toralva, who was a well-truſs'd, round, crummy, ſtrapping wench, coy and froppiſh, and ſomewhat like a man, for ſhe had a kind of beard on her upper lip; methinks I ſee her now ſtanding before me. Then I ſuppoſe thou knew'ſt her, ſaid Don Quixote. Not I, anſwer'd Sancho, I ne'er ſet eyes on her in my life; but he that told me the ſtory ſaid this was ſo true, that I might vouch it for a real truth, and even ſwear I had ſeen it all myſelf. Well,——but, as you know, days go and come, and time and ſtraw makes medlars ripe; ſo it

* *A miſtake for Cato the Roman Cenſor.*

happen'd, that after ſeveral days coming and going, the devil, who ſeldom lies dead in a ditch, but will have a finger in every pye, ſo brought it about, that the ſhepherd fell out with his ſweetheart, inſomuch that the love he bore her turn'd into dudgeon and ill-will; and the cauſe was, by report of ſome miſchievous tale-carriers that bore no good will to either party, for that the ſhepherd thought her no better than ſhe ſhould be, a little looſe i'the hilts, and free of her hips*. Thereupon being grievous in the dumps about it, and now bitterly hating her, he e'en reſolv'd to leave that county to get out of her ſight: for now, as every dog has his day, the wench perceiving he came no longer a ſuitoring to her, but rather toſs'd his noſe at her, and ſhunn'd her, ſhe began to love him and doat upon him like any thing. That's the nature of women, cry'd Don Quixote, not to love when we love them, and to love when we love them not. But go on ——— The ſhepherd then gave her the ſlip, continu'd Sancho, and driving his goats before him, went trudging through Eſtremadura, in his way to Portugal. But Toralva, having a long noſe, ſoon ſmelt his deſign, and then what does ſhe do, think ye, but comes after him bare-foot and bare-legg'd, with a pilgrim's ſtaff in her hand, and a wallet at her back, wherein they ſay ſhe carry'd a piece of looking-glaſs, half a comb, a broken pot with paint, and I don't know what other trinkums trankums to prink herſelf up. But let her carry what ſhe wou'd, 'tis no bread and butter of mine; the ſhort and the long is, that they ſay the ſhepherd with his goats got at laſt to the river Guadiana, which happen'd to be overflow'd at that time, and what's worſe than ill luck,

* *In the original it runs,* She gave him a certain quantity of little jealouſies, above meaſure, and within the prohibited degrees: *Alluding to certain meaſures not to be exceeded (in Spain) on pain of forfeiture and corporal puniſhment, as ſwords above ſuch a ſtandard,* &c.

there was neither boat nor bark to ferry him over; which vex'd him the more becauſe he perceiv'd Toralva at his heels, and he fea'd to be teaz'd and plagu'd with her weeping and wailing. At laſt he ſpy'd a fiſher man, in a little boat, but ſo little it was, that it would carry but one man and one goat at a time. Well, for all that, he call'd to the fiſher-man, and agreed with him to carry him and his three hundred goats, over the water. The bargain being ſtruck, the fiſherman came with his boat, and carry'd over one goat; then he row'd back and fetch'd another goat, and after that another goat. Pray Sir, quoth Sancho, be ſure you keep a good account how many goats the fiſher-man ferries over; for if you happen but to miſs one, my tale's at an end, and the devil a word I have more to ſay. Well then, whereabouts was I?—Ho! I ha't——Now the landing-place on the other ſide was very muddy and ſlippery, which made the fiſherman be a long while in going and coming; yet for all that, he took heart o'grace, and made ſhift to carry over one goat, then another, and then another. Come, ſaid Don Quixote, we'll ſuppoſe he has landed them all on the other ſide of the river; for as thou goeſt on one by one we ſhall not have done theſe twelve months. Pray, let me go on in my own way, quoth Sancho. How many goats are got over already? Nay, how the devil can I tell, reply'd Don Quixote! there it is! quoth Sancho; did not I bid you keep count? on my word the tale is at an end, and now you may go whiſtle for the reſt. Ridiculous, cry'd Don Quixote: pr'ythee is there no going on with the ſtory unleſs I know exactly how many goats are wafted over? No marry is there not, quoth Sancho, for as ſoon as you anſwer'd, that you could not tell, the reſt of the ſtory quite and clean ſlipp'd out of my head; and in troth 'tis a thouſand pities, for 'twas a ſpecial one. So then, cry'd Don Quixote, the ſtory's ended. Ah marry is it, quoth Sancho, 'tis no more to be fetch'd to life than my dead mother. Upon my honour, cry'd Don Quixote, a moſt extraordinary ſtory, and told and concluded in as extraordinary

a manner! 'tis a nonſuch I aſſure ye; though truly I expected no leſs from a man of ſuch uncommon parts. Alas! poor Sancho, I am afraid this dreadful noiſe has turn'd thy brain. That may well be, quoth Sancho; but as for my ſtory I'm ſure there's nothing more to be ſaid, for where you loſe the account of the goats, there it ends. Let it be ſo, reply'd Don Quixote; but now let's try whether Rozinante be in humour to march: with that he gave Rozinante two ſpurs, and the high mettled jade anſwer'd with one bound, and then ſtood ſtock ſtill, not having the command of his hind legs.

Much about this time, whether it were the coolneſs of the night, or that Sancho had eaten ſome looſening food at ſupper, or, which ſeems more probable, that nature, by a regular impulſe, gave him notice of her deſire to perform a certain function that follows the third concoction; it ſeems, honeſt Sancho found himſelf urg'd to do that which nobody could do for him: but ſuch were his fears that he durſt not for his life ſtir the breadth of a ſtraw from his maſter; yet to think of bearing the intolerable load that preſs'd him ſo, was to him as great an impoſſibility. In this perplexing exigency, (with leave be it ſpoken) he could find no other expedient but to take his right hand from the crupper of the ſaddle, and ſoftly untying his breeches, let 'em drop down to his heels; having done this, he as ſilently took up his ſhirt, and expos'd his poſteriors, which were none of the leaſt, to the open air: but the main point was how to eaſe himſelf of this terrible burthen without making a noiſe; to which purpoſe he clutch'd his teeth cloſe, ſcrew'd up his face, ſhrunk up his ſhoulders, and held in his breath as much as poſſible: yet ſee what misfortunes attend the beſt projected undertakings! when he had almoſt compaſs'd his deſign, he could not hinder an obſtreperous ſound, very different from thoſe that caus'd his fear, from unluckily burſting out. Hark! cry'd Don Quixote, who heard it, what noiſe is that, Sancho? Some new adventures I'll warrant you, quoth Sancho, for ill luck, you know, ſeldom comes alone. Having paſs'd off

the thing thus, he e'en ventur'd t'other ſtrain, and did it ſo cleverly, that without the leaſt rumour or noiſe, his buſineſs was done effectually, to the unſpeakable eaſe of his body and mind.

But Don Quixote having the ſenſe of ſmelling as perfect as that of hearing, and Sancho ſtanding ſo very near or rather tack'd to him, certain fumes that aſcended perpendicularly, began to regale his noſtrils with a ſmell not ſo grateful as amber. No ſooner the unwelcome ſteams diſturb'd him, but having recourſe to the common remedy, he ſtopp'd his noſe, and then, with a ſnuffling voice, Sancho, ſaid he, thou art certainly in great bodily fear. So I am, quoth Sancho; but what makes your worſhip perceive it now more than you did before? Becauſe, reply'd Don Quixote, thou ſmelleſt now more unſavourily than thou didſt before. Hoh! that may be, quoth Sancho: but whoſe fault's that? you may e'en thank yourſelf for't. Why do you lead me a wild-gooſe chace, and bring me at ſuch unſeaſonable hours to ſuch dangerous places? you know I an't us'd to't. Pr'ythee, ſaid Don Quixote, ſtill holding his noſe, get thee three or four ſteps from me; and for the future take more care, and know your diſtance; for I find, my familiarity with thee has bred contempt. I warrant, quoth Sancho, you think I have been doing ſomething I ſhould not have done. Come, ſay no more, cry'd Don Quixote, the more thou ſtir, the worſe 'twill be.

This diſcourſe, ſuch as it was, ſerv'd them to paſs away the night; and now Sancho, ſeeing the morning ariſe, thought it time to unty Rozinante's feet, and do up his breeches; and he did both with ſo much caution that his maſter ſuſpected nothing. As for Rozinante, he no ſooner felt himſelf at liberty, but he ſeem'd to expreſs his joy by pawing the ground; for, with his leave be it ſpoken, he was a ſtranger to curvetting and prancing. Don Quixote alſo took it as a good omen, that his ſteed was now ready to move, and believ'd it was a ſignal given him by kind fortune, to animate him to give birth to the approaching adventure.

Now had Aurora diſplay'd her roſy mantle over the blushing ſkies, and dark night withdrawn her ſable veil; all objects ſtood confeſs'd to human eyes, and Don Quixote could now perceive he was under ſome tall cheſnut trees, whoſe thick ſpreading boughs diffus'd an awful gloom around the place, but he could not yet diſcover whence proceeded the diſmal ſound of thoſe inceſſant ſtrokes. Therefore, being reſolv'd to find it out, once more he took his leave of Sancho, with the ſame injunctions as before; adding withal, that he ſhould not trouble himſelf about the recompence of his ſervices, for he had taken care of that in his will, which he had providently made before he left home; but if he came off victorious from this adventure, he might moſt certainly expect to be gratify'd with the promis'd iſland. Sancho could not forbear blubbering again to hear theſe tender expreſſions of his maſter, and reſolv'd not to leave him till he had finiſh'd this enterprize. And from that deep concern, and this nobler reſolution to attend him, the author of this hiſtory infers, that the ſquire was ſomething of a gentleman by deſcent, or at leaſt the offspring of the old Chriſtians*. Nor did his good-nature fail to move his maſter more than he was willing to ſhew, at a time when it behov'd him to ſhake off all ſofter thoughts; for now he rode towards the place whence the noiſe of the blows and the water ſeem'd to come, while Sancho trudg'd after him, leading by the halter the inſeparable companion of his good and bad fortune.

After they had gone a pretty way under a pleaſant covert of cheſnut-trees, they came into a meadow adjoining to certain rocks, from whoſe top there was a great fall of waters. At the foot of thoſe rocks they diſcover'd certain old ill-contriv'd buildings, that rather look'd like ruins than inhabited houſes; and they perceiv'd that the terrifying noiſe of the

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* *In contradiſtinction to the* Jewiſh *or* Mooriſh *families, of which there were many in Spain.*

blows, which yet continued, iſſu'd out of that place. When they came nearer, even patient Rozinante himſelf ſtarted at the dreadful ſound; but being hearten'd and pacify'd by his maſter, he was at laſt prevail'd with to draw nearer and nearer with wary ſteps; the knight recommending himſelf all the way moſt devoutly to his Dulcinea, and now and then alſo to heaven, in ſhort ejaculations. As for Sancho, he ſtuck cloſe to his maſter, peeping all the way through Rozinante's legs, to ſee if he could perceive what he dreaded to find out. When a little farther, at the doubling of the point of a rock, they plainly diſcover'd (kind reader, do not take it amiſs) ſix huge fulling-mill hammers, which interchangeably thumping ſeveral pieces of cloth, made the terrible noiſe that caus'd all Don Quixote's anxieties and Sancho's tribulation that night.

Don Quixote was ſtruck dumb at this unexpected ſight, and was ready to drop from his horſe with ſhame and confuſion. Sancho ſtar'd upon him, and ſaw him hang down his head, with a deſponding dejected countenance, like a man quite diſpirited with this curſed diſappointment. At the ſame time he look'd upon Sancho, and ſeeing by his eyes, and his cheeks ſwell'd with laughter, that he was ready to burſt, he could not forbear laughing himſelf in ſpight of all his vexation; ſo that Sancho ſeeing his maſter begin, immediately gave a looſe to his mirth, and broke out into ſuch a fit of laughing, that he was forc'd to hold his ſides with both his knuckles, for fear of burſting his aking paunch. Four times he ceas'd, and four times renew'd his obſtreperous laughing; which ſaucineſs Don Quixote began to reſent with great indignation; and the more when Sancho, in a jeering tone, preſum'd to ridicule him with his own words, repeating part of the vain ſpeech he made when firſt they heard the noiſe; *Know, Sancho, I was born in this iron age to reſtore the age of gold. I am the man for whom heaven has reſerv'd the moſt dangerous and glorious adventures*, &c. Thus he went on, till his maſter, dreadfully inrag'd at his

inſolence, hit him two ſuch blows on the ſhoulders with his lance, that had they fallen upon his head, they had ſav'd Don Quixote the trouble of paying him his wages, whatever he muſt have done to his heirs. Thereupon Sancho, finding his jeſt turn to earneſt, beg'd pardon with all ſubmiſſion: Mercy, good your worſhip, cry'd he, ſpare my bones I beſeech you! I meant no harm, I did but joke a little. And becauſe you joke, I do not, cry'd Don Quixote Come hither, good Mr Jeſter, you who pretend to rally, tell me, had this been a dangerous adventure, as well as it proves only a falſe alarm, have I not ſhewn reſolution enough to undertake and finiſh it? am I, who am a knight, bound to know the meaning of every mechanic noiſe and diſtinguiſh between ſound and ſound? beſides, it might happen, as really it is, that I had never ſeen a fulling mill before, tho' thou like a baſe ſcoundrel as thou art, wert born and brought up among ſuch mean implements of drudgery. But let the ſix fulling-hammers be transform'd into ſo many giants, and then ſet them at me one by one, or all together; and if I do not lay 'em all at my feet with their heels upwards, then I'll give thee leave to exerciſe thy ill-bred raillery as much as thou pleaſeſt.

Good your worſhip, quoth Sancho, talk no more on't, I beſeech you; I confeſs I carry'd the jeſt too far. But now all's huſh'd and well; pray tell me in ſober ſadneſs, as you hope to ſpeed in all adventures, and come off ſafe and ſound as from this, don't you think but that the fright we were in, I mean that I was in, would be a good ſubject for people to make ſport with? I grant it, anſwer'd Don Quixote, but I would not have it told; for all people are not ſo diſcreet as to place things, or look upon 'em in the poſition in which they ſhould be conſidered. I'll ſay that for you, quoth Sancho, you have ſhewn you underſtand how to place things in their right poſition, when aiming at my head, you hit my ſhoulders; had not I duck'd a little o' one ſide, I had been in a fine condition! but let that paſs, 'twill waſh out in the buck-

ſing. I've heard my grannam ſay, that man loves thee well who makes thee to weep. Good maſters may be haſty ſometimes with a ſervant, but preſently after a hard word or two they commonly give him a pair of caſt breeches: what they give after a baſting, heaven knows; all I can tell is, that knights-errant, after baſtinadoes, give you ſome caſt iſland, or ſome old-faſhion'd kingdom upon the main land.

Fortune, ſaid Don Quixote, will perhaps order ev'ry thing thou haſt ſaid to come to paſs; therefore, Sancho, I pr'ythee think no more of my ſeverity; thou know'ſt a man cannot always command the firſt impulſe of his paſſions. On the other ſide, let me adviſe thee not to be ſo ſaucy for the future, and not to aſſume that ſtrange familiarity with me which is ſo unbecoming in a ſervant. I proteſt, in ſuch a vaſt number of books of knight-errantry as I have read, I never found that any ſquire was ever allow'd ſo great a freedom of ſpeech with his maſter as thou takeſt with me; and truly I look upon it to be a great fault in us both; in thee for diſreſpecting me, and in me for not making myſelf be more reſpected. Gandalin, Amadis de Gaule's ſquire, tho' he was earl of the firm iſland, yet never ſpoke to his maſter but with cape in hand, his head bow'd, and his body half bent, after the Turkiſh manner. But what ſhall we ſay of Gaſabal, Don Galaor's ſquire, who was ſuch a ſtrict obſerver of ſilence, that, to the honour of his marvellous taciturnity, he gave the author occaſion to mention his name but once in that voluminous authentic hiſtory? from all this, Sancho, I would have thee make this obſervation, that there ought to be a diſtance kept between the maſter and the man, the knight and the ſquire. Therefore, once more I tell thee, let's live together for the future more according to the due decorum of our reſpective degrees, without giving one another any further vexation on this account; for after all, 'twill always be the worſe for you on whatſoever occaſion we happen to diſagree. As for the rewards I promis'd you, they will come in due time;

and ſhould you be diſappointed that way, you have your ſalary to truſt to, as I have told you.

You ſay very well, quoth Sancho; but now, Sir, ſuppoſe no rewards ſhould come, and I ſhould be forc'd to ſtick to my wages, I'd fain know how much a ſquire-errant us'd to earn in the days of yore? did they go by the month, or by the day, like our labourers? I don't think, reply'd Don Quixote, they ever went by the hire, but rather that they truſted to their maſter's generoſity. And if I have aſſign'd thee wages in my will, which I left ſeal'd up at home, 'twas only to prevent the worſt, becauſe I do not know yet what ſucceſs I may have in chivalry in theſe deprav'd times; and I would not have my ſoul ſuffer in the other world for ſuch a trifling matter; for there is no ſtate of life ſo ſubject to dangers as that of a knight-errant. Like enough, quoth Sancho, when meerly the noiſe of the hammers of a fulling-mill is able to trouble and diſturb the heart of ſuch a valiant knight as your worſhip! but you may be ſure I'll not hereafter ſo much as offer to open my lips to jibe or joke at your doings, but always ſtand in awe of you, and honour you as my lord and maſter. By doing ſo, reply'd Don Quixote, thy days ſhall be long on the face of the earth; for next to our parents we ought to reſpect our maſters, as if they were our fathers.

CHAP. VII.

Of the high adventure and conqueſt of Mambrino's *helmet, with other events relating to our invincible knight.*

AT the ſame time it began to rain, and Sancho would fain have taken ſhelter in the fulling-mills; but Don Quixote had conceiv'd ſuch an antipathy againſt 'em for the ſhame they had put upon him, that he would by no means be prevail'd with to go in; and turning to the right hand, he ſtruck into a high-way, where they had not gone far before he diſcover'd a horſe-man, who wore upon his head ſome-

thing that glitter'd like gold. The knight had no ſooner ſpy'd him, but turning to his ſquire, Sancho, cry'd he, I believe there's no proverb but what is true; they are all ſo many ſentences and maxims drawn from experience, the univerſal mother of ſciences: for inſtance, that ſaying, That where one door ſhuts, another opens: thus fortune, that laſt night deceiv'd us with the falſe proſpect of an adventure, this morning offers us a real one to make us amends; and ſuch an adventure, Sancho, that if I do not glorioufly ſucceed in it, I ſhall have now no pretence to an excuſe, no darkneſs, no unknown ſounds to impute my diſappointment to: in ſhort, in all probability yonder comes the man who wears on his head Mambrino's helmet*, and thou know'ſt the vow I have made. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, mind what you ſay, and take heed what you do; for I would willingly keep my carcaſe and the caſe of my underſtanding from being pounded, maſh'd, and cruſh'd with fulling hammers. Hell take the blockhead, cry'd Don Quixote, is there no difference between a helmet and a fulling-mill? I don't know, ſaith Sancho, but I'm ſure, were I ſuffer'd to ſpeak my mind now as I was wont, mayhaps I would give you ſuch main reaſons, that yourſelf ſhould ſee you're wide of the matter. How can I be miſtaken, thou eternal misbeliever, cry'd Don Quixote? do'ſt thou not ſee that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple grey ſteed, with a helmet of gold on his head? I ſee what I ſee, reply'd Sancho, and the devil of any thing I can ſpy but a fellow on ſuch another grey aſs as mine is, with ſomething that gliſters o'top of his head. I tell thee, that's Mambrino's helmet, reply'd Don Quixote: do thou ſtand at a diſtance, and leave me to deal with him; thou ſhalt ſee, that without trifling away ſo much as a mo-

* Mambrino, *a* Saracen *of great valour, who had a golden helmet, which Rinaldo took from him. See* Orlando Furioſo, *Canto* I.

ment in needleſs talk, I'll finiſh this adventure, and poſſeſs myſelf of the deſir'd helmet. I ſhall ſtand at a diſtance, you may be ſure, quoth Sancho; but I wiſh this may'nt prove another blue bout, and a worſe jobb than the fulling-mills. I have warn'd you already, fellow, ſaid Don Quixote, not ſo much as to name the fulling-mills; dare but once more to do it, nay, but to think on't, and I vow to —I ſay no more, but I'll full and pound your dog'ſhip into jelly. Theſe threats were more than ſufficient to padlock Sancho's lips, for he had no mind to have his maſter's vow fulfilled at the expence of his bones.

Now the truth of the ſtory was this; there were in that part of the country two villages, one of which was ſo little, that it had not ſo much as a ſhop in't, nor any barber; ſo that the barber of the greater village ſerv'd alſo the ſmaller. And thus a perſon happening to have occaſion to be let blood, and another to be ſhav'd, the barber was going thither with his braſs baſon, which he had clapp'd upon his head to keep his hat, that chanc'd to be a new one, from being ſpoil'd by the rain; and as the baſon was new ſcour'd, it made a glittering ſhow a great way off. As Sancho had well obſerv'd, he rode upon a grey aſs, which Don Quixote as eaſily took for a dapple-grey ſteed, as he took the barber for a knight, and his braſs baſon for a golden helmet; his diſtracted brain eaſily applying every object to his romantic ideas. Therefore when he ſaw the poor imaginary knight draw near, he fix'd his lance, or javelin, to his thigh, and without ſtaying to hold a parley with his thoughtleſs adverſary, flew at him as fiercely as Rozinante would gallop, reſolv'd to pierce him through and through; crying out in the midſt of his career, Caitiff, wretch, defend thyſelf, or immediately ſurrender that which is ſo juſtly my due. The barber, who as he peaceably went along ſaw that terrible apparition come thund'ring upon him at unawares, had no other way to avoid being run through with his lance, but to throw himſelf off from his aſs to the ground; and then as haſtily getting up, he took to his heels,

and ran o'er the fields ſwifter than the wind, leaving his aſs and his baſon behind him. Don Quixote finding himſelf thus maſter of the field, and of the baſon, the miſcreant, cry'd he, who has left this helmet, has ſhewn himſelf as prudent as the beaver, who finding himſelf hotly purſu'd by the hunters, to ſave his life, tears and cuts off with his teeth that for which his natural inſtinct tells him he was follow'd. Then he order'd Sancho to take up the helmet. On my word, quoth Sancho, having taken it up, 'tis a ſpecial baſon, and as well worth a piece of eight as a thief is worth a halter. With that he gave it to his maſter who preſently clapp'd it on his head, turning it every way to find out the beaver or vizor; and at laſt ſeeing it had none, doubtleſs, ſaid he, the pagan for whom this famous helmet was firſt made, had a head of a prodigious ſize; but the worſt is, that there's at leaſt one half of it wanting. Sancho could not forbear ſmiling to hear his maſter call the barber's baſon a helmet, and had not his fear daſh'd his mirth, he had certainly laugh'd out-right. What does the fool grin at now? cry'd Don Quixote. I laugh, ſaid he, to think what a hugeous jolt-head he muſt needs have had who was the owner of this ſame helmet, that looks for all the world like a barber's baſon. I fancy, ſaid Don Quixote, this inchanted helmet has fallen by ſome ſtrange accident into the hands of ſome perſon, who, not knowing the value of it, for the lucre of a little money, finding it to be of pure gold melted one half, and of the other made this head-piece, which, as thou ſay'ſt has ſome reſemblance of a barber's baſon: but to me, who know the worth of it, the metamorphoſis ſignifies little; for as ſoon as ever I come to ſome town where there's an armourer, I will have it alter'd ſo much for the better, that then even the helmet which the god of ſmiths made for the god of war ſhall not deſerve to be compar'd with it. In the mean time I'll wear it as it is; 'tis better than nothing, and will ſerve at leaſt to ſave part of my head from the violent encounter of a ſtone. Ay, that it will, quoth Sancho, ſo 'tis not hurl'd out of a ſling,

as were thoſe at the battle between the two armies, when they hit you that confounded dowſe o'the chops, that ſaluted your worſhip's cheek-teeth, and broke the pot about your ears in which you kept that bleſſed drench that made me bring up my guts. I rue, cry'd Don Quixote, there I loſt my precious balſam indeed; but I do not much repine at it, for thou knoweſt I have the receipt in my memory. So have I too, quoth Sancho, and ſhall have while I have breath to draw; but if ever I make any of that ſtuff, or taſte it again, may I give up the ghoſt with it: beſides, I don't intend ever to do any thing that may give occaſion for the uſe of it: for, my fix'd reſolution is, with all my five ſenſes, to preſerve myſelf from hurting and from being hurt, by any body. As to being toſs'd in a blanket again, I've nothing to ſay to that, for there's no remedy for accidents but patience it ſeems: ſo if it ever be my lot to be ſerv'd ſo again, I'll e'en ſhrink up my ſhoulders, hold my breath, and ſhut my eyes, and then happy be lucky, let the blanket and fortune e'en toſs on to the end o'the chapter.

Truly, ſaid Don Quixote, I am afraid thou'rt no good Chriſtian, Sancho, thou never forget'ſt injuries. Let me tell thee, 'tis the part of noble and generous ſpirits to paſs by trifles. Where art thou lame? which of thy ribs is broken? or what part of thy ſkull is bruis'd? that thou can'ſt never think on that jeſt without malice: for after all, 'twas nothing but a jeſt, a harmleſs piece of paſtime; had I look'd upon it otherwiſe, I had return'd to that place before this time, and had made more noble miſchief in revenge of the abuſe, than ever the incens'd Grecians did at Troy, for the detention of their Helen, that fam'd beauty of the ancient world, who however had ſhe liv'd in our age, or had my Dulcinea adorn'd her's, would have found her charms out-rivall'd by my miſtreſs's perfections: and ſaying this, he heav'd up a deep ſigh. Well then, quoth Sancho, I'll not rip up old ſores; let it go for a jeſt, ſince there's no revenging it in earneſt. But what ſhall we do with this dapple-grey ſteed that's ſo

like a grey aſs? you ſee that ſame poor devil errant has left it to ſhift for itſelf, poor thing, and by his haſte to rub off, I don't think he means to come back for it, and, by my beard, the grey beaſt is a ſpecial one. 'Tis not my cuſtom, reply'd Don Quixote, to plunder thoſe whom I overcome; nor is it uſual among us knights, for the victor to take the horſe of his vanquiſh'd enemy and let him go afoot, unleſs his own ſteed be kill'd or diſabled in the combat: therefore, Sancho, leave the horſe, or the aſs, whatever thou pleaſeſt to call it, the owner will be ſure to come for't as ſoon as he ſees us gone. I've a huge mind to take him along with us, quoth Sancho, or at leaſt to exchange him for my own, which is not ſo good. What, are the laws of knight-errantry ſo ſtrict, that a man muſt not exchange one aſs for another? at leaſt I hope they'll give me leave to ſwop one harneſs for another. Truly, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, I am not ſo very certain as to this laſt particular, and therefore, till I am better inform'd, I give thee leave to exchange the furniture, if thou haſt abſolutely occaſion for't. I've ſo much occaſion for't, quoth Sancho, that tho' 'twere for my own very ſelf I cou'd not need it more. So without any more ado, being authoriz'd by his maſter's leave, he made *mutatio caparum*, (a change of capariſons) and made his own beaſt three parts in four better* for his new furniture. This done, they breakfaſted upon what they left at ſupper, and quench'd their thirſt at the ſtream that turn'd the fulling-mills, towards which they took care not to caſt an eye, for they abominated the very thoughts of 'em. Thus their ſpleen being eas'd, their choleric and melancholic humours aſſuag'd, up they got again, and never minding their way, were all guided by Rozinante's diſcretion, the depoſitory of his maſter's will, and alſo of the aſs's, that

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* *Literally leaving him better by a* Tierce *and* Quint: *alluding to the game of* Picquet, *in which a* Tierce *or a* Quint *may be gain'd by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.*

kindly and ſociably always follow'd his ſteps where-ever he went. Their guide ſoon brought them again into the high road, where they kept on a ſlow pace, not caring which way they went.

As they jogg'd on thus, quoth Sancho to his maſter, Pray Sir, will you give me leave to talk to you a little? for ſince you have laid that bitter command upon me, to hold my tongue, I've had four or five quaint conceits that have rotted in my gizzard, and now I've another at my tongue's end that I would not for any thing ſhould miſcarry. Say it, cry'd Don Quixote, but be ſhort, for no diſcourſe can pleaſe when too long.

Well then, quoth Sancho, I've been thinking to myſelf of late how little is to be got by hunting up and down thoſe barren woods and ſtrange places, where, tho' you compaſs the hardeſt and moſt dangerous jobbs of knight-errantry, yet no living ſoul ſees or hears on't, and ſo 'tis every bit as good as loſt; and therefore methinks 'twere better (with ſubmiſſion to your worſhip's better judgment be it ſpoken) that we e'en went to ſerve ſome emperor, or other great prince that's at war; for there you might ſhew how ſtout, and how wonderous ſtrong and wiſe you be; which being perceiv'd by the lord we ſhall ſerve, he muſt needs reward each of us according to his deſerts; and there you'll not want a learned ſcholar to ſet down all your high deeds, that they may never be forgotten: as for mine I ſay nothing, ſince they are not to be nam'd the ſame day with your worſhip's; and yet I dare avouch, that if any notice be taken in knight-errantry of the feats of ſquires, mine will be ſure to come in for a ſhare. Truly, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, there is ſome reaſon in what thou ſay'ſt; but firſt of all 'tis requiſite that a knight-errant ſhould ſpend ſome time in various parts of the world, as a probationer in queſt of adventures, that by atchieving ſome extraordinary exploits, his renown may diffuſe itſelf through neighbouring climes and diſtant nations: ſo when he goes to the court of ſome great monarch, his fame

flying before him as his harbinger, ſecures him ſuch a reception, that the knight has ſcarce reac 'd the gates of the metropolis of the kingdom, when he finds himſelf attended and ſurrounded by admiring crouds, pointing and crying out, There, there rides the knight of the ſun, or of the ſerpent, or whatever other title the knight takes upon him: that's he, they'll cry, who vanquiſh'd in ſingle combat the huge giant Brocabruno, ſir nam'd Of the invincible ſtrength: this is he that freed the great Mamaluco of Perſia from the inchantment that had kept him confin'd for almoſt nine hundred years together. Thus, as they relate his atchievements with loud acclamations, the ſpreading rumour at laſt reaches the king's palace, and the monarch of that country being deſirous to be inform'd with his own eyes, will not fail to look out of his window. As ſoon as he ſees the knight, knowing him by his arms, or the device on his ſhield, he'll be oblig'd to ſay to his attendants, My lords and gentlemen, haſte all of you, as many as are knights, go and receive the flower of chivalry that's coming to our court. At the king's command, away they all run to introduce him; the king himſelf meets him half way on the ſtairs, where he embraces his valorous gueſt, and kiſſes his cheek: then taking him by the hand, he leads him directly to the queen's apartment; where the knight finds her attended by the princeſs her daughter, who muſt be one of the moſt beautiful and moſt accompliſh'd damſels in the whole compaſs of the univerſe. At the ſame time fate will ſo diſpoſe of every thing, that the princeſs ſhall gaze on the knight, and the knight on the princeſs, and each ſhall admire one another as perſons rather angelical than human; and then by an unaccountable charm they ſhall both find themſelves caught and entangl'd in the inextricable net of love, and wond'rouſly perplex'd for want of an opportunity to diſcover their amorous anguiſh to one another. After this, doubtleſs, the knight is conducted by the king to one of the richeſt apartments in the palace; where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a

rich ſcarlet veſtment lin'd with ermins; and if he look'd ſo graceful cas'd in ſteel, how lovely will he appear in all the heightening ornaments of courtiers! night being come, he ſhall ſup with the king, the queen, and the princeſs; and ſhall all the while be feaſting his eyes with the ſight of the charmer, yet ſo as no body ſhall perceive it; and ſhe will repay him his glances with as much diſcretion; for, as I have ſaid, ſhe is a moſt accompliſh'd perſon. After ſupper a ſurprizing ſcene is unexpectedly to appear: enter firſt an ill-favour'd little dwarf, and after him a fair damſel between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure ſo contriv'd by an ancient necromancer, and ſo difficult to be perform'd, that he who ſhall undertake and end it with ſucceſs, ſhall be eſteem'd the beſt knight in the world. Preſently 'tis the king's pleaſure that all his courtiers ſhould attempt it; which they do, but all of them unſucceſsfully; for the honour is reſerv'd for the valorous ſtranger, who effects that with eaſe which the reſt eſſay'd in vain; and then the princeſs ſhall be over-joy'd, and eſteem herſelf the moſt happy creature in the world, for having beſtow'd her affections on ſo deſerving an object. Now by the happy appointment of fate, this king, or this emperor, is at war with one of his neighbours as powerful as himſelf; and the knight being inform'd of this, after he has been ſome few days at court, offers the king his ſervice; which is accepted with joy, and the knight courteouſly kiſſes the king's hand in acknowledgement of ſo great a favour. That night the lover takes his leave of the princeſs at the iron grate before her chamber-window looking into the garden, where he and ſhe have already had ſeveral interviews, by means of the princeſs's confident, a damſel who carries on the intrigue between them. The knight ſighs, the princeſs ſwoons, the damſel runs for cold water to bring her to life again, very uneaſy alſo becauſe the morning-light approaches, and ſhe would not have them diſcover'd, leſt it ſhould reflect on her lady's honour. At laſt the princeſs revives, and gives the knight her lovely hand to kiſs thro' the iron grate; which

he does a thouſand and a thouſand times, bathing it all the while with his tears. Then they agree how to tranſmit their thoughts with ſecrecy to each other, with a mutual intercourſe of letters, during this fatal abſence. The princeſs prays him to return with all the ſpeed of a lover; the knight promiſes it with repeated vows, and a thouſand kind proteſtations. At laſt, the fatal moment being come that muſt tear him from all he loves, and from his very ſelf, he ſeals once more his love on her ſoft ſnowy hand, almoſt breathing out his ſoul, which mounts to his lips, and even would leave its body to dwell there; and then he is hurry'd away by the fearful confident. After this cruel ſeparation he retires to his chamber, throws himſelf on his bed; but grief will not ſuffer ſleep to cloſe his eyes. Then riſing with the ſun, he goes to take his leave of the king and the queen: he deſires to pay his compliment of leave to the princeſs, but he is told ſhe is indiſpos'd; and as he has reaſon to believe that his departing is the cauſe of her diſorder, he is ſo griev'd at the news, that he is ready to betray the ſecret of his heart; which the princeſs's confident obſerving, ſhe goes and acquaints her with it, and finds the lovely mourner bath'd in tears, who tells her, that the greateſt affliction of her ſoul is her not knowing whether her charming knight be of royal blood: but the damſel pacifies her, aſſuring her that ſo much gallantry, and ſuch noble qualifications, were unqueſtionably deriv'd from an illuſtrious and royal original. This comforts the afflicted fair, who does all ſhe can to compoſe her looks, leſt the king or the queen ſhould ſuſpect the cauſe of their alteration; and ſo ſome days after ſhe appears in public as before. And now the knight having been abſent for ſome time, meets, fights, and overcomes the king's enemies, takes I don't know how many cities, wins I don't know how many battles, returns to court, and appears before his miſtreſs laden with honour. He viſits her privately as before, and they agree that he ſhall demand her of the king her father in marriage, as the reward of all his ſervices; but the king will not grant his ſuit, as being

unacquainted with his birth: however whether it be that the princeſs ſuffers herſelf to be privately carry'd away, or that ſome other means are us'd, the knight marries her, and in a little time the king is very well pleas'd with the match; for now the knight appears to be the ſon of a mighty king of I can't tell you what country, for I think 'tis not in the map. Some time after the father dies, the princeſs is heireſs, and thus in a trice our knight comes to be king. Having thus compleated his happineſs, his next thoughts are to gratify his ſquire, and of all thoſe who have been inſtrumental in his advancement to the throne: thus he marries his ſquire to one of the princeſs's damſels, and moſt probably to her favourite, who had been privy to the amours, and who is daughter to one of the moſt conſiderable dukes in the kingdom.

That's what I've been looking for all this while, quoth Sancho; give me but that, and let the world rub, there I'll ſtick, for every title o' this will come to paſs, and be your worſhip's caſe as ſure as a gun, if you'll take upon you that ſame nick-name of The knight of the woeful figure. Moſt certainly, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for by the ſame ſteps, and in that very manner, knights-errant have always proceeded to aſcend to the throne: therefore our chief buſineſs is to find out ſome great potentate, either among the Chriſtians or the Pagans, that is at war with his neighbours, and has a fair daughter. But we ſhall have time enough to enquire after that; for, as I have told thee, we muſt firſt purchaſe fame in other places, before we preſume to go to court. Another thing makes me more uneaſy: ſuppoſe we have found out a king and a princeſs, and I have fill'd the world with the fame of my unparallel'd atchievements, yet cannot I tell how to find out that I am of royal blood, though it were but ſecond couſin to an emperor: for, 'tis not to be expected that the king will ever conſent that I ſhall wed his daughter 'till I have made this out by authentic proofs, tho' my ſervice deſerve it never ſo much; and thus for want of a punctilio, I am in danger of loſing what my valour ſo juſtly merits.

'Tis true, indeed, I am a gentleman, and of a noted antient family, and poſſeſs'd of an eſtate of a hundred and twenty crowns a year; nay, perhaps the learned hiſtoriographer who is to write the hiſtory of my life, will ſo improve and beautify my genealogy, that he will find me to be the fifth, or ſixth at leaſt, in deſcent from a king: for, Sancho, there are two ſorts of originals in the world; ſome who ſprung from mighty kings and princes, by little and little have been ſo leſſen'd and obſcur'd, that the eſtates and titles of the following generations have dwindled to nothing, and ended in a point like a pyramid; others, who from mean and low beginnings ſtill riſe and riſe, till at laſt they are rais'd to the very top of human greatneſs: ſo vaſt the difference is, that thoſe who were ſomething are now nothing, and thoſe that were nothing are now ſomething. And therefore who knows but that I may be one of thoſe whoſe original is ſo illuſtrious; which being handſomely made out, after due examination, ought undoubtedly to ſatisfy the king, my father-in-law. But even ſuppoſing he were ſtill refractory, the princeſs is to be ſo deſperately in love with me, that ſhe will marry me without his conſent, tho' I were a ſon of the meaneſt water-carrier; and if her tender honour ſcruples to bleſs me againſt her father's will, then it may not be amiſs to put a pleaſant conſtraint upon her, by conveying her by force out of the reach of her father, to whoſe perſecutions either time or death will be ſure to put a period.

Ay, quoth Sancho, your rake-helly fellows have a ſaying that's pat to your purpoſe, *Ne'er cringe nor creep, for what you by force may reap;* tho' I think 'twere better ſaid, *A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man**. No more to be ſaid, if the king your father-in-law won't let you have his daughter by fair means, ne'er ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I, but fairly and ſquarely run away with her. All the miſchief that I fear is only, that while you're making your peace with

* *Better to rob than to ask charity.*

him, and waiting after a dead man's ſhoes, as the ſaying is, the poor dog of a ſquire is like to go long bare-foot, and may go hang himſelf for any good you'll be able to do him, unleſs the damſel, Go-between, who's to be his wife, run away too with the princeſs, and he ſolace himſelf with her till a better time comes; for I don't ſee but that the knight may clap up the match between us without any more ado. That's moſt certain, anſwer'd Don Quixote. Why then, quoth Sancho, let's e'en take our chance, and let the world rub. May fortune crown our wiſhes, cry'd Don Quixote, and let him be a wretch who thinks himſelf one. Amen, ſay I, quoth Sancho; for I'm one of your old Chriſtians, and that's enough to qualify me to be an earl. And more than enough, ſaid Don Quixote; for tho' thou wert not ſo well deſcended, being a king I could beſtow nobility on thee, without putting thee to the trouble of buying it, or doing me the leaſt ſervice; and making thee an earl, men muſt call thee my lord, tho' it grieves 'em never ſo much. And do you think, quoth Sancho, I would not become my equality main well? Thou ſhould'ſt ſay quality, ſaid Don Quixote, and not equality. Ev'n as you will, return'd Sancho: but, as I was ſaying, I ſhould become an earldom rarely; for I was once beadle to a brotherhood, and the beadle's gown did ſo become me, that every body ſaid I had the preſence of a warden. Then how do you think I ſhall look with a duke's robes on my back, all bedawb'd with gold and pearl like any foreign count? I believe we ſhall have folks come a hundred leagues to ſee me. Thou wilt look well enough, ſaid Don Quixote; but then thou muſt ſhave that rough buſhy beard of thine at leaſt ev'ry other day, or people will read thy beginning in thy face as ſoon as they ſee thee. Why then, quoth Sancho, 'tis but keeping a barber in my houſe; and if needs be, he ſhall trot after me where-ever I go, like a grandee's maſter of the horſe. How cam'ſt thou to know, ſaid Don Quixote, that grandees have their maſters of the horſe to ride after 'em? I'll tell you, quoth Sancho: ſome years ago I happen'd to

be about a month among your court-folks, and there I ſaw a little dandiprat riding about, who, they ſaid, was a hugeous great lord: there was a man a horſe-back that follow'd him cloſe where-ever he went, turning and ſtopping as he did, you'd have thought he had been ty'd to his horſe's tail. With that I aſk'd why that hind-man did not ride by the other, but ſtill came after him thus? and they told me he was maſter of his horſes, and that the grandees have always ſuch kind of men at their tail; and I mark'd this ſo well, that I han't forgot it ſince. Thou art in the right, ſaid Don Quixote; and thou may'ſt as reaſonably have thy barber attend thee in this manner. Cuſtoms did not come up all at once, but rather ſtarted up and were improv'd by degrees; ſo thou may'ſt be the firſt earl that rode in ſtate with his barber behind him; and this may be ſaid to juſtify thy conduct, that 'tis an office of more truſt to ſhave a man's beard than to ſaddle a horſe. Well, quoth Sancho, leave the buſineſs of the cut-beard to me, and do but take care you be a king and I an earl. Never doubt it, reply'd Don Quixote; and with that looking about, he diſcover'd——what the next chapter will tell you.

CHAP. VIII.

How Don Quixote *ſet free many miſerable creatures, who were carrying, much againſt their wills, to a place they did not like.*

CID Hamet Benangeli, an Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this moſt grave, high-ſounding, minute, ſoft and humorous hiſtory, that after this diſcourſe between the renown'd Don Quixote and his ſquire Sancho Pança, which we have laid down at the end of the ſeventh chapter, the knight lifting up his eyes, ſaw about twelve men a-foot, trudging in the road, all in a row, one behind another, like beads upon a ſtring, being link'd together by the neck to a huge iron chain, and manacl'd beſides. They were guarded by two horſemen, arm'd with carbines, and two men a-foot,

with ſwords and javelins. As ſoon as Sancho ſpy'd 'em, Look ye, Sir, cry'd he, here's a gang of wretches hurried away by main force to ſerve the king in the gallies. How, reply'd Don Quixote! is it poſſible the king will force any body? I don't ſay ſo, anſwer'd Sancho; I mean theſe are rogues whom the law has ſentenc'd for their miſdeeds, to row in the king's gallies. However, reply'd Don Quixote, they are forc'd, becauſe they do not go of their own free will. Sure enough, quoth Sancho. If it be ſo, ſaid Don Qoixote, they come within the verge of my office, which is to hinder violence and oppreſſion, and ſuccour all people in miſery. Ay, Sir, quoth Sancho, but neither the king nor law offer any violence to ſuch wicked wretches, they have but their deſerts. By this the chain of ſlaves came up, when Don Quixote, in very civil terms, deſir'd the guards to inform him why theſe poor people were led along in that manner? Sir, anſwer'd one of the horſemen, they are criminals condemn'd to ſerve the king in his gallies: that's all I've to ſay to you, and you need enquire no further. Nevertheleſs, Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, I have a great deſire to know in few words the cauſe of their misfortune, and I will eſteem it an extraordinary favour, if you will let me have that ſatisfaction. We've here the copies and certificates of their ſeveral ſentences, ſaid the other horſeman, but we can't ſtand to pull 'em out and read 'em now; you may draw near and examine the men yourſelf: I ſuppoſe they themſelves will tell you why they are condemn'd; for they are ſuch honeſt people, they are not aſham'd to boaſt of their rogueries. With this permiſſion, which Don Quixote wou'd have taken of himſelf had they deny'd it him, he rode up to the chain, and aſk'd the firſt, for what crimes he was in theſe miſerable circumſtances? The galley-ſlave anſwer'd him, that 'twas for being in love. What, only for being in love, cry'd Don Quixote! were all thoſe that are in love to be thus us'd, I myſelf might have been long ſince in the gallies. Ay, but reply'd the ſlave, my love was not of that ſort which you conjecture: I was ſo deſperately in love with

a baſket of linen, and embrac'd it ſo cloſe, that had not the judge taken it from me by force, I wou'd not have parted with it willingly. In ſhort, I was taken in the fact, and ſo there was no need to put me to the rack, 'twas prov'd ſo plain upon me. So I was committed, try'd, condemn'd, had the gentle laſh; and beſides that, was ſent, for three years, to be an element-daſher, and there's an end of the buſineſs. An element-daſher, cry'd Don Quixote, what do you mean by that? A galley-ſlave, anſwer'd the criminal, who was a young fellow, about four and twenty years old, and ſaid he was born at Piedra Hita.

Then Don Quixote examined the ſecond, but he was ſo ſad and deſponding, that he would make no anſwer; however, the firſt rogue inform'd the knight of his affairs: Sir, ſaid he, this Canary-bird keeps us company for having ſung too much. Is't poſſible, cry'd Don Quixote! are men ſent to the gallies for ſinging? Ay, marry, are they, quoth the arch rogue; for there's nothing worſe than to ſing in anguiſh. How, cry'd Don Quixote! that contradicts the ſaying, *Sing away ſorrow, caſt away care.* Ay, but with us the caſe is different, reply'd the ſlave, he that ſings in diſaſter, weeps all his life after. This is a riddle which I cannot unfold, cry'd Don Quixote. Sir, ſaid one of the guards, *Singing in anguiſh*, among theſe jail birds, means to confeſs upon the rack: this fellow was put to the torture, and confeſs'd his crime, which was ſtealing of cattle; and becauſe he ſqueak'd, or ſung, as they call it, he was condemn'd to the gallies for ſix years, beſides an hundred jirks with a cat of nine tails that have whiſk'd and powder'd his ſhoulders already. Now the reaſon why he goes thus mopiſh and out o'ſorts, is only becauſe his comrogues jeer and laugh at him continually for not having had the courage to deny: as if it had not been as eaſy for him to have ſaid no as yes; or as if a fellow, taken up on ſuſpicion, were not a lucky rogue, when there is no poſitive evidence can come in againſt him but his own tongue;

and in my opinion they're ſomewhat in the right. I think ſo too, ſaid Don Quixote.

Thence addreſſing himſelf to the third, And you, ſaid he, what have you done? Sir, anſwer'd the fellow, readily and pleaſantly enough, I muſt mow the great meadow for five years together, for want of twice five ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart, ſaid Don Quixote, to deliver thee from that miſery. Thank you for nothing, quoth the ſlave; 'tis juſt like the proverb, *After meat comes muſtard;* or, like money to a ſtarving man at ſea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it: had I had the twenty ducats you offer me before I was try'd, to have greas'd the clerk's [or recorder's] fiſt, and have whetted my lawyer's wit, I might have been now at Toledo in the market-place of Zocodover, and not have been thus led along like a dog in a ſtring. But heaven is powerful, Baſta; I ſay no more.

Then paſſing to the fourth, who was a venerable old Don, with a grey beard that reach'd to his boſom, he put the ſame queſtion to him; whereupon the poor creature fell a weeping, and was not able to give him an anſwer: ſo the next behind him lent him a tongue. Sir, ſaid he, this honeſt perſon goes to the gallies for four years, having taken his progreſs through the town in ſtate, and reſted at the uſual ſtations. That is, quoth Sancho, as I take it, after he had been expoſed to public ſhame*. Right, reply'd the ſlave; and all this he's condemn'd to for being a broker of human fleſh: for, to tell you the truth, the gentleman is a pimp, and, beſides that, he has a ſmack of conjuring. If it were not for that addition of conjuring, cry'd Don Quixote, he ought not to have been ſent to the gallies, purely for being a pimp, unleſs it were to be general of the gallies: for, the profeſſion of a bawd, pimp,

* *Inſtead of the pillory, in Spain, they carry that ſort of malefactors on an aſs, and in a particular habit, along the ſtreets, the crier going before, and proclaiming their crime.*

or meſſenger of love, is not like other common employments, but an office that requires a great deal of prudence and ſagacity; an office of truſt and weight, and moſt highly neceſſary in a well regulated common-wealth; nor ſhould it be executed but by civil well-deſcended perſons of good natural parts, and of a liberal education. Nay, 'twere requiſite there ſhould be a comptroller and ſurveyor of the profeſſion, as there are of others; and a certain and ſettled number of 'em, as there are of exchange-brokers. This wou'd be a means to prevent an infinite number of miſchiefs that happen every day, becauſe the trade or profeſſion is follow'd by poor ignorant pretenders, ſilly waiting women, young giddy-brain'd pages, ſhallow footmen, and ſuch raw unexperienc'd ſort of people, who in unexpected turns and emergences ſtand with their fingers in their mouths, know not their right hand from their left, but ſuffer themſelves to be ſurpriz'd, and ſpoil all for want of quickneſs of invention either to conceal, carry on, or bring off a thing artificially. Had I but time I would point out what ſort of perſons are beſt qualified to be choſen profeſſors of this moſt neceſſary employment in the commonwealth; however, at ſome fitter ſeaſon I will inform thoſe of it who may remedy this diſorder. All I have to ſay now, is, that the grief I had to ſee theſe venerable grey hairs in ſuch diſtreſs, for having follow'd that no leſs uſeful than ingenious vocation of pimping, is now loſt in my abhorrence of his additional character of a conjurer; tho' I very well know that no ſorcery in the world can effect or force the will, as ſome ignorant credulous perſons fondly imagine: for our will is a free faculty, and no herb nor charms can conſtrain it. As for philtres and ſuch-like compoſitions which ſome ſilly women and deſigning pretenders make, they are nothing but certain mixtures and poiſonous preparations, that make thoſe who take them run mad; tho' the deceivers labour to perſuade us they can make one perſon love another; which, as I've ſaid, is an impoſſible thing, our will being a free, uncontroulable power. You ſay very well, Sir, cry'd the old

coupler; and, upon my honour, I proteſt I am wholly innocent, as to the imputation of witchcraft. As for the buſineſs of pimping, I cannot deny it, but I never took it to be a criminal function; for my intention was, that all the world ſhould taſte the ſweets of love, and enjoy each other's ſociety, living together in friendſhip and in peace, free from thoſe griefs and jars that unpeople the earth. But my harmleſs deſign has not been ſo happy as to prevent my being ſent now to a place whence I never expect to return, ſtooping as I do under the heavy burden of old age, and being grievouſly afflicted with the ſtrangury, which ſcarce affords me a moment's reſpite from pain. This ſaid, the reverent procurer burſt out afreſh into tears and lamentations, which melted Sancho's heart ſo much, that he pull'd a piece of money out of his boſom and gave it to him as an alms.

Then Don Quixote turn'd to the fifth, who ſeem'd to be nothing at all concern'd. I go to ſerve his majeſty, ſaid he, for having been ſomewhat too familiar with two of my couſin-germans, and two other kind-hearted virgins that were ſiſters; by which means I have multiply'd my kind, and begot ſo odd and intricate a medly of kindred, that 'twould puzzle a convocation of caſuiſts to reſolve their degrees of conſanguinity. All this was prov'd upon me. I had no friends, and what was worſe, no money, and ſo was like to have ſwung for't: however, I was only condemn'd to the gallies for ſix years, and patiently ſubmitted to't. I feel myſelf yet young, to my comfort; ſo if my life does but hold out, all will be well in time. If you will be pleas'd to beſtow ſomething upon poor ſinners, heaven will reward you; and when we pray, we will be ſure to remember you, that your life may be as long and proſperous, as your preſence is goodly and noble. This briſk ſpark appear'd to be a ſtudent by his habit, and ſome of the guards ſaid he was a fine ſpeaker, and a good latiniſt.

After him came a man about thirty years old, a clever, well-ſet, handſome fellow, only he ſquinted horribly with

one eye: he was ſtrangely loaded with irons; a heavy chain clogg'd his leg, and was ſo long, that he twiſted it about his waiſt like a girdle: he had a couple of collars about his neck, the one to link him to the reſt of the ſlaves, and the other, one of thoſe iron-ruffs which they call a keep-friend, or a friend's foot; from whence two irons went down to his middle, and to their two bars were rivetted a pair of manacles that gripp'd him by the fiſts, and were ſecur'd with a large padlock; ſo that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head towards his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why he was worſe hamper'd with irons than the reſt? Becauſe he alone has done more rogueries than all the reſt, anſwer'd one of the guards. This is ſuch a reprobate, ſuch a devil of a fellow, that no goal nor fetters will hold him; we are not ſure he's faſt enough, for all he's chain'd ſo. What ſort of crimes then has he been guilty of, aſk'd Don Quixote, that he is only ſent to the gallies? Why, anſwer'd the keeper, he is condemn'd to ten years ſlavery, which is no better than a civil death: but I need not ſtand to tell you any more of him, but that he is that notorious rogue Gines de Paſſamonte, alias Gineſillo de Parapilla. Hark you, Sir, cry'd the ſlave, fair and ſoftly; what a pox makes you give a gentleman more names than he has? Gines is my Chriſtian name, and Paſſamonte my ſir-name, and not Gineſillo, nor Parapilla, as you ſay. Blood! let every man mind what he ſays, or it may prove the worſe for him. Don't you be ſo ſaucy, Mr. Crack-rope, cry'd the officer to him, or I may chance to make you keep a better tongue in your head. 'Tis a ſign, cry'd the ſlave, that a man's faſt, and under the laſh; but one day or other ſome body ſhall know whether I'm call'd Parapilla or no. Why, Mr. Slip-ſtring, reply'd the officer, do not people call you by that name? They do, anſwer'd Gines, but I'll make 'em call me otherwiſe, or I'll fleece and bite them worſe than I care to tell you now. But you, Sir, who are ſo inquiſitive, added he, turning to Don Quixote, if you've a mind to give us any thing, pray do it quickly,

and go your ways; for I don't like to ſtand here anſwering queſtions; broil me! I am Gines de Paſſamonte, I am not aſham'd of my name. As for my life and converſation, there's an account of 'em in black and white, written with this numerical hand of mine. There he tells you true, ſaid the officer, for he has written his own hiſtory himſelf, without omitting a tittle of his roguiſh pranks; and he has left the manuſcript in pawn in the priſon for two hundred reals: Ay, ſaid Gines, and will redeem it, burn me! tho' it lay there for as many ducats. Then it muſt be an extraordinary piece, cry'd Don Quixote. So extraordinary, reply'd Gines, that it far out-does not only Lazarillo de Tormes, but whatever has been, and ſhall be written in that kind: for mine's true every word, and no invented ſtories can compare with it for variety of tricks and accidents. What's the title of the book, aſk'd Don Quixote? The life of Gines de Paſſamonte, anſwer'd t'other. Is it quite finiſh'd, aſk'd the knight? How the devil can it be finiſh'd and I yet living? reply'd the ſlave. There's in it every material point from my cradle, to this my laſt going to the gallies. Then it ſeems you have been there before, ſaid Don Quixote. To ſerve God and the king I was ſome four years there once before, reply'd Gines: I already know how the biſcuit and the bulls-pizzle agree with my carcaſe: it does not grieve me much to go there again, for there I ſhall have leiſure to give a finiſhing ſtroke to my book. I have the devil knows what to add; and in our Spaniſh gallies there is always leiſure and idle time enough o'conſcience: neither ſhall I want ſo much for what I've to inſert, for I know it all by heart.

Thou ſeem'ſt to be a witty fellow, ſaid Don Quixote. You ſhould have ſaid unfortunate too, reply'd the ſlave; for the bitch fortune is ſtill unkind to men of wit. You mean to ſuch wicked wretches as yourſelf, cry'd the officer. Look you, Mr. Commiſſary, ſaid Gines, I have already deſir'd you to uſe good language; the law did not give us to your keeping for you to abuſe us, but only to conduct us where the

king has occaſion for us. Let every man mind his own buſineſs, and give good words, or hold his tongue; for by the blood——I'll ſay no more, murder will out; there will be a time when ſome people's rogueries may come to light, as well as thoſe of other folks. With that the officer, provok'd by the ſlave's threats, held up his ſtaff to ſtrike him; but Don Quixote ſtepp'd between 'em, and deſir'd him not to do it, and to conſider, that the ſlave was the more to be excus'd for being too free of his tongue, ſince he had ne'er another member at liberty. Then addreſſing himſelf to all the ſlaves, My deareſt brethren, cry'd he, I find, by what I gather from your own words, that tho' you deſerve puniſhment for the ſeveral crimes of which you ſtand convicted, yet you ſuffer execution of the ſentence by conſtraint, and merely becauſe you cannot help it. Beſides, 'tis not unlikely but that this man's want of reſolution upon the rack, the other's want of money, the third's want of friends and favour, and, in ſhort, the judges perverting and wreſting the law to your great prejudice, may have been the cauſe of your miſery. Now, as heaven has ſent me into the world to relieve the diſtreſs'd, and free ſuffering weakneſs from the tyranny of oppreſſion, according to the duty of my profeſſion of knight-errantry, theſe conſiderations induce me to take you under my protection——but becauſe 'tis the part of a prudent man not to uſe violence where fair means may be effectual, I deſire you, gentlemen of the guard, to releaſe theſe poor men, there being people enough to ſerve his majeſty in their places; for 'tis a hard caſe to make ſlaves of men whom God and nature made free; and you have the leſs reaſon to uſe theſe wretches with ſeverity, ſeeing they never did you any wrong. Let 'em anſwer for their ſins in the other world; heaven is juſt, you know, and will be ſure to puniſh the wicked, as 'twill certainly reward the good. Conſider beſides, gentlemen, that 'tis neither a Chriſtian-like, nor an honourable action, for men to be the butchers and tormentors of one another; principally, when no advantage can ariſe from it. I chuſe to deſire this of you, with ſo much

mildneſs, and in ſo peaceable a manner, gentlemen, that I may have occaſion to pay you a thankful acknowledgment, if you will be pleas'd to grant ſo reaſonable a requeſt: but if you provoke me by refuſal, I muſt be oblig'd to tell ye, that this lance, and this ſword, guided by this invincible arm, ſhall force you to yield that to my valour which you deny to my civil intreaties.

A very good jeſt indeed, cry'd the officer, what a devil makes you dote at ſuch a rate? would you have us ſet at liberty the king's priſoners, as if we had authority to do it, or you to command it? Go, go about your buſineſs, good Sir errant, and ſet your baſon right upon your empty pate; and pray don't meddle any further in what does not concern you, for thoſe who'll play with cats muſt expect to be ſcratch'd.

Thou art a cat, and rat, and a coward to boot, cry'd Don Quixote; and with that he attack'd the officer with ſuch a ſudden and ſurprizing fury, that before he had any time to put himſelf into a poſture of defence, he ſtruck him down dangerouſly wounded with his lance, and as fortune had order'd it, this happen'd to be the horſe-man who was arm'd with a carbine. His companions ſtood aſtoniſh'd at ſuch a bold action, but at laſt fell upon the champion with their ſwords and darts, which might have prov'd fatal to him, had not the ſlaves laid hold of this opportunity to break the chain, in order to regain their liberty: for, the guards perceiving their endeavours to get looſe, thought it more material to prevent 'em, than to be fighting a mad-man: but, as he preſs'd them vigorouſly on one ſide, and the ſlaves were oppoſing them and freeing themſelves on the other, the hurly-burly was ſo great, and the guards ſo perplex'd, that they did nothing to the purpoſe. In the mean time Sancho was helping Gines de Paſſamonte to get off his gives, which he did ſooner than can be imagin'd; and then that active deſperado having ſeiz'd the wounded officer's ſword and carbine, he join'd with Don Quixote, and ſometimes aiming at one, and ſometimes at the other, as if he had been ready to ſhoot 'em,

yet ſtill without letting off the piece, the other ſlaves at the ſame time pouring vollies of ſtone-ſhot at the guards, they betook themſelves to their heels, leaving Don Quixote and the criminals maſters of the field. Sancho, who was always for taking care of the main chance, was not at all pleas'd with this victory; for he gueſs'd that the guards who were fled, would raiſe a hue and cry, and ſoon be at their heels with the whole poſſe of the holy brotherhood, and lay 'em up for a reſcue and rebellion. This made him adviſe his maſter to get out of the way as faſt as he could, and hide himſelf in the neighbouring mountains. I hear you, anſwer'd Don Quixote to this motion of his ſquire, and I know what I have to do. Then calling to him all the ſlaves, who by this time had uncas'd the keeper to his ſkin, they gather'd about him to know his pleaſure, and he ſpoke to them in this manner: 'Tis the part of generous ſpirits to have a grateful ſenſe of the benefits they receive, no crime being more odious than ingratitude. You ſee, gentlemen, what I have done for your ſakes, and you cannot but be ſenſible how highly you're oblig'd to me. Now all the recompence I require is only, that every one of you, loaden with that chain from which I have freed your necks, do inſtantly repair to the city of Toboſo; and there preſenting yourſelves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, tell her, that her faithful votary, the knight of the woeful countenance, commanded you to wait on her, and aſſure her of his profound veneration. Then you ſhall give her an exact account of every particular relating to this famous atchievement, by which you once more taſte the ſweets of liberty; which done, I give you leave to ſeek your fortunes where you pleaſe.

To this the ring-leader and maſter thief, Gines de Paſſamonte, made anſwer for all the reſt, What you would have us to do, ſaid he, our noble deliverer, is abſolutely impracticable and impoſſible; for we dare not be ſeen all together for the world. We muſt rather part and ſculk ſome one way, ſome another, and lie ſnug in creeks and corners under

ground, for fear of thoſe damn'd man-hounds that will be after us with a hue and cry; therefore all we can, and ought to do in this caſe, is to change this compliment and homage which you'd have us pay to the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, into a certain number of Ave Maries and Creeds, which we will ſay for your worſhip's benefit; and this may be done by night or by day, walking or ſtanding, and in war as well as in peace: but to imagine we will return to our fleſh-pots of Egypt, that is to ſay, take up our chains again, and lug 'em the devil knows where, is as unreaſonable as to think 'tis night now at ten a-clock in the morning. 'Sdeath, to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree. Now, by my ſword, reply'd Don Quixote, Sir ſon of a whore, Sir Gineſello de Parapilla, or whatever be your name, you yourſelf, alone, ſhall go to Toboſo, like a dog that has ſcalded his tail, with the whole chain about your ſhoulders. Gines, who was naturally very choleric, judging by Don Quixote's extravagance in freeing them, that he was not very wiſe, wink'd on his companions, who, like men that underſtood ſigns, preſently fell back to the right and left, and pelted Don Quixote with ſuch a ſhower of ſtones, that all his dexterity to cover himſelf with his ſhield was now ineffectual, and poor Rozinante no more obey'd the ſpur, than if he had been only the ſtatue of a horſe. As for Sancho, he got behind his aſs, and there ſhelter'd himſelf from the vollies of flints that threaten'd his bones, while his maſter was ſo batter'd, that in a little time he was thrown out of his ſaddle to the ground. He was no ſooner down, but the ſtudent leap'd on him, took off his baſon from his head, gave him three or four thumps o' the ſhoulders with it, and then gave it ſo many knocks againſt the ſtones, that he almoſt broke it to pieces. After this, they ſtripp'd him of his upper coat, and had robb'd him of his hoſe too, but that his greaves hinder'd them. They alſo eas'd Sancho of his upper coat, and left him in his doublet*;

* En pelota, *which really ſignifies* ſtark-naked, *as Sobrino*

then having divided the ſpoils, they ſhifted every one for himſelf, thinking more how to avoid being taken up, and link'd again in the chain, than of trudging with it to my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo. Thus the aſs, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote, remain'd indeed maſters of the field, but in an ill condition: the aſs hanging his head, and penſive, ſhaking his ears now and then, as if the vollies of ſtones had ſtill whizz'd about 'em; Rozinante lying in a deſponding manner, for he had been knock'd down as well as his unhappy rider: Sancho uncas'd to his doublet, and trembling for fear of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote fill'd with ſullen regret, to find himſelf ſo barbarouſly us'd by thoſe whom he had ſo highly oblig'd.

CHAP. IX.

What befel the renown'd Don Quixote *in the* Sierra Morena (black mountain) *being one of the rareſt adventures in this authentic hiſtory.*

DON Quixote finding himſelf ſo ill treated, ſaid to his ſquire; Sancho, I have always heard it ſaid, that to do a kindneſs to clowns, is like throwing water into the ſea*. Had I given ear to thy advice, I had prevented this misfortune: but ſince the thing is done, it is needleſs to repine; this ſhall be a warning to me for the future. That is, quoth Sancho, when the devil's blind: but ſince you ſay, you had 'ſcap'd this miſchief had you believ'd me, good Sir, believe me now, and you'll 'ſcape a greater; for I muſt tell you, that thoſe of the holy brotherhood don't ſtand in awe of

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explains it in French, tout nud. *But it can hardly mean ſo here, as the reader will ſoon ſee, eſpecially if, according to* Stevens's *dictionary,* Pelota *was a ſort of garment us'd in former times in Spain, not known at preſent.*

* *It is labour loſt, becauſe they are ungrateful.*

your chivalry, nor do they care a ſtraw for all the knights-errant in the world. Methinks I already hear their arrows whizzing about my ears†. Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; nevertheleſs, that thou may'ſt not ſay I am obſtinate, and never follow thy advice, I will take thy counſel, and for once convey myſelf out of the reach of this dreadful brotherhood, that ſo ſtrangely alarms thee; but upon this condition, that thou never tell any mortal creature, neither while I live, nor after my death, that I withdrew myſelf from this danger through fear, but merely to comply with thy intreaties: for if thou ever preſume to ſay otherwiſe, thou wilt belye me; and from this time to that time, and from that time to the world's end, I give thee the lye, and thou lyeſt, and ſhalt lye in thy throat, as often as thou ſay'ſt, or but think'ſt to the contrary. Therefore do not offer to reply; for ſhould'ſt thou but ſurmiſe, that I would avoid any danger, and eſpecially this which ſeems to give ſome occaſion or colour for fear, I would certainly ſtay here, tho' unattended and alone, and expect and face not only the holy brotherhood, which thou dread'ſt ſo much, but alſo the fraternity or twelve heads of the tribes of Iſrael, the ſeven Maccabees, Caſtor and Pollux, and all the brothers and brotherhoods in the univerſe. An't pleaſe your worſhip, quoth Sancho, to withdraw is not to run away, and to ſtay is no wiſe action, when there's more reaſon to fear than to hope; 'tis the part of a wiſe man to keep himſelf to-day for to-morrow, and not venture all his eggs in one baſket. And for all I'm but a clown, or a bumpkin, as you may ſay, yet I'd have you to know I know what's what, and have always taken care of the main chance; therefore don't be aſham'd of being rul'd by me, but e'en get o' horſeback an you're able: come, I'll help you, and then follow me; for my mind

† *The troopers of the holy brotherhood ride with bows, and ſhoot arrows.*

plaguily miſgives me, that now one pair of heels will ſtand us in more ſtead than two pair of hands.

Don Quixote, without any reply, made ſhift to mount Rozinante, and Sancho on his aſs led the way to the neighbouring mountainous deſart called Sierra Morena *, which the crafty ſquire had a deſign to croſs over, and get out at the fartheſt end, either at Viſo, or Almadovar del Campo, and in the mean time to lurk in the craggy and almoſt inacceſſible retreats of that vaſt mountain, for fear of falling into the hands of the holy brotherhood. He was the more eager to ſteer this courſe, finding that the proviſion which he had laid on his aſs had eſcap'd plundering, which was a kind of miracle, conſidering how narrowly the galley-ſlaves had ſearch'd every where for booty. 'Twas night before our two travellers got to the middle and moſt deſart part of the mountain; where Sancho adviſ'd his maſter to ſtay ſome days, at leaſt as long as their proviſions laſted; and accordingly that night they took up their lodging between two rocks, among a great number of cork-trees: but fortune, which, according to the opinion of thoſe that have not the light of true faith, guides, appoints, and contrives all things as it pleaſes, directed Gines de Paſſamonte (that maſter-rogue, who, thanks be to Don Quixote's force and folly, had been put in a condition to do him a miſchief) to this very part of the mountain, in order to hide himſelf till the heat of the purſuit, which he had juſt cauſe to fear, were over. He diſcover'd our adventurers much about the time that they fell aſleep; and as wicked men are always ungrateful, and urgent neceſſity prompts many to do things, at the very

* Sierra, *tho' Spaniſh for a* mountain, *properly means* (*not a* chain, *but*) *a* ſaw *from Latin* Serra, *becauſe of its ridges riſing and falling like the teeth of a ſaw. This mountain* (*call'd Morena from its Mooriſh or ſwarthy colour*) *parts the kingdom of Caſtile from the province of Andaluſia.*

thoughts of which they perhaps would ſtart at other times, Gines, who was a ſtranger both to gratitude and humanity, reſolv'd to ride away with Sancho's aſs; for as for Rozinante, he look'd upon him as a thing that would neither ſell nor pawn: ſo while poor Sancho lay ſnoring, he ſpirited away his darling beaſt, and made ſuch haſte, that before day he thought himſelf and his prize ſecure from the unhappy owner's purſuit.

Now Aurora with her ſmiling face return'd to enliven and cheer the earth, but alas! to grieve and affright Sancho with a diſmal diſcovery: for he had no ſooner open'd his eyes, but he miſs'd his aſs; and finding himſelf depriv'd of that dear partner of his fortunes, and beſt comfort in his peregrinations, he broke out into the moſt pitiful and ſad lamentations in the world; inſomuch that he wak'd Don Quixote with his moans. O dear child of my bowels, cry'd he, born and bred under my roof, my childrens playfellow, the comfort of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the eaſe of my burthens, the ſtaff of my life, and in a word, half my maintenance; for with ſix and twenty maravedis, which were daily earn'd by thee, I made ſhift to keep half my family. Don Quixote, who eaſily gueſs'd the cauſe of theſe complaints, ſtrove to comfort him with kind condoling words, and learn'd diſcourſes upon the uncertainty of human happineſs: but nothing prov'd ſo effectual to aſſwage his ſorrow, as the promiſe which his maſter made him of drawing a bill of exchange on his niece for three aſſes out of five which he had at home, payable to Sancho Pança, or his order; which prevailing argument ſoon dry'd up his tears, huſh'd his ſighs and moans, and turn'd his complaints into thanks to his generous maſter for ſo unexpected a favour.

And now, as they wander'd further in theſe mountains, Don Quixote was tranſported with joy to find himſelf where he might flatter his ambition with the hopes of freſh adventures to ſignalize his valour; for theſe vaſt deſarts made him

call to mind the wonderful exploits of other knights errant, perform'd in ſuch ſolitudes. Fill'd with thoſe airy notions, he thought on nothing elſe: but Sancho was for more ſubſtantial food; and now thinking himſelf quite out of the reach of the holy brotherhood, his only care was to fill his belly with the relicks of the clerical booty; and thus ſitting ſideling, as women do, upon his beaſt†, he ſlily took out now one piece of meat, then another, and kept his grinders going faſter than his feet. Thus plodding on, he would not have given a ruſh to have met with any other adventure.

While he was thus employ'd, he obſerv'd that his maſter endeavour'd to take up ſomething that lay on the ground with the end of his lance: this made him run to help him to lift up the bundle, which prov'd to be a portmanteau, and the ſeat of a ſaddle, that were half, or rather quite rotted with lying expos'd to the weather. The portmanteau was

† *It is ſcarce twenty lines ſince Sancho loſt his aſs, as Mr. Jarvis obſerves, and here he is upon his back again. The beſt excuſe for this evident blunder, adds that gentleman, is Horace's* aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus. *Upon which occaſion the ſame gentleman, in his preface, asks, But what if Cervantes made this ſeeming ſlip on purpoſe for a bait to tempt the minor critics; in the ſame manner as, in another place, he makes the princeſs of Micomicon land at Oſſuna, which is no ſea-port? As by that he introduc'd a fine ſatire on an eminent Spaniſh hiſtorian of his time, who had deſcrib'd it as ſuch in his hiſtory, ſo by this he might have only taken occaſion to reflect on a parallel incident in Arioſto, where Brunelo at the ſiege of Albraca, ſteals a horſe from between the legs of Sacripante king of Circaſſia. It is, adds this judicious critic, the very defence the author makes for it himſelf, in the fourth chapter of the ſecond part, where, by the way, both the Italian and old Engliſh tranſlators have preſerv'd the excuſe, tho' by their altering the text they had taken away the occaſion of it.*

ſomewhat heavy; and Don Quixote having order'd Sancho to ſee what it contain'd, though it was ſhut with a chain and a padlock, he eaſily ſaw what was in it through the crack, and pull'd out four fine holland ſhirts, and other clean and faſhionable linen, beſides a conſiderable quantity of gold ty'd up in a handkerchief. Bleſs my eye ſight, quoth Sancho; and now heaven I thank thee for ſending us ſuch a lucky adventure once in our lives: with that, groping further in the portmanteau, he found a table book richly bound. Give me that, ſaid Don Quixote, and do thou keep the gold. Heaven reward your worſhip, quoth Sancho, kiſſing his maſter's hand, and at the ſame time clapping up the linen and the other things into the bag where he kept the victuals. I fancy, ſaid Don Quixote, that ſome perſon, having loſt his way in theſe mountains, has been met by robbers, who have murder'd him, and bury'd his body ſomewhere hereabouts. Sure your worſhip's miſtaken, anſwer'd Sancho; for had they been highwaymen, they would never have left ſuch a booty behind them. Thou art in the right, reply'd Don Quixote; and therefore I cannot imagine what it muſt be. But ſtay, I will examine the table-book, perhaps we ſhall find ſomething written in that, which will help us to diſcover what I would know. With that he open'd it, and the firſt thing he found was the following rough draught of a ſonnet, fairly enough written to be read with eaſe; ſo he read it aloud, that Sancho might know what was in it as well as himſelf:

THE RESOLVE.

A SONNET.

LOVE is a god ne'er knows our pain,
Or cruelty's his darling attribute;
Elſe he'd ne'er force me to complain,
And to his ſpite my raging pain impute.

But ſure if love's a god, he muſt
Have knowledge equal to his pow'r;
And 'tis a crime to think a god unjuſt:
Whence then the pains that now my heart devour?

From Phyllis? No: why do I pauſe?
Such cruel ills ne'er boaſt ſo ſweet a cauſe;
Nor from the gods ſuch torments we do bear,
Let death then quickly be my cure:
When thus we ills unknown endure,
'Tis ſhorteſt to deſpair.

The de'il of any thing can be pick'd out o'this, quoth Sancho, unleſs you can tell who that ſame Phyll is. I did not read Phyll, but Phyllis, ſaid Don Quixote. O then, mayhap, the man has loſt his filly foal. Phyllis, ſaid Don Quixote, is the name of a lady that's belov'd by the author of this ſonnet, who truly ſeems to be a tolerable poet*, or I've but little judgment. Why then, quoth Sancho, belike your worſhip underſtands how to make verſes too? That I do, anſwer'd Don Quixote, and better than thou imagin'ſt, as thou ſhalt ſee when I ſhall give thee a letter written all in verſe to carry to my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo: for, I muſt tell thee, friend Sancho, all the knights-errant, or at leaſt the greateſt part of 'em, in former times were great poets, and as great muſicians; thoſe qualifications, or to ſpeak better, thoſe two gifts, or accompliſhments, being almoſt inſeparable from amorous adventures: though I muſt confeſs the verſes of the knights in former ages are not altogether ſo polite, nor ſo adorn'd with words, as with thoughts and inventions.

Good Sir, quoth Sancho, look again into the pocket-book, mayhap you will find ſomewhat that will inform you of

* Cervantes *himſelf*.

what you'd know. With that Don Quixote turning over the leaf, Here's ſome proſe, cry'd he, and I think 'tis the ſketch of a love-letter. O! good your worſhip, quoth Sancho, read it out by all means, for I mightily delight in hearing of love-ſtories.

Don Quixote read it aloud, and found what follows:

"THE falſhood of your promiſes, and my deſpair, hurry "me from you for ever; and you ſhall ſooner hear "the news of my death, than the cauſe of my complaints. "You have forſaken me, ungrateful fair, for one more wealthy indeed, but not more deſerving than your abandon'd "ſlave. Were virtue eſteem'd a treaſure equal to its worth "by your unthinking ſex, I muſt preſume to ſay, I ſhould "have no reaſon to envy the wealth of others, and no misfortune to bewail. What your beauty has rais'd, your "actions have deſtroy'd; the firſt made me miſtake you for "an angel, but the laſt convince me you're a very woman. "However, O! too lovely diſturber of my peace, may "uninterrupted reſt and downy eaſe engroſs your happy "hours; and may forgiving heav'n ſtill keep your huſband's "perfidiouſneſs conceal'd, leſt it ſhould coſt your repenting "heart a ſigh for the injuſtice you have done to ſo faithful a "lover, and ſo I ſhould be prompted to a revenge which I "do not deſire to take. Farewel."

This letter, quoth Don Quixote, does not give us any further inſight into the things we would know; all I can infer from it is, that the perſon who wrote it was a betray'd lover: and ſo turning over the remaining leaves, he found ſeveral other letters and verſes, ſome of which were legible, and ſome ſo ſcribbl'd, that he could make nothing of them. As for thoſe he read, he could meet with nothing in 'em but accuſations, complaints and expoſtulations, diſtruſts and jealouſies, pleaſures and diſcontents, favours and diſdain, the one highly valu'd, the other as mournfully reſented. And

while the knight was poring on the table-book, Sancho was rummaging the portmanteau, and the ſeat of the ſaddle, with that exactneſs, that he did not leave a corner unſearch'd, nor a ſeam unripp'd, nor a ſingle lock of wool unpick'd; for the gold he had found, which was above an hundred ducats, had but whetted his greedy appetite, and made him wild for more. Yet though this was all he could find, he thought himſelf well paid for the more than Herculean labours he had undergone; nor could he now repine at his being toſs'd in a blanket, the ſtraining and griping operation of the balſam, the benedictions of the packſtaves and leavings, the fiſticuffs of the lewd carrier, the loſs of his cloak, his dear wallet, and of his dearer aſs, and all the hunger, thirſt, and fatigue which he had ſuffer'd in his kind maſter's ſervice. On the other ſide, the knight of the woeful figure ſtrangely deſir'd to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, gueſſing by the verſes, the letter, the linen, and the gold, that he was a perſon of worth, whom the diſdain and unkindneſs of his miſtreſs had driven to deſpair. At length, however, he gave over the thoughts of it, diſcovering no body through that vaſt deſert; and ſo he rode on, wholly guided by Rozinante's diſcretion, which always made the grave ſagacious creature chuſe the plaineſt and ſmoocheſt way; the maſter ſtill firmly believing, that in thoſe woody uncultivated foreſts he ſhould infallibly ſtart ſome wonderful adventure.

And indeed, while theſe hopes poſſeſs'd him, he ſpy'd upon the top of a ſtony crag juſt before him a man that ſkipp'd from rock to rock, over briars and buſhes, with wonderful agility. He ſeem'd to him naked from the waiſt upwards, with a thick black beard, his hair long, and ſtrangely tangled, his head, legs, and feet bare; on his hips a pair of breeches, that appear'd to be of ſad-colour'd velvet, but ſo tatter'd and torn, that they diſcover'd his ſkin in many places. Theſe particulars were obſerv'd by Don Quixote while he paſs'd by; and he follow'd him, endeavouring to overtake him, for he preſently gueſs'd this was the owner of the portmanteau.

But Rozinante, who was naturally ſlow and phlegmatic, was in too weak a caſe beſides to run races with ſo ſwift an apparition: yet the knight of the woeful figure reſolv'd to find out that unhappy creature, though he were to beſtow a whole year in the ſearch; and to that intent he order'd Sancho to beat one ſide of the mountain, while he hunted the other. In good ſooth, quoth Sancho, your worſhip muſt excuſe me as to that; for if I but offer to ſtir an inch from you I'm almoſt frighted out of my ſeven ſenſes: and let this ſerve you hereafter for a warning, that you may not ſend me a nail's breadth from your preſence. Well, ſaid the knight, I will take thy caſe into conſideration; and it does not diſpleaſe me, Sancho, to ſee thee thus rely upon my valour, which I dare aſſure thee ſhall never fail thee, though thy very ſoul ſhould be ſcar'd out of thy body. Follow me therefore ſtep by ſtep, with as much haſte as is conſiſtent with good ſpeed; and let thy eyes pry every where while we ſearch every part of this rock, where 'tis probable we may meet with that wretched mortal, who doubtleſs is the owner of the portmanteau.

Odſnigs, Sir, quoth Sancho, I had rather get out of his way; for ſhould we chance to meet him, and he lay claim to the portmanteau, 'tis a plain caſe I ſhall be forc'd to part with the money: and therefore I think it much better, without making ſo much ado, to let me keep it *bona fide*, till we can light on the right owner ſome more eaſy way, and without dancing after him; which mayn't happen till we have ſpent all the money; and in that caſe I'm free from the law, and he may go whiſtle for't. Thou art miſtaken, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, for ſeeing we have ſome reaſon to think, that we know who is the owner, we are bound in conſcience to endeavour to find him out, and reſtore it to him; the rather, becauſe ſhould we not now ſtrive to meet him, yet the ſtrong preſumption we have that the goods belong to him, would make us poſſeſſors of 'em *mala fide*, and render us as guilty as if the party whom we ſuſpect to have loſt the things were

really the right owner: therefore, friend Sancho, do not think much of ſearching for him, ſince if we find him out, 'twill extremely eaſe my mind. With that he ſpurr'd Rozinante; and Sancho, not very well pleas'd, follow'd him, comforting himſelf however with the hopes of the three aſſes which his maſter had promis'd him. So when they had rode over the greateſt part of the mountain, they came to a brook, where they found a mule lying dead, with her ſaddle and bridle about her, and herſelf half devour'd by beaſts and birds of prey; which diſcovery further confirm'd them in their ſuſpicion, that the man who fled ſo nimbly from them, was the owner of the mule and portmanteau. Now as they paus'd and ponder'd upon this, they heard a whiſtling like that of ſome ſhepherd keeping his flocks; and preſently after, upon their left hand, they ſpy'd a great number of goats with an old herdſman after them, on the top of the mountain. Don Quixote call'd out to him, and deſir'd him to come down; but the goat-herd, inſtead of anſwering him, aſk'd 'em in as loud a tone how they came thither in thoſe deſarts, where ſcarce any living creatures reſorted except goats, wolves, and other wild beaſts? Sancho told him, they would ſatisfy him as to that point if he would come where they were. With that the goat-herd came down to 'em; and ſeeing them look upon the dead mule, That dead mule, ſaid the old fellow, has lain in that very place this ſix months; but pray tell me, good people, have you not met the maſter of it by the way? We have met no body, anſwer'd Don Quixote; but we found a portmanteau and a ſaddle-cuſhion not far from this place. I have ſeen it too, quoth the goat-herd, but I never durſt meddle with it, nor ſo much as come near it, for fear of ſome miſdemeanour, leſt I ſhould be charg'd with having ſtol'n ſomewhat out of it: for who knows what might happen? the devil is ſubtle, and ſometimes lays baits in our way to tempt us, or blocks to make us ſtumble. 'Tis juſt ſo with me, gaffer, quoth Sancho, for I ſaw the portmanteau too, d'ye ſee, but the devil a bit would I come within a ſtone's throw

of it; no, there I found it, and there I left it, i'faith, it ſhall e'en lie there ſtill for me. He that ſteals a bellweather ſhall be diſcover'd by the bell. Tell me, honeſt friend, aſk'd Don Quixote, do'ſt thou know who is the owner of thoſe things? All I know of the matter, anſwer'd the goat herd, is, that 'tis now ſix months, little more or leſs, ſince to a certain ſheep-fold, ſome three leagues off, there came a young well-featur'd proper gentleman in good cloaths, and under him this ſame mule that now lies dead here, with the cuſhion and cloak-bag, which you ſay you met, but touch'd not. He aſk'd us which was the moſt deſart and leaſt frequented part of theſe mountains? and we told him this where we are now; and in that we ſpoke the plain truth, for ſhould you venture to go but half a league further, you would hardly be able to get back again in haſte; and I marvel how you could get even thus far; for there's neither high-way nor foot path that may direct a man this way. Now as ſoon as the young gentleman had heard our anſwer, he turn'd about his mule, and made to the place we ſhew'd him, leaving us all with a hugeous liking to his comlineſs, and ſtrangely marvelling at his demand, and the haſte he made towards the middle of the mountain. After that we heard no more of him in a great while, till one day by chance one of the ſhepherds coming by, he fell upon him without ſaying why or wherefore, and beat him without mercy: after that he went to the aſs that carry'd our victuals, and taking away all the bread and cheeſe that was there, he tripp'd back again to the mountain with wond'rous ſpeed. Hearing this, a good number of us together reſolv'd to find him out; and when we had ſpent the beſt part of two days in the thickeſt of the foreſt, we found him at laſt lurking in the hollow of a huge cork-tree, from whence he came forth to meet us as mild as could be. But then he was ſo alter'd, his face was ſo disfigur'd, wan, and ſun-burnt, that had it not been for his attire, which we made ſhift to know again, tho' 'twas all in rags and tatters, we could not have thought it had been the ſame man. He ſaluted us courteouſly, and told

us in few words, mighty handſomly put together, that we were not to marvel to ſee him in that manner, for that it behov'd him ſo to be that he might unto a certain penance enjoin'd him for the great ſins he had committed. We pray'd him to tell us who he was, but he would by no means do it: we likewiſe deſir'd him to let us know where we might find him that whenſoever he wanted victuals we might bring him ſome, which we told him we would be ſure to do, for otherwiſe he ſhould be ſtarv'd in that barren place; requeſting him, that if he did not like that motion neither, he would at leaſtwiſe come and aſk us for what he wanted, and not take it by force as he had done. He thank'd us heartily for our offer, and begg'd pardon for that injury, and promis'd to aſk it henceforwards as an alms, without letting upon any one. As for his place of abode, he told us he had none certain, but wherever night caught him, there he lay: and he ended his diſcourſe with ſuch bitter moans, that we muſt have had hearts of flint had we not had a feeling of 'em, and kept him company therein; chiefly conſidering we beheld him ſo ſtrangely alter'd from what we had ſeen him before; for, as I ſaid, he was a very fine comely young man, and by his ſpeech and behaviour we could gueſs him to be well born, and a court-like ſort of a body: for though we were but clowns, yet ſuch was his genteel behaviour, that we could not help being taken with it. Now as he was talking to us, he ſtopped of a ſudden, as if he had been ſtruck dumb, fixing his eyes ſtedfaſtly on the ground; whereat we all ſtood in a maze. After he had thus ſtar'd a good while, he ſhut his eyes, then open'd 'em again, bit his lips, knit his brows, clutch'd his fiſts; and then riſing from the ground, whereon he had thrown himſelf a little before, he flew at the man that ſtood next to him with ſuch a fury, that if we had not pull'd him off by main force, he would have bit and thump'd him to death; and all the while he cry'd out, "Ah! traitor Ferdinand, here, here "thou ſhalt pay for the wrong thou haſt done me; I muſt "rip up that falſe heart of thine;" and a deal more he added,

all in diſpraiſe of that ſame Ferdinand. After that he flung from us without ſaying a word, leaping over the buſhes and brambles at ſuch a ſtrange rate, that 'twas impoſſible for us to come at him; from which we gather'd, that his madneſs comes on him by fits, and that ſame one call'd Ferdinand had done him an ill turn, that hath brought the poor young man to this paſs. And this hath been confirm'd ſince that many and many times; for when he's in his right ſenſes he'll come and beg for victuals, and thank us for it with tears: but when he is in his mad fit, he will beat us though we proffer him meat civilly: and to tell you the truth, Sirs, added the goat-herd, I and four others, of whom two are my men, and the other two my friends, yeſterday agreed to look for him till we ſhould find him out, either by fair means or by force to carry him to Almodover town, that's but eight leagues off; and there we'll have him cur'd if poſſible, or at leaſt we ſhall learn what he is when he comes to his wits, and whether he has any friends to whom he may be ſent back. This is all I know of the matter; and I dare aſſure you, that the owner of thoſe things which you ſaw in the way is the ſelf-ſame body that went ſo nimbly by you, for Don Quixote had by this time acquainted the goat-herd of his having ſeen that man ſkipping among the rocks.

The knight was wonderfully concern'd when he had heard the goat-herd's ſtory, and renew'd his reſolution of finding out that diſtracted wretch, whatever time and pains it might coſt him. But fortune was more propitious to his deſires than he could reaſonably have expected: for juſt as they were ſpeaking they ſpy'd him right againſt the place where they ſtood, coming towards 'em out of the cleft of a rock, muttering ſomewhat to himſelf, which they could not well have underſtood had they ſtood cloſe by him, much leſs could they gueſs his meaning at that diſtance. His apparel was ſuch as has already been ſaid, only Don Quixote obſerv'd when he drew nearer, that he had on a ſhamoy waiſtcoat torn in many places, which yet the knight found to be per-

ſum'd with amber; and by this, as alſo by the reſt of his cloaths, and other conjectures, he judg'd him to be a man of ſome quality. As ſoon as the unhappy creature came near 'em, he ſaluted 'em very civilly, but with a hoarſe voice. Don Quixote return'd his civilities, and alighting from Rozinante, accoſted him in a very graceful manner, and hug'd him cloſe in his arms, as if he had been one of his intimate acquaintance. The other, whom we may venture to call the knight of the ragged figure, as well as Don Quixote the knight of the woeful figure, having got looſe from that embrace, could not forbear ſtepping back a little, and laying his hands on the companion's ſhoulders, he ſtood ſtaring in his face, as if he had been ſtriving to call to mind whether he had known him before, probably wondring as much to behold Don Quixote's countenance, armour, and ſtrange figure, as Don Quixote did to ſee his tatter'd condition: but the firſt that open'd his mouth after this pauſe was the ragged knight, as you ſhall find by the ſequel of the ſtory.

CHAP. X.

The adventure in the Sierra-Morena continued.

THE hiſtory relates, that Don Quixote liſten'd with great attention to the diſaſt'rous knight of the mountain, who made him the following compliment. Truly, Sir, whoever you be (for I have not the honour to know you) I'm much oblig'd to you for your expreſſions of civility and friendſhip; and I cou'd wiſh I were in a condition to convince you otherwiſe than by words of the deep ſenſe I have of 'em: but my bad fortune leaves me nothing to return for ſo many favours, but unprofitable wiſhes. Sir, anſwer'd Don Quixote, I've ſo hearty a deſire to ſerve you, that I was fully reſolv'd not to depart theſe mountains till I had found you out, that I might know from yourſelf, whether the diſcontents that have urg'd you to make choice of this unuſual courſe of life, might not admit of a remedy; for if they do,

aſſure yourſelf I will leave no means untry'd, till I have purchas'd you that eaſe which I heartily wiſh you: or if your diſaſters are of that fatal kind, that exclude you for ever from the hopes of comfort or relief, then will I mingle tears with you, and by ſharing your load of grief help you to bear the oppreſſing weight of affliction: for 'tis the only comfort of the miſerable to have partners in their woes. If then good intentions may plead merit, or a grateful requital, let me intreat you, ſir, by that generous nature that ſhoots through the gloom with which adverſity has clouded your graceful outſide; nay, let me conjure you by the darling object of your wiſhes, to let me know who you are, and what ſtrange misfortunes have urg'd you to withdraw from the converſe of your fellow-creatures, to bury yourſelf alive in this horrid ſolitude, where you linger out a wretched being, a ſtranger to eaſe, to all mankind and even to your very ſelf. And I ſolemnly ſwear, added Don Quixote, by the order of knighthood, of which I am an unworthy profeſſor, that if you ſo far gratify my deſires, I will aſſiſt you to the utmoſt of my capacity, either by remedying your diſaſter, if 'tis not paſt redreſs; or at leaſt, I will become your partner in ſorrow, and ſtrive to eaſe it by a ſociety in ſadneſs.

The knight of the wood hearing the knight of the woeful figure talk at that rate, look'd upon him ſtedfaſtly for a long time, and view'd and review'd him from head to foot; and when he had gaz'd a great while upon him, Sir, cry'd he, if you have any thing to eat, for heaven's ſake give it me, and when my hunger is abated, I ſhall be better able to comply with your deſires, which your great civilities and undeſerved offers oblige me to ſatisfy. Sancho and the goat-herd hearing this, preſently took out ſome victuals, the one out of his bag, the other out of his ſcrip, and gave it to the ragged knight to allay his hunger, who immediately fell on with that greedy haſte, that he ſeem'd rather to devour than feed; for he us'd no intermiſſion between bit and bit, ſo greedily he chopped them up: and all the time he was eating, neither he, nor

the by-ſtanders, ſpoke the leaſt word. When he had aſſwag'd his voracious appetite, he beckon'd to Don Quixote and the reſt to follow him; and, after he had brought 'em to a neighbouring meadow, he laid himſelf at his eaſe on the graſs, where the reſt of the company ſitting down by him, neither he nor they having yet ſpoke a word ſince he fell to eating, he began in this manner:

Gentlemen, ſaid he, if you intend to be informed of my misfortunes, you muſt promiſe me beforehand not to cut off the thread of my doleful narration with any queſtions, or any other interruption; for in the very inſtant that any of you does it, I ſhall leave off abruptly; and will not afterwards go on with the ſtory. This preamble put Don Quixote in mind of Sancho's ridiculous tale, which by his neglect in not telling the goats, was brought to an untimely concluſion. I only uſe this precaution, added the ragged knight, becauſe I would be quick in my relation; for the very remembrance of my former misfortune proves a new one to me, and yet I promiſe you I'll endeavour to omit nothing that's material, that you may have as full an account of my diſaſters as I am ſenſible you deſire. Thereupon Don Quixote, for himſelf and the reſt, having promis'd him uninterrupted attention, he proceeded in this manner: My name is Cardenio, the place of my birth one of the beſt cities in Andaluſia; my deſcent noble*, my parents wealthy: but my misfortunes are ſo great, that they have doubtleſs fill'd my relations with the deepeſt of ſorrows; nor are they to be remedy'd with wealth, for goods of fortune avail but little againſt the anger of heaven. In the ſame town dwelt the charming Lucinda, the moſt beautiful creature that ever nature fram'd, equal in deſcent and fortune to myſelf, but more happy and leſs conſtant. I lov'd, nay ador'd her almoſt from her infancy; and from her tender years ſhe bleſs'd me with as kind a re-

* *In Spain all the gentry are call'd noble.*

turn as is ſuitable with the innocent freedom of that age. Our parents were conſcious of that early friendſhip; nor did they oppoſe the growth of this inoffenſive paſſion, which they perceiv'd could have no other conſequences than a happy union of our families by marriage; a thing which the equality of our births and fortunes did indeed of itſelf almoſt invite us to. Afterwards our loves ſo grew up with our years, that Lucinda's father, either judging our uſual familiarity prejudicial to his daughter's honour, or for ſome other reaſons, ſent to deſire me to diſcontinue my frequent viſits to his houſe: but this reſtraint prov'd but like that which was us'd by the parents of that loving Thiſbe, ſo celebrated by the poets, and but added flames to flames, and impatience to deſires. As our tongues were now debarr'd their former privilege, we had recourſe to our pens, which aſſum'd the greater freedom to diſcloſe the moſt hidden ſecrets of our hearts; for the preſence of the beloved object often heightens a certain awe and baſhfulneſs, that diſorders, confounds and ſtrikes dumb even the moſt paſſionate lover. How many letters have I writ to that lovely charmer! how many ſoft moving verſes have I addreſs'd to her! what kind, yet honourable returns have I receiv'd from her! the mutual pledges of our ſecret love, and the innocent conſolations of a violent paſſion. At length, languiſhing and waſting with deſire, depriv'd of that reviving comfort of my ſoul, I reſolv'd to remove thoſe bars with which her father's care and decent caution obſtructed my only happineſs, by demanding her of him in marriage: he very civilly told me, that he thank'd me for the honour I did him, but that I had a father alive, whoſe conſent was to be obtain'd as well as his, and who was the moſt proper perſon to make ſuch a propoſal. I thank'd him for his civil anſwer, and thought it carry'd ſome ſhew of reaſon, not doubting but my father would readily conſent to the propoſal. I therefore immediately went to wait on him, with a deſign to beg his approbation and aſſiſtance. I found him in his chamber with a letter open'd before him, which, as ſoon as

he ſaw me, he put into my hand, before I could have time to acquaint him with my buſineſs. Cardenio, ſaid he, you'll ſee by this letter the extraordinary kindneſs that duke Ricardo has for you. I ſuppoſe I need not tell you, gentlemen, that this duke Ricardo is a grandee of Spain, moſt of whoſe eſtate lies in the beſt part of Andaluſia. I read the letter, and found it contain'd ſo kind and advantageous an offer, that my father could not but accept of it with thankfulneſs: for the duke intreated him to ſend me to him with all ſpeed, that I might be the companion of his eldeſt ſon, promiſing withal to advance me to a poſt anſwerable to the good opinion he had of me. This unexpected news ſtruck me dumb; but my ſurprize and diſappointment were much greater, when I heard my father ſay to me, Cardenio, you muſt get ready to be gone in two days: in the mean time give heaven thanks for opening you a way to that preferment which I am ſo ſenſible you deſerve. After this he gave me ſeveral wiſe admonitions both as a father and a man of buſineſs, and then he left me. The day fix'd for my journey quickly came; however, the night that preceded it, I ſpoke to Lucinda at her window, and told her what had happen'd. I alſo gave her father a viſit, and inform'd him of it too, beſeeching him to preſerve his good opinion of me, and defer the beſtowing of his daughter till I had been with duke Ricardo, which he kindly promis'd me: and then Lucinda and I, after an exchange of vows and proteſtations of eternal fidelity, took our leaves of each other with all the grief which two tender and paſſionate lovers can feel at a ſeparation.

I left the town, and went to wait upon the duke, who receiv'd and entertain'd me with that extraordinary kindneſs and civility that ſoon rais'd the envy of his greateſt favourites. But he that moſt endearingly careſs'd me, was Don Ferdinand, the duke's ſecond ſon, a young, airy, handſome, generous gentleman, and of a very amorous diſpoſition; he ſeem'd to be overjoy'd at my coming, and in a moſt obliging manner told me, he would have me one of his moſt

intimate friends. In ſhort, he ſo really convinc'd me of his affection, that tho' his elder brother gave me many teſtimonies of love and eſteem, yet could I eaſily diſtinguiſh between their favours. Now, as 'tis common for boſom friends to keep nothing ſecret from each other, Don Ferdinand relying as much on my fidelity, as I had reaſon to depend on his, reveal'd to me his moſt private thoughts; and among the reſt, his being in love with the daughter of a very rich farmer, who was his father's vaſſal. The beauty of that lovely country maid, her virtue, her diſcretion, and the other graces of her mind, gain'd her the admiration of all thoſe who approach'd her: and thoſe uncommon endowments had ſo charm'd the ſoul of Don Ferdinand, that finding it abſolutely impoſſible to corrupt her chaſtity, ſince ſhe would not yield to his embraces as a miſtreſs, he reſolv'd to marry her. I thought myſelf oblig'd by all the ties of gratitude and friendſhip, to diſſuade him from ſo unſuitable a match; and therefore I made uſe of ſuch arguments as might have diverted any one but ſo confirm'd a lover from ſuch an unequal choice. At laſt, finding 'em all ineffectual, I reſolv'd to inform the duke his father with his intentions: but Don Ferdinand was too clear-ſighted not to read my deſign in my great diſlike of his reſolutions, and dreading ſuch a diſcovery, which he knew my duty to his father might well warrant, in ſpite of our intimacy, ſince I look'd upon ſuch a marriage as highly prejudicial to them both, he made it his buſineſs to hinder me from betraying his paſſion to his father, aſſuring me, there would be no need to reveal it to him. To blind me the more effectually, he told me he was willing to try the power of abſence, that common cure of love, thereby to wear out and loſe his unhappy paſſion; and that in order to this, he would take a journey with me to my father's houſe, pretending to buy horſes in our town, where the beſt in the world are bred. No ſooner had I heard this plauſible propoſal but I approv'd it, ſway'd by the intereſt of my own love, that made me fond of an opportunity to ſee my abſent Lucinda.

I have heard ſince, that Don Ferdinand had already been bleſs'd by his miſtreſs, with all the liberty of boundleſs love, upon a promiſe of marriage, and that he only waited an opportunity to diſcover it with ſafety, being afraid of incurring his father's indignation. But as what we call love in young men, is too often only an irregular paſſion, and boiling deſire, that has no other object than ſenſual pleaſure, and vaniſhes, with enjoyment, while real love, fixing itſelf on the perfections of the mind, is ſtill improving and permanent; as ſoon as Don Ferdinand had accompliſh'd his lawleſs deſires, his ſtrong affection ſlacken'd, and his hot love grew cold: ſo that if at firſt his propoſing to try the power of abſence was only a pretence, that he might get rid of his paſſion, there was nothing now which he more heartily coveted, that he might thereby avoid fulfilling his promiſe. And therefore having obtain'd the duke's leave, away we poſted to my father's houſe, where Don Ferdinand was entertain'd according to his quality; and I went to viſit my Lucinda, who, by a thouſand innocent endearments, made me ſenſible, that her love, like mine, was rather heighten'd than weaken'd by abſence, if any thing could heighten a love ſo great and ſo perfect. I then thought myſelf oblig'd by the laws of friendſhip, not to conceal the ſecrets of my heart from ſo kind and intimate a friend, who had ſo generouſly entruſted me with his; and therefore, to my eternal ruin, I unhappily diſcover'd to him my paſſion. I prais'd Lucinda's beauty, her wit, her virtue, and prais'd 'em ſo like a lover, ſo often, and ſo highly, that I rais'd in him a great deſire to ſee ſo accompliſh'd a lady; and, to gratify his curioſity, I ſhew'd her to him by the help of a light, one evening, at a low window, where we us'd to have our amorous interviews. She prov'd but too charming, and too ſtrong a temptation to Don Ferdinand; and her prevailing image made ſo deep an impreſſion on his ſoul, that 'twas ſufficient to blot out of his mind all thoſe beauties that had till then employ'd his wanton thoughts: he was ſtruck dumb with wonder and delight, at

the ſight of the raviſhing apparition; and, in ſhort, to ſee her and to love her, prov'd with him the ſame thing: and when I ſay to love her, I need not add to deſperation, for there's no loving her but to an extreme. If her face made him ſo ſoon take fire, her wit quickly ſet him all in a flame. He often importun'd me to communicate to him ſome of her letters, which I indeed would ne'er expoſe to any eyes but my own; but unhappily one day he found one, wherein ſhe deſired me to demand her of her father, and to haſten the marriage. It was penn'd with that tenderneſs and diſcretion, that when he had read it, he preſently cry'd out, that the amorous charms which were ſcatter'd and divided among other beauties, were all divinely center'd in Lucinda, and in Lucinda alone. Shall I confeſs a ſhameful truth? Lucinda's praiſes, tho' never ſo deſerv'd, did not ſound pleaſantly to my ears out of Don Ferdinand's mouth. I began to entertain I know not what diſtruſts and jealous fears, the rather, becauſe he would be ſtill improving the leaſt opportunity of talking of her, and inſenſibly turning the diſcourſe he held of other matters, to make her the ſubject, tho' never ſo far fetch'd, of our conſtant talk. Not that I was apprehenſive of the leaſt infidelity from Lucinda: far from it; ſhe gave me daily freſh aſſurances of her inviolable affection: but I fear'd every thing from my malignant ſtars, and lovers are commonly induſtrious to make themſelves uneaſy.

It happen'd one day, that Lucinda, who took great delight in reading books of knight-errantry, deſir'd me to lend her the romance of Amadis de Gaul———

Scarce had Cardenio mention'd knight-erranty, when Don Quixote interrupted him: Sir, ſaid he, had you but told me, when you firſt mention'd the lady Lucinda, that ſhe was an admirer of books of knight-errantry, there had been no need of uſing any amplification to convince me of her being a perſon of uncommon ſenſe: yet, Sir, had ſhe not us'd thoſe mighty helps, thoſe infallible guides to ſenſe, tho' indulgent nature had ſtrove to bleſs her with the richeſt gifts ſhe can

beſtow, I might juſtly enough have doubted whether her perfections could have gain'd her the love of a perſon of your merit: but now you need not employ your eloquence to ſet forth the greatneſs of her beauty, the excellence of her worth, or the depth of her ſenſe: for, from this account which I have of her taking great delight in reading books of chivalry, I dare pronounce her to be the moſt beautiful, nay, the moſt accompliſh'd lady in the univerſe: and I heartily could have wiſh'd that with Amadis de Gaul you had ſent her the worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for I am certain the lady Lucinda would have been extremely delighted with Daryda and Garaya, as alſo with the diſcreet ſhepherd Darinel, and thoſe admirable verſes of his bucolics, which he ſung and repeated with ſo good a grace: but a time may yet be found to give her the ſatisfaction of reading thoſe maſter-pieces, if you will do me the honour to come to my houſe; for there I may ſupply you with above three hundred volumes, which are my ſoul's greateſt delight, and the darling comfort of my life; though now I remember myſelf, I have juſt reaſon to fear there's not one of 'em left in my ſtudy, thanks to the malicious envy of wicked inchanters. I beg your pardon for giving you this interruption, contrary to my promiſe; but when I hear the leaſt mention made of knight-errantry, it is no more in my power to forbear ſpeaking, than 'tis in the ſun-beams not to warm, or in thoſe of the moon not to impart her natural humidity; and therefore, Sir, I beſeech you to go on.

While Don Quixote was running on with this impertinent digreſſion, Cardenio hung down his head on his breaſt with all the ſigns of a man loſt in ſorrow: nor could Don Quixote with repeated intreaties perſwade him to look up, or anſwer a word. At laſt, after he had ſtood thus a conſiderable while, he rais'd his head, and ſuddenly breaking ſilence, "I am poſitively convinc'd, cry'd he, nor ſhall any man in "the world ever perſwade me to the contrary; and he's a

" blockhead who ſays, that great villain Mr. Eliſabat*, never " lay with queen Madaſima."

'Tis falſe, cry'd Don Quixote, in a mighty heat; by all the powers above, 'tis all ſcandal and baſe detraction to ſay this of queen Madaſima. She was a moſt noble and virtuous lady; nor is it to be preſum'd that ſo great a princeſs would ever debaſe herſelf ſo far as to fall in love with a quack. Whoever dares to ſay ſhe did, lyes like an arrant villain; and I'll make him acknowledge it either a-foot or a-horſeback, arm'd or unarm'd, by night or by day, or how he pleaſes. Cardenio very earneſtly fix'd his eyes on Don Quixote, while he was thus defying him, and taking queen Madaſima's part, as if ſhe had been his true and lawful princeſs; and being provok'd by theſe abuſes into one of his mad fits, he took up a great ſtone that lay by him, and hit Don Quixote ſuch a blow on his breaſt with it, that it beat him down backwards. Sancho ſeeing his lord and maſter ſo roughly handled, fell upon the mad knight with his clench'd fiſts; but he beat him off at the firſt onſet, and laid him at his feet with a ſingle blow, and then fell a trampling on his guts, like a baker in a dough-trough. Nay, the goat-herd, who was offering to take Sancho's part, had like to have been ſerv'd in the ſame manner. So the ragged knight having tumbled 'em one over another, and beaten 'em handſomely, left 'em, and ran into the wood without the leaſt oppoſition.

Sancho got up when he ſaw him gone; and being very much out of humour to find himſelf ſo roughly handled without any manner of reaſon, began to pick a quarrel with

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* *Eliſabat is a skilful ſurgeon in Amadis de Gaul, who performs wonderful cures; and queen Madaſima is wife to Gantaſis, and makes a great figure in the aforeſaid romance. They travel and lie together in woods and deſarts, without any imputation on her honour.*

the goat-herd, railing at him for not fore-warning them of the ragged knight's mad fits, that they might have ſtood upon their guard. The goat-herd anſwer'd; he had given 'em warning at firſt, and if he could not hear, 'twas no fault of his. To this Sancho reply'd, and the goat-herd made a rejoinder, till from *Pro's* and *Cons* they fell to a warmer way of diſputing, and went to fiſty cuffs together, catching one another by the beards, and tugging, haling, and belabouring one another ſo unmercifully, that had not Don Quixote parted 'em, they would have pull'd one another's chins off. Sancho, in great wrath, ſtill keeping his hold, cry'd to his maſter, Let me alone, Sir knight of the woeful figure: this is no dubb'd knight, but an ordinary fellow like myſelf; I may be reveng'd on him for the wrong he has done me; let me box it out, and fight him fairly hand to fiſt like a man. Thou may'ſt fight him as he's thy equal, anſwer'd Don Quixote, but thou oughteſt not to do it, ſince he has done us no wrong. After this he pacify'd 'em, and then addreſſing himſelf to the goat-herd, he aſk'd him whether it were poſſible to find out Cardenio again, that he might hear the end of his ſtory? The goat-herd anſwer'd, that, as he already told him, he knew of no ſettled place he us'd, but that if they made any ſtay thereabouts, he might be ſure to meet with him, mad or ſober, ſome time or other.

CHAP. XI.

Of the ſtrange things that happen'd to the waliant knight of La Mancha *in the black mountain; and of the penance he did there, in imitation of* Beltenebros, *or the lovely obſcure.*

DON Quixote took leave of the goat-herd, and having mounted Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did, but with no very good will, his maſter leading him into the rougheſt and moſt craggy part of the mountain. Thus they travell'd for a while without ſpeak-

ing a word to each other. Sancho, almoſt dead, and ready to burſt for want of a little chat, waited with great impatience till his maſter ſhould begin, not daring to ſpeak firſt, ſince his ſtrict injunction of ſilence. But at laſt, not being able to keep his word any longer, Good your worſhip, quoth he, give me your bleſſing and leave to be gone, I beſeech you, that I may go home to my wife and children, where I may talk till I am weary, and no body can hinder me; for I muſt needs tell you, that for you to think to lead me a jaunt through hedge and ditch, over hills and dales, by night and by day, without daring to open my lips, is to bury me alive. Could beaſts ſpeak, as they did in Aeſop's time, 'twould not have been half ſo bad with me; for then might I have communed with my aſs as I pleas'd, and have forgot my ill fortune*: but to trot on in this faſhion, all the days of my life, after adventures, and to light of nothing but thumps, kicks, cuffs, and be toſs'd in a blanket, and after all, forſooth, to have a man's mouth ſew'd up, without daring to ſpeak one's mind, I ſay't again, no living ſoul can endure it. I underſtand thee, Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, thou lingereſt with impatience to exerciſe thy talking faculty. Well, I am willing to free thy tongue from this reſtraint that ſo cruelly pains thee, upon condition, that the time of this licence ſhall not extend beyond that of our continuance in theſe mountains. A match, quoth Sancho, let's make hay while the ſun ſhines, I'll talk whilſt I may; what I may do hereafter heaven knows beſt! And ſo beginning to take the benefit of his privilege, Pray Sir, quoth he, what occaſion had you to take ſo hotly the part of queen Magimaſa, or what d'ye call her? What a devil was it to you, whether that ſame

* *See note on the preceeding chapter but one. The Spaniards vulgarly call Aeſop Gioſopete, as Cervantes does here. The French too, according to Oudin, commonly call Aeſop Iſopet.*

maſter Abbot* were her freind in a corner, or no? had you taken no notice of what was ſaid, as you might well have done, ſeeing 'twas no buſineſs of yours, the madman wou'd have gone on with his ſtory, you had miſs'd a good thump on the breaſt, and I had 'ſcap'd ſome five or ſix good dowſes on the chaps, beſides the trampling of my puddings. Upon my honour, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, didſt thou but know, as well as I do, what a virtuous and eminent lady queen Madaſima was, thou would'ſt ſay I had a great deal of patience, ſeeing I did not ſtrike that profane wretch on the mouth, out of which ſuch blaſphemies proceeded: for, in ſhort, 'twas the higheſt piece of detraction to ſay, that a queen was ſcandalouſly familiar with a barber-ſurgeon: for the truth of the ſtory is, that this maſter Eliſabat, of whom the madman ſpoke, was a perſon of extraordinary prudence and ſagacity, and phyſician to that queen, who alſo made uſe of his advice in matters of importance; but to ſay ſhe gave him up her honour, and proſtituted herſelf to the embraces of a man of ſuch an inferior degree, was an impudent, groundleſs, and ſlanderous accuſation, worthy the ſevereſt puniſhment: neither can I believe that Cardenio knew what he ſaid, when he charg'd the queen with that debaſing guilt: for, 'tis plain, that his raving fit had diſorder'd the ſeat of his underſtanding. Why, there it is, quoth Sancho; who but a madman wou'd have minded what a madman ſaid? What if the flint that hit you on the breaſt had daſh'd out your brains? we had been in a dainty pickle for taking the part of that ſame lady, with a peaſe-cod in her. Nay, and Cardenio wou'd have come off too had he knock'd you on the head; for the law has nothing to do with madmen. Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, we knights-errant are oblig'd to vindicate the honour of

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* *Sancho, remembring only the latter part of maſter Eliſabat's name, pleaſantly calls him Abad, which is Spaniſh for an Abbot. Abad, as Oudin obſerves, ſounds like the end of Eliſabat.*

women of what quality ſoever, as well againſt madmen as againſt men in their ſenſes; much more queens of that magnitude and extraordinary worth, as queen Madaſima, for whoſe rare endowments I have a peculiar veneration; for ſhe was a moſt beautiful lady, diſcreet and prudent to admiration, and behaved herſelf with an exemplary patience in all her misfortunes. 'Twas then that the company and wholeſome counſels of maſter Eliſabat prov'd very uſeful to alleviate the burthen of her afflictions: from which the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar took occaſion to ſuſpect and rumour, that ſhe was guilty of an unlawful commerce with him. But I ſay once more, they lye, and lye a thouſand times, whoever they be, that ſhall preſumptuouſly report, or hint, or ſo much as think or ſurmiſe ſo baſe a calumny.

Why, quoth Sancho, I neither ſay, nor think, one way, nor the t'other, not I: let them that ſay it, eat the lye, and ſwallow it with their bread. If they lay together, they have anſwer'd for it before now. I never thruſt my noſe into other mens porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine: every man for himſelf, and God for us all, ſay I; for he that buys and lyes, finds it in his purſe. Let him that owns the cow, take her by the tail. Naked came I into the world, and naked muſt I go out. Many think to find flitches of bacon, and find not ſo much as the racks to lay 'em on: but who can hedge in a cuckow? Little ſaid is ſoon mended. It's a ſin to belye the devil: but miſunderſtanding brings lyes to town, and there's no padlocking of peoples mouths; for a cloſe mouth catches no flies.

Bleſs me! cry'd Don Quixote, what a catalogue of muſty proverbs haſt thou run through! what a heap of frippery ware haſt thou threaded together, and how wide from the purpoſe! pr'y thee, have done, and for the future let thy whole ſtudy be to ſpur thy aſs; nor do thou concern thyſelf with things that are out of thy ſphere; and with all thy five ſenſes remember this, that whatſoever I do, have done, and ſhall do, is no more than what is the reſult of mature conſideration,

and ſtrictly conformable to the laws of chivalry, which I underſtand better than all the knights that ever profeſs'd knight-errantry. Ay, ay, Sir, quoth Sancho, but pray, is't a good law of chivalry that ſays we ſhall wander up and down over buſhes and briars, in this rocky wilderneſs, where there's neither foot-path nor horſe-way; running after a madman, who, if we may light on him again, may chance to make an end of what he has begun, not of his tale of a roaſted horſe, I mean, but of belabouring you and me thoroughly, and ſqueezing out my guts at both ends? Once more I pr'ythee have done, ſaid Don Quixote: I have buſineſs of greater moment than the finding this frantic man; it is not ſo much that buſineſs that detains me in this barren and deſolate wild, as a deſire I have to perform a certain heroic deed that ſhall immortalize my fame, and make it fly to the remoteſt regions of the habitable globe; nay, it ſhall ſeal and confirm the moſt compleat and abſolute knight-errant in the world. But is not this ſame adventure very dangerous, aſk'd Sancho? Not at all, reply'd Don Quixote, tho' as fortune may order it, our expectations may be baffled by diſappointing accidents: but the main thing conſiſts in thy diligence. My diligence, quoth Sancho? I mean, ſaid Don Quixote, that if thou return'ſt with all the ſpeed imaginable from the place whither I deſign to ſend thee, my pain will ſoon be at an end, and my glory begin. And becauſe I do not doubt thy zeal for advancing thy maſter's intereſt, I will no longer conceal my deſign from thee: know then, my moſt faithful ſquire, that Amadis de Gaul was one of the moſt accompliſh'd knights-errant; nay, I ſhould not have ſaid, he was one of them, but the moſt perfect, the chief, and prince of them all. And let not the Belianiſes, nor any others, pretend to ſtand in competition with him for the honour of priority; for, to my knowledge, ſhould they attempt it, they would be egregiouſly in the wrong. I muſt alſo inform thee, that when a painter ſtudies to excel and grow famous in his art, he takes care to imitate the beſt originals; which rule ought likewiſe to be

obſerv'd in all other arts and ſciences that ſerve for the ornament of well-regulated commonwealths. Thus he that is ambitious of gaining the reputation of a prudent and patient man, ought to propoſe to himſelf to imitate Ulyſſes, in whoſe perſon and troubles Homer has admirably delineated a perfect pattern and prototype of wiſdom and heroic patience. So Virgil, in his Aeneas, has given the world a rare example of filial piety, and of the ſagacity of a valiant and experienc'd general; both the Greek and Roman poets repreſenting their heroes not ſuch as they really were, but ſuch as they ſhould be, to remain examples of virtue to enſuing ages. In the ſame manner, Amadis having been the polar ſtar and ſun of valorous and amorous knights, 'tis him we ought to ſet before our eyes as our great exemplar, all of us that fight under the banner of love and chivalry; for 'tis certain that the adventurer who ſhall emulate him beſt, ſhall conſequently arrive neareſt to the perfection of knight-errantry. Now, Sancho, I find that among the things which moſt diſplay'd that champion's prudence and fortitude, his conſtancy and love, and his other heroic virtues, none was more remarkable than his retiring from his diſdainful Oriana, to do penance on the Poor Rock, changing his name into that of Beltenebros, or The lovely obſcure, a title certainly moſt ſignificant, and adapted to the life which he then intended to lead. So I am reſolv'd to imitate him in this, the rather becauſe I think it a more eaſy taſk than it would be to copy after his other atchievements, ſuch as cleaving the bodies of giants, cutting off the heads of dragons, killing dreadful monſters, routing whole armies, diſperſing navies, breaking the force of magic ſpells. And ſince theſe mountainous wilds offer me ſo fair an opportunity, I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould neglect it, and therefore I'll lay hold on it now. Very well, quoth Sancho; but pray, Sir, what is it that you mean to do in this fag-end of the world? Have I not already told thee, anſwer'd Don Quixote, that I intend to copy Amadis in his madneſs, deſpair and fury? nay, at the ſame

time I will imitate the valiant Orlando Furioſo's extravagance, when he ran mad, after he had found the unhappy tokens of the fair Angelica's diſhonourable commerce with Medoro at the fountain; at which time, in his frantic deſpair, he tore up trees by the roots, troubled the waters of the clear fountains, ſlew the ſhepherds, deſtroy'd their flocks, fir'd their huts, demoliſh'd houſes, drove their horſes before him, and committed a hundred thouſand other extravagances worthy to be recorded in the eternal regiſter of fame. Not that I intend however in all things to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotoland, (for he had all thoſe names) but only to make choice of ſuch frantic effects of his amorous deſpair, as I ſhall think moſt eſſential and worthy imitation. Nay, perhaps I ſhall wholly follow Amadis, who, without launching out into ſuch deſtructive and fatal ravings, and only expreſſing his anguiſh in complaints and lamentations, gain'd nevertheleſs a renown equal, if not ſuperior to that of the greateſt heroes. Sir, quoth Sancho, I dare ſay the knights who did theſe penances had ſome reaſon to be mad; but what need have you to be mad too? what lady has ſent you a packing, or ſo much as ſlighted you? when did you ever find that my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo did otherwiſe than ſhe ſhould do, with either Moor* or Chriſtian? Why, there's the point, cry'd Don Quixote; in this conſiſts the ſingular perfection of my undertaking: for, mark me, Sancho, for a knight-errant to run mad upon any juſt occaſion, is neither ſtrange nor meritorious; no, the rarity is to run mad without a cauſe, without the leaſt conſtraint or neceſſity: there's a refin'd and exquiſite paſſion for you, Sancho! for thus my miſtreſs muſt needs have a vaſt idea of my love, ſince ſhe may gueſs what I ſhould perform in the wet, if I do ſo much in the dry†. But beſides, I have but too juſt a motive to give

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* *Sancho ſays Moor for Medoro, in his blundering way.*

† *A profane alluſion to a text in ſcripture Luke* xxiii. 31.

a looſe to my raving grief, conſidering the long date of my abſence from my ever ſupreme lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; for as the ſhepherd in Matthias Ambroſio has it,

Poor lovers, abſent from the darling fair,
All ills not only dread, but bear.

Then do not laviſh any more time in ſtriving to divert me from ſo rare, ſo happy, and ſo ſingular an imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, 'till thy return with an anſwer to the letter which thou muſt carry from me to the lady Dulcinea; and if it be as favourable as my unſhaken conſtancy deſerves, then my madneſs and my penance ſhall end; but if I find ſhe repays my vows and ſervices with ungrateful diſdain, then will I be emphatically mad, and ſcrew up my thoughts to ſuch an exceſs of diſtraction, that I ſhall be inſenſible of the rigour of my relentleſs fair. Thus what return ſoever ſhe makes to my paſſion, I ſhall be eas'd one way or other of the anxious thoughts that now divide my ſoul; either entertaining the welcome news of her reviving pity with demonſtrations of ſenſe, or elſe ſhewing my inſenſibility of her cruelty by the height of my diſtraction. But in the mean time, Sancho, tell me, haſt thou carefully preſerved Mambrino's helmet? I ſaw thee take it up t'other day, after that monſter of ingratitude had ſpent his rage in vain endeavours to break it; which by the way argues the moſt excellent temper of the metal. Body of me, quoth Sancho, Sir knight of the woeful figure, I can no longer bear to hear you run on at this rate: why, this were enough to make any man believe that all your bragging and bouncing of your knight-errantry,

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For if they do theſe things in a green tree, what ſhall be done in the dry? *So here* Don Quixote's *meaning is — my miſtreſs may gueſs what I wou'd do where occaſion ſhou'd be given me, ſince I can do ſo much without any.*

your winning of kingdoms, and beſtowing of iſlands, and heaven knows what, upon your ſquire, are mere flim-flam ſtories, and nothing but ſhams and lies: for who the devil can hear a man call a barber's baſon a helmet, nay, and ſtand to't, and vouch it four days together, and not think him that ſays it, to be ſtark mad, or without brains? I have the baſon ſafe enough here in my pouch, and I'll get it mended for my own uſe, if ever I have the luck to get home to my wife and children. Now as I love bright arms, cry'd Don Quixote, I ſwear thou art the ſhalloweſt, ſillieſt, and moſt ſtupid fellow of a ſquire that ever I heard or read of in my life. How is it poſſible for thee to be ſo dull of apprehenſion, as not to have learnt in all this time that thou haſt been in my ſervice, that all the actions and adventures of us knights-errant ſeem to be mere chimera's, follies and impertinences? Not that they are ſo indeed, but either through the officious care, or elſe thro' the malice and envy of thoſe inchanters that always haunt and perſecute us unſeen, and by their faſcinations change the appearance of our actions into what they pleaſe, according to their love or hate. This is the very reaſon why that which I plainly perceive to be Mambrino's helmet, ſeems to thee to be only a barber's baſon, and perhaps another man may take it to be ſomething elſe. And in this I can never too much admire the prudence of the ſage who eſpouſes my intereſts, in making that ineſtimable helmet ſeem a baſon; for did it appear in its proper ſhape, its tempting value would raiſe me as many enemies as there are men in the univerſe, all eager to ſnatch from me ſo deſirable a prize: but ſo long as it ſhall ſeem to be nothing elſe but a barber's baſon, men will not value it; as is manifeſt from the fellow's leaving it behind him on the ground; for had he known what it really was, he would ſooner have parted with his life. Keep it ſafe then, Sancho, for I have no need of it at preſent; far from it, I think to put off my armour, and ſtrip myſelf as naked as I came out of my mother's womb, in caſe I determine to imitate Orlando's fury, rather than the penance of Amadis.

This diſcourſe brought 'em to the foot of a high rock that ſtood by itſelf, as if it had been hewn out, and divided from the reſt; by the ſkirt of it glided a purling ſtream, that ſoftly took its winding courſe through an adjacent meadow. The verdant freſhneſs of the graſs, the number of wild trees, plants, and flowers, that feaſted the eyes in that pleaſant ſolitude, invited the knight of the woeful figure to make choice of it to perform his amorous penance; and therefore as ſoon as he had let raviſh'd ſight rove a while o'er the ſcatter'd beauties of the place, he took poſſeſſion of it with the following ſpeech, as if he utterly loſt the ſmall ſhare of reaſon he had left. Behold, O heavens! cry'd he, the place which an unhappy lover has choſen to bemoan the deplorable ſtate to which you have reduc'd him: here ſhall my flowing tears ſwell the liquid veins of this cryſtal rill, and my deep ſighs perpetually move the leaves of theſe ſhady trees, in teſtimony of the anguiſh and pain that harrows up my ſoul. Ye rural deities, whoever you be, that make theſe unfrequented deſarts your abode, hear the complaints of an unfortunate lover, whom a tedious abſence, and ſome ſlight impreſſions of a jealous miſtruſt, have driven to theſe regions of deſpair, to bewail his rigorous deſtiny, and deplore the diſtracting cruelty of that ungrateful fair, who is the perfection of all human beauty. Ye pitying Napaean nymphs and Dryades, ſilent inhabitants of the woods and groves, aſſiſt me to lament my fate, or at leaſt attend the mournful ſtory of my woes; ſo may no deſigning beaſtly ſatyrs, thoſe juſt objects of your hate, ever have power to interrupt your reſt——Oh Dulcinea del Toboſo! thou ſun that turn'ſt my gloomy night to day! glory of my pain! north-ſtar of my travels, and reigning planet that controull'ſt my heart! pity, I conjure thee, the unparallel'd diſtreſs to which thy abſence has reduc'd the faithfulleſt of lovers, and grant to my fidelity that kind return which it ſo juſtly claims! ſo may indulgent fate ſhower on thee all the bleſſings thou ever canſt deſire, or heavens grant!——Ye loneſome trees, under whoſe ſpreading branches

I come to linger out the gloomy ſhadow of a tedious being; let the ſoft language of your ruſtling leaves, and the kind nodding of your ſpringing boughs, ſatisfy me that I am welcome to your ſhady harbours. O thou my truſty ſquire, the inſeparable companion of my adventures, diligently obſerve what thou ſhalt ſee me do in this lonely retreat, that thou may'ſt inform the dear cauſe of my ruin with every particular. As he ſaid this, he alighted, and preſently taking off his horſe's bridle and ſaddle, Go, Rozinante, ſaith he, giving the horſe a clap on the poſteriors, he that has loſt his freedom gives thee thine, thou ſteed as renown'd for thy extraordinary actions, as for thy misfortunes; go rear thy awful front where-e'er thou pleaſeſt, ſecure that neither the Hippogryphon of Aſtolpho, nor the renown'd Frontino, which Bradamante purchas'd at ſo high a price, could ever be thought thy equals.

Well fare him, cry'd Sancho, that ſav'd me the trouble of ſending my aſs to graſs too: poor thing, had I him here, he ſhould not want two or three claps on the buttocks, nor a fine ſpeech in his praiſe neither, while I took off his pannel. But ſtay, were he here, what need wou'd there be to ſtrip him of his harneſs? Alas, he never had any thing to do with theſe mad pranks of love, no more than myſelf, who was his maſter when fortune pleas'd. But d'ye hear me, now I think on't, Sir knight of the woeful figure, if your worſhip is reſolv'd to be mad, and ſend me away in good earneſt, we muſt e'en clap the ſaddle again on Rozinante's back; for to tell you the truth, I'm but a ſorry foot-man, and if I don't ride home, I don't know when I ſhall be able to come back again. Do as thou think'ſt fit for that, Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, for I deſign thou ſhalt ſet forward about three days hence. In the mean while thou ſhalt be a witneſs of what I will do for my lady's ſake, that thou may'ſt give her an account of it. Bleſs my eye-ſight, quoth Sancho, what can I ſee more than I've ſeen already? Thou haſt ſeen nothing yet, anſwer'd Don Quixote; thou muſt ſee me throw away my

armour, tear my cloaths, knock my head againſt the rocks, and do a thouſand other things of that kind, that will fill thee with aſtoniſhment. For goodneſs-ſake, Sir, quoth Sancho, take heed how you quarrel with thoſe ungracious rocks; you may chance to get ſuch a crack o' the crown at the very firſt rap, as may ſpoil your penance at one daſh. No, I don't like that way by no means; if you muſt needs be knocking your noddle, to go through-ſtitch with this ugly jobb, ſeeing 'tis all but a mockery, or as it were between jeſt and earneſt, why can't you as well play your tricks on ſomething that's ſofter than theſe unconcionable ſtones: you may run your head againſt water, or rather againſt cotton, or the ſtuffing of Rozinante's ſaddle; and then let me alone with the reſt: I'll be ſure to tell my lady Dulcinea, that you bebump'd your pole againſt the point of a rock that's harder than a diamond.

I thank thee for thy good-will, dear Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote: but I aſſure thee, that all theſe ſeeming extravagancies that I muſt run through, are no jeſts: far from it, they muſt all be perform'd ſeriouſly and ſolemnly; for otherwiſe we ſhould tranſgreſs the laws of chivalry, that forbid us to tell lyes upon pain of degradation; now to pretend to do one thing, and effect another, is an evaſion, which I eſteem to be as bad as lying. Therefore the blows which I muſt give myſelf on the head, ought to be real, ſubſtantial, ſound ones, without any trick, or mental reſervation; for which reaſon I would have thee leave me ſome lint and ſalve, ſince fortune has depriv'd us of the ſovereign balſam which we loſt. 'Twas a worſe loſs to loſe the aſs, quoth Sancho, for with him we've loſt bag and baggage, lint and all: but no more of your damn'd drench, if you love me; the very thoughts on't are enough not only to turn my ſtomach, but my ſoul, ſuch a rumbling I feel in my wem at the name on't. Then as for the three days you'd have me loiter here to mind your mad tricks, you had as good make account they're already over; for I hold them for done, unſight unſeen, and will tell

wonders to my lady: wherefore write you your letter, and ſend me going with all haſte; for let me be hang'd if I don't long already to be back, to take you out of this purgatory wherein I leave you.

Doſt thou only call it purgatory, Sancho? cry'd Don Quixote; call it hell rather, or ſomething worſe, if there be in nature a term expreſſive of a more wretched ſtate. Nay, not ſo neither, quoth Sancho. I would not call it hell; becauſe, as I heard our parſon ſay, 'There's no retention* out of hell.' Retention cry'd Don Quixote! what doſt thou mean by that word? Why, quoth Sancho, retention is retention; it is, that whoſoever is in hell never comes, nor can come out of it: which ſhan't be your caſe this bout, if I can ſtir my heels, and have but ſpurs to tickle Rozinante's flanks, till I come to my lady Dulcinea; for I will tell her ſuch ſtrange things of your magotty tricks your folly and your madneſs, for indeed they are no better, that I'll lay my head to a hazle nut, I'll make her as ſupple as a glove, tho' I found her at firſt as tough-hearted as a cork; and when I've wheedled an anſwer out of her, all full of ſweet honey words, away will I whiſk it back to you, cutting the air as ſwift as a witch upon a broomſtick, and free you out of your purgatory; for a purgatory I will have it to be in ſpight of hell, nor ſhall you gainſay me in that fancy; for, as I've told you before, there's ſome hopes of your retention out of this place.

Well, be it ſo, ſaid the knight of the woeful figure: but how ſhall I do to write this letter? and the order for the three aſſes, added Sancho? I'll not forget it, anſwer'd Don Quixote; but ſince we have here no paper, I muſt be oblig'd to write on the leaves or bark of trees, or on wax, as they did in ancient times; yet now I conſider on't, we are here as ill provided with wax as with paper: but ſtay, now I remember,

* *No redemption he means.*

I have Cardenio's pocket-book, which will ſupply that want in this exigence, and then thou ſhalt get the letter fairly tranſcrib'd at the firſt village where thou canſt meet with a ſchool-maſter; or for want of a ſchool-maſter, thou may'ſt get the clerk of the pariſh to do it; but by no means give it to any notary or ſcrivener to be written out; for they commonly write ſuch confounded hands, that the devil himſelf would ſcarce be able to read it. Well, quoth Sancho, but what ſhall I do for want of your name to it? Why, anſwer'd Don Quixote, Amadis never us'd to ſubſcribe his letters. Ay, reply'd Sancho, but the bill of exchange for the three aſſes muſt be ſigned; for ſhould I get it copy'd out afterwards, they'd ſay 'tis not your hand, and ſo I ſhall go without the aſſes. I'll write and ſign the order for 'em in the table-book, anſwer'd Don Quixote; and as ſoon as my niece ſees the hand, ſhe'll never ſcruple the delivery of the aſſes: and as for the love-letter, when thou get'ſt it tranſcrib'd, thou muſt get it thus under-written, 'Yours till death, the knight of the woeful figure.' 'Tis no matter whether the letter and ſubſcription be written by the ſame hand or no; for, as I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor did ſhe ever ſee any of my letters, nay, not ſo much as any of my writing in her life: for my love and her's have always been purely Platonic, never extending beyond the lawful bounds of a modeſt look; and that too ſo very ſeldom, that I dare ſafely ſwear, that tho' for theſe twelve years ſhe has been dearer to my ſoul than light to my eyes, yet I never ſaw her four times in my life; and perhaps of thoſe few times that I have ſeen her, ſhe has ſcarce perceiv'd once that I beheld her: ſo ſtrictly and ſo diſcreetly Lorenzo Corchuelo her father, and Aldonza Nogales her mother, have kept and educated her. Heigh-day, quoth Sancho! did you ever hear the like! and is my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, at laſt the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, ſhe that's otherwiſe call'd Aldonza Lorenzo? The ſame, anſwer'd Don Quixote; and 'tis ſhe that merits to be the ſovereign miſtreſs of the univerſe. Udſdg-

gers, quoth Sancho, I know her full well; 'tis a ſtrapping wench, i'faith, and pitches the bar with e'er a luſty young fellow in our pariſh. By the Maſs, 'tis a notable, ſtrong-built, ſizable, ſturdy, manly laſs, and one that will keep her chin out of the mire, I warrant her; nay, and hold the beſt knight-errant to't that wears a head, if ever he venture upon her. Body o' me, what a pair of lungs and a voice ſhe has when ſhe ſets up her throat! I ſaw her one day pearch'd up o' top of our ſteeple to call to ſome plough-men that were at work in a fallow-field: and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plain as if they had been in the church-yard under her. The beſt of her is, that ſhe's neither coy nor frumpiſh, ſhe's a tractable laſs, and fit for a courtier, for ſhe'll play with you like a kitten, and jibes and jokes at every body. And now in good truth, Sir knight of the woeful figure, you may e'en play at your gambols as you pleaſe; you may run mad, you may hang yourſelf for her ſake; there's no body but will ſay you e'en took the wiſeſt courſe, tho' the devil himſelf ſhould carry you away a pick-apack. Now am I e'en wild to be gone, tho' 'twere for nothing elſe but to ſee her, for I have not ſeen her this many a day: I fancy I ſhall hardly know her again, for a woman's face ſtrangely alters by her being always in the ſun, and drudging and moiling in the open fields. Well, I muſt needs own I've been mightily miſtaken all along: for I durſt have ſworn this lady Dulcinea had been ſome great princeſs with whom you were in love, and ſuch a one as deſerved thoſe rare gifts you beſtowed on her, as the Biſcayan, the galley-ſlaves, and many others that for ought I know you may have ſent her before I was your ſquire. I can't chuſe but laugh to think how my lady Aldonza Lorenzo (my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo I ſhould have ſaid) would behave herſelf ſhould any of thoſe men which you have ſent, or may ſend to her, chance to go and fall down on their marrow-bones before her: for 'tis ten to one they may happen to find her a carding of flax, or threſhing in the barn, and then how finely balk'd they'll be! as

ſure as I'm alive they muſt needs think the devil ow'd 'em a ſhame; and ſhe herſelf will but flout 'em, and mayhap be ſomewhat nettl'd at it.

I have often told thee, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and I tell thee again, that thou ought'ſt to bridle or immure thy ſawcy pratting tongue, for tho' thou art but a dull headed dunce, yet now and then thy ill-manner'd jeſts bite too ſharp. But that I may at once make thee ſenſible of thy folly and my diſcretion, I will tell thee a ſhort ſtory. A handſome, briſk, young, rich widow, and withal no prude, happen'd to fall in love with a well ſet, luſty * Lay-Brother. His ſuperiour hearing of it, took occaſion to go to her, and ſaid to her, by way of charitable admonition, I mightily wonder, madam, how a lady of your merit, ſo admir'd for beauty and for ſenſe, and withal ſo rich, could make ſo ill a choice, and dote on a mean, ſilly, deſpicable fellow, as I hear you do, while we have in our houſe ſo many maſters of art, batchelors, and doctors of divinity, among whom your ladyſhip may pick and chuſe, as you wou'd among pears, and ſay, this I like, that I don't like. But ſhe ſoon anſwer'd the officious grave gentleman: Sir, ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile, you are much miſtaken and think altogether after the old out-of-faſhion way, if you imagine I have made ſo ill a choice; for tho' you fancy the man's a fool, yet as to what I take him for, he knows as much, or rather more philoſophy than Ariſtotle himſelf. So, Sancho, as to the uſe which I make of the lady Dulcinea, ſhe is equal to the greateſt princeſs in the world. Pr'ythee tell me, doſt thou think the poets, who every one of 'em celebrate the praiſes of ſome lady or other, had all real miſtreſſes? or that the Amaryllis's, the Phyllis's, the Sylvia's, the Diana's, the Galatea's, the Alida's, and the like, which you ſhall find in

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* *Motillon, a lay brother, or ſervant in the convent or college, ſo call'd from Motila, a cropp'd head; his hair being cropp'd ſhort, he has no crown like thoſe in orders.*

ſo many poems, romances, ſongs and ballads, upon every ſtage, and even in every barber's ſhop, were creatures of fleſh and blood, and miſtreſſes to thoſe that did and do celebrate 'em? No, no, never think it; for I dare aſſure thee, the greateſt part of 'em were nothing but the mere imaginations of the poets, for a ground-work to exerciſe their wits upon, and give to the world occaſion to look on the authors as men of an amorous and gallant diſpoſition: and ſo 'tis ſufficient for me to imagine, that Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaſte; as for her birth and parentage, they concern me but little; for there's no need to make an enquiry about a woman's pedigree, as there is of us men, when ſome badge of honour is beſtowed on us; and ſo ſhe's to me the greateſt princeſs in the world: for thou ought'ſt to know, Sancho, if thou know'ſt it not already, that there are but two things that chiefly excite us to love a woman, an attractive beauty, and unſpotted fame. Now theſe two endowments are happily reconcil'd in Dulcinea; for as for the one, ſhe has not her equal, and few can vie with her in the other: but to cut off all objections at once, I imagine, that all I ſay of her is really ſo, without the leaſt addition or diminution: I fancy her to be juſt ſuch as I would have her for beauty and quality. Helen cannot ſtand in competition with her; Lucretia cannot rival her; and all the heroines which antiquity has to boaſt, whether Greeks, Romans or Barbarians, are at once out-done by her incomparable perfections. Therefore let the world ſay what it will; ſhould the ignorant vulgar fooliſhly cenſure me, I pleaſe myſelf with the aſſurances I have of the approbation of men of the ſtricteſt morals, and the niceſt judgment. Sir, quoth Sancho, I knock under: you've reaſon o' your ſide in all you ſay, and I own myſelf an aſs. Nay, I'm an aſs to talk of an aſs; for 'tis ill talking of halters i'th' houſe of a man that was hang'd. But where's the letter all this while, that I may be jogging? With that Don Quixote pull'd out the table-book, and retiring a little aſide, he very ſeriouſly began to write the letter; which he had no ſooner finiſh'd, but he call'd Sancho,

and order'd him to liſten while he read it over to him, that he might carry it as well in his memory as in his pocket-book, in caſe he ſhould have the ill luck to loſe it by the way; for ſo croſs was fortune to him, that he fear'd every accident. But, Sir, ſaid Sancho, write it over twice or thrice there in the book, and give it me, and then I'll be ſure to deliver the meſſage ſafe enough I warrant ye: for 'tis a folly to think I can get it by heart; alas, my memory is ſo bad, that many times I forget my own name! but yet for all that read it out to me, I beſeech you, for I've a hugeous mind to hear it. I dare ſay, 'tis as fine as tho' 'twere in print. Well then, liſten, ſaid Don Quixote.

Don *Quixote de la Mancha*

TO

Dulcinea del Toboſo:

High and Sovereign Lady!

'HE that is ſtabb'd to the quick with the ponyard of abſence, and wounded to the heart with love's moſt 'piercing darts, ſends you that health which he wants himſelf, *ſweeteſt Dulcinea del Toboſo. If your beauty reject me, 'if your virtue refuſe to raiſe my fainting hopes, if your 'diſdain exclude me from relief, I muſt at laſt ſink under the 'preſſure of my woes, tho' much inur'd to ſufferings: for 'my pains are not only too violent, but too laſting. My 'truſty ſquire Sancho will give you an exact account of the 'condition to which love and you have reduc'd me, too 'beautiful ingrate! If you relent at laſt, and pity my diſ'treſs, then I may ſay I live, and you preſerve what's yours.

* *Dulciſſima Dulcinea.*

'But if you abandon me to deſpair, I muſt patiently ſubmit, 'and by ceaſing to breathe, ſatisfy your cruelty and my 'paſſion.

'Your's till death,

'The Knight of the Woeful Figure.'

By the life of my father, quoth Sancho, if I ever ſaw a finer thing in my born days! How neatly and roundly you tell your mind, and how cleverly you bring in at laſt, 'The Knight of the Woeful Figure!' Well, I ſay't again in good earneſt, you're a devil at every thing; and there's no kind of thing in the verſal world but what you can turn your hand to. A man ought to have ſome knowledge of every thing, anſwer'd Don Quixote, if he would be duly qualify'd for the employment I profeſs. Well then, quoth Sancho, do ſo much as write the warrant for the three aſſes on the other ſide of that leaf; and pray write it mighty plain, that they may know 'tis your hand at firſt ſight. I will, ſaid Don Quixote, and with that he wrote it accordingly, and then read it in this form:

'My dear Niece,

'UPON ſight of this my firſt bill of aſſes, be pleas'd to 'deliver three of the five which I left at home in your 'cuſtody to Sancho Pança, my ſquire, for the like number re- 'ceiv'd of him here in tale; and this, together with his re- 'ceipt, ſhall be your diſcharge. † Given in the very bowels 'of Sierra Morena, the 22d of Auguſt, in the preſent year.'

'Tis as it ſhould be, quoth Sancho; there only wants your name at the bottom. There's no need to ſet my name, anſwer'd Don Quixote; I'll only ſet the two firſt letters of it,

† *In the original it is* Fecha, *i. e.* Done; *for the king of Spain writes,* Done at our court, *&c. as the king of England does,* Given, *&c.*

and 'twill be as valid as if 'twere written at length, tho' 'twere not only for three aſſes, but for three hundred. I dare take your worſhip's word, quoth Sancho; and now I'm going to ſaddle Rozinante, and then you ſhall give me your bleſſing; for I intend to ſet out preſently, without ſeeing any of your mad tricks; and I will relate, that I ſaw you perform ſo many, that ſhe can deſire no more. Nay, ſaid Don Quixote, I will have thee ſtay a while, Sancho, and ſee me ſtark naked; 'tis alſo abſolutely neceſſary thou ſhouldſt ſee me practiſe ſome twenty or thirty mad gambols; I ſhall have diſpatch'd 'em in leſs than half an hour: and when thou haſt been an eye-witneſs of that eſſay, thou may'ſt with a ſafe conſcience ſwear thou haſt ſeen me play a thouſand more; for I dare aſſure thee, for thy encouragement, thou never canſt exceed the number of thoſe I ſhall perform. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, as you love me don't let me ſtay to ſee you naked; 'twill grieve me ſo to the heart, that I ſhall cry my eyes out; and I have blubber'd and howl'd but too much ſince yeſternight for the loſs of my aſs; my head's ſo ſore with it, I a'n't able to cry any longer: but if you'll needs have me ſee ſome of your antics, pray do 'em in your cloaths out of hand, and let them be ſuch as are moſt to the purpoſe; for the ſooner I go, the ſooner I ſhall come back; and the way to be gone, is not to ſtay here. I long to bring you an anſwer to your heart's content: and I'll be ſure to do't, or let the lady Dulcinea look to't; for if ſhe does not anſwer as ſhe ſhould do, I proteſt ſolemnly I'll force an anſwer out of her guts by dint of good kicks and fiſticuffs: for 'tis not to be endured, that ſuch a notable knight-errant as your worſhip is, ſhould thus run out of his wits without knowing why or wherefore. for ſuch a—odſbobs, I know what I know; ſhe had not beſt provoke me to ſpeak it out; for, by the Lord, I ſhall let fly, and out with it by wholeſale, tho' it ſpoil the market*.

* *Sancho here, by threatning to blurt out ſomething, gives a*

I proteſt, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, I think thou art as mad as myſelf. Nay, not ſo mad neither, reply'd Sancho, but ſomewhat more cholerick. But talk no more of that: let's ſee, how will you do for victuals when I'm gone? do you mean to do like t'other mad-man yonder, rob upon the high-way, and ſnatch the goat herds victuals from 'em by main force? Never let that trouble thy head, reply'd Don Quixote; for though I had all the dainties that can feaſt a luxurious palate, I would feed upon nothing but the herbs and fruits which this wilderneſs will afford me; for the ſingularity of my preſent taſk conſiſts in faſting, and half ſtarving myſelf, and in the performance of other auſterities. But there's another thing come into my head, quoth Sancho; how ſhall I do to find the way hither again, 'tis ſuch a by-place? Take good notice of it before-hand, ſaid Don Quixote and I'll endeavour to keep hereabouts till thy return: beſides, about the time when I may reaſonably expect thee back, I'll be ſure to watch on the top of yonder high rock for thy coming. But now I bethink myſelf of a better expedient; thou ſhalt cut down a good number of boughs, and ſtrew 'em in the way as thou rideſt along, till thou get'ſt to the plains, and this will ſerve thee to find me again at thy return, like Perſeus's clue to the labyrinth in Crete.

I'll go about it out of hand, quoth Sancho. With that he went and cut down a bundle of boughs, then came and aſk'd his maſter's bleſſing; and, after a ſhower of tears ſhed on both ſides mounted Rozinante, which Don Quixote, very ſeriouſly recommended to his care, charging him to be as tender of that excellent ſteed as of his own perſon. After that he ſet forward toward the plains, ſtrewing ſeveral boughs

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kind of ſly prophecy of the Dulcinea he intended to palm upon his maſter's folly, and prepares the reader for that groſs impoſition, of enchanting the three princeſſes and their palfries, into three country wenches upon aſſes.

as he rid, according to order. His maſter importun'd him to ſtay and ſee him do two or three of his antic poſtures before he went, but he could not prevail with him: however, before he was got out of ſight he conſidered of it, and rode back. Sir, quoth he, I've thought better of it and believe I had beſt take your advice, that I may ſwear with a ſafe conſcience I have ſeen you play your mad tricks; therefore I would ſee you do one of 'em at leaſt, tho' I think I've ſeen you do a very great one already, I mean your ſtaying by yourſelf in this deſart.

I had advis'd thee right, ſaid Don Quixote; and therefore ſtay but while a man may repeat the Creed ‡, and I will ſhew thee what thou would'ſt ſee. With that, ſlipping off his breeches, and ſtripping himſelf naked to the waiſt, he gave two or three friſks in the air, and then pitching on his hands, he fetch'd his heels over his head twice together; and as he tumbled with his legs aloft, diſcover'd ſuch rarities, that Sancho e'en made haſte to turn his horſe's head, that he might no longer ſee 'em, and rode away full ſatisfy'd, that he might ſwear his maſter was mad; and ſo we will leave him to make the beſt of his way till his return, which will be more ſpeedy than might be imagin'd.

CHAP. XII.

A continuation of the refin'd extravagancies by which the gallant knight of La Mancha *choſe to expreſs his love in the* Sierra Morena.

THE hiſtory relates, that as ſoon as the knight of the woeful figure ſaw himſelf alone, after he had taken his

‡ *A proverb to expreſs brevity in Romiſh countries, where they huddle the* Credo *over ſo faſt, that they have done before one would think they were got half through.*

friſks and leaps naked as he was, the prelude to his amorous penance, he aſcended the top of a high rock, and there began ſeriouſly to conſider with himſelf what reſolution to take in that nice dilemma, which had already ſo perplex'd his mind; that is, whether he ſhould imitate Orlando in his wild ungovernable fury, or Amadis in his melancholy mood. To which purpoſe, reaſoning with himſelf, I do not much wonder, ſaid he, at Orlando's being ſo very valiant, conſidering he was inchanted in ſuch a manner, that he could not be ſlain but by the thruſt of a long pin through the bottom of his foot, which he ſufficiently ſecur'd, always wearing ſeven iron ſoles to his ſhoes; and yet this avail'd him nothing againſt Bernardo del Carpio, who underſtanding what he depended upon, ſqueez'd him to death between his arms at Roncevalles. But ſetting aſide his valour, let us examine his madneſs; for that he was mad, is an unqueſtionable truth; nor is it leſs certain, that his frenzy was occaſion'd by the aſſurances he had that the fair Angelica had reſign'd herſelf up to the unlawful embraces of Medor, that young Moor with curl'd locks, who was page to Agramont. Now, after all, ſeeing he was too well convinc'd of his lady's infidelity, 'tis not to be admir'd he ſhould run mad: but how can I imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occaſion? for I dare ſwear my Dulcinea del Toboſo never ſaw a downright Moor in his own garb ſince ſhe firſt beheld light, and that ſhe is at this preſent ſpeaking as right as the mother that bore her: ſo that I ſhould do her a great injury, ſhould I entertain any diſhonourable thoughts of her behaviour, and fall into ſuch a kind of madneſs as that of Orlando Furioſo. On the other ſide I find, that Amadis de Gaul, without puniſhing himſelf with ſuch diſtraction, or expreſſing his reſentments in ſo boiſterous and raving a manner, got as great a reputation for being a lover as any one whatſoever: for what I find in hiſtory as to his abandoning himſelf to ſorrow, is only this: he found himſelf diſdain'd, his lady Oriana having charg'd him to get out of her ſight, and not to pre-

ſume to appear in her preſence till ſhe gave him leave; and this was the true reaſon why he retir'd to the poor rock with the hermit, where he gave up himſelf wholly to grief, and wept a deluge of tears, till pitying heaven at laſt commiſerating his affliction, ſent him relief in the height of his anguiſh. Now then, ſince this is true, as I know it is, what need have I to tear off my cloaths, to rend and root up theſe harmleſs trees, or trouble the clear water of theſe brooks, that muſt give me drink when I am thirſty? No, long live the memory of Amadis de Gaul, and let him be the great exemplar which Don Quixote de la Mancha chuſes to imitate in all things that will admit of a parallel. So may it be ſaid of the living copy, as was ſaid of the dead original, that if he did not perform great things, yet no man was more ambitious of undertaking 'em than he; and tho' I am not diſdain'd nor diſcarded by Dulcinea, yet 'tis ſufficient that I am abſent from her. Then 'tis reſolv'd! and now ye famous actions of the great Amadis occur to my remembrance, and be my truſty guides to follow his example. This ſaid, he call'd to mind, that the chief exerciſe of that heroe in his retreat was prayer: to which purpoſe, our modern Amadis preſently went and made himſelf a roſary of galls or acorns inſtead of beads; but he was extremely troubled for want of an hermit to hear his confeſſion, and comfort him in his affliction. However, he entertain'd himſelf with his amorous contemplations, walking up and down the meadow, and writing ſome poetical conceptions in the ſmooth ſand, and upon the barks of trees, all of 'em expreſſive of his ſorrows, and the praiſes of Dulcinea; but unhappily none were found entire and legible but theſe ſtanzas that follow.

YE lofty trees with ſpreading arms,
The pride and ſhelter of the plain;
Ye humbler ſhrubs, and flow'ry charms,
Which here in ſpringing glory reign!
If my complaints may pity move,
Hear the ſad ſtory of my love!

While with me here you paſs your hours,
Should you grow faded with my cares,
I'll bribe you with refreſhing ſhow'rs,
You ſhall be water'd with my tears.
Diſtant, tho' preſent in idea,
I mourn my abſent Dulcinea
Del Toboſo.

Love's trueſt ſlave deſpairing choſe
This lonely wild, this deſart plain,
The ſilent witneſs of the woes
Which he, tho' guiltleſs, muſt ſuſtain.
Unknowing why thoſe pains he bears,
He groans, he raves, and he deſpairs:
With ling'ring fires love racks my ſoul,
In vain I grieve, in vain lament;
Like tortur'd fiends I weep, I howl,
And burn, yet never can repent.
Diſtant, tho' preſent in idea,
I mourn my abſent Dulcinea
Del Toboſo.

While I thro' honour's thorny ways,
In ſearch of diſtant glory rove,
Malignant fate my toil repays
With endleſs woes, and hopeleſs love.
Thus I on barren rocks deſpair,
And curſe my ſtars, yet bleſs my fair.
Love arm'd with ſnakes has left his dart,
And now does like a fury rave,
And ſcourge and ſting in every part,
And into madneſs laſh his ſlave.
Diſtant, tho' preſent in idea,
I mourn my abſent Dulcinea
Del Toboſo.

This addition of Del Toboſo to the name of Dulcinea, made thoſe who found theſe verſes laugh heartily; and they imagin'd, that when Don Quixote made them, he was afraid

thoſe who ſhould happen to read 'em would not underſtand on whom they were made, ſhould he omit to mention the place of his miſtreſs's birth and reſidence: and this was indeed the true reaſon, as he himſelf afterwards confeſs'd. With this employment did our diſconſolate knight beguile the tedious hours; ſometimes alſo he expreſs'd his ſorrows in proſe, ſigh'd to the winds, and call'd upon the Sylvan gods, the Fauns, the Naïades, the nymphs of the adjoining groves, and the mournful echo, imploring their attention and condolement with repeated ſupplications: at other times he employ'd himſelf in gathering herbs for the ſupport of languiſhing nature, which decay'd ſo faſt, what with his ſlender diet, and what with his ſtudied anxiety and intenſeneſs of thinking, that had Sancho ſtaid but three weeks from him, whereas by good fortune he ſtaid but three days, the knight of the woeful figure would have been ſo disfigur'd, that his mother would never have known the child of her own womb.

But now 'tis neceſſary we ſhould leave him a while to his ſighs, his ſobs, and his amorous expoſtulations, and ſee how Sancho Pança behav'd himſelf in his embaſſy. He made all the haſte he could to get out of the mountain; and then taking the direct road to Toboſo, the next day he arriv'd near the inn where he had been toſs'd in a blanket. Scarce had he deſcry'd the fatal walls, but a ſudden ſhivering ſeiz'd his bones, and he fancy'd himſelf to be again dancing in the air; ſo that he had a good mind to have rode farther before he baited, tho' it was dinner-time, and his mouth water'd ſtrangely at the thoughts of a hot bit of meat, the rather, becauſe he had liv'd altogether upon cold victuals for a long while. This greedy longing drew him near the inn, in ſpite of his averſion to the place; but yet when he came to the gate he had not the courage to go in, but ſtopp'd there, not knowing whether he had beſt enter or no. While he ſat muſing, two men happen'd to come out, and believing they knew him, look, maſter doctor, cry'd one to the other, is not that Sancho Pança, whom the houſe-keeper told us her maſter

had inveigl'd to go along with him? The ſame, anſwer'd the other; and more than that, he rides on Don Quixote's horſe. Now theſe two happen'd to be the curate and the barber, who had brought his books to a trial, and paſs'd ſentence on 'em; therefore they had no ſooner ſaid this, but they call'd to Sancho, and aſk'd him where he had left his maſter? the truſty ſquire preſently knew 'em, and having no mind to diſcover the place and condition he left his maſter in, told 'em, he was taken up with certain buſineſs of great conſequence at a certain place, which he durſt not diſcover for his life. How! Sancho, cry'd the barber, you muſt not think to put us off with a flim-flam ſtory; if you won't tell us where he is, we ſhall believe you have murther'd him, and robb'd him of his horſe; therefore either ſatisfy us where you've left him, or we'll have you laid by the heels. Look you, neighbour, quoth Sancho, I a'n't afraid of words, d'ye ſee: I am neither a thief nor a man-ſlayer; I kill no body, ſo no body kill me; I leave every man to fall by his own fortune, or by the hand of him that made him. As for my maſter, I left him friſking and doing penance in the midſt of yon mountain, to his heart's content. After this, without any further intreaty, he gave 'em a full account of that buſineſs, and of all their adventures; how he was then going from his maſter to carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, Lorenzo Curchuelo's daughter, with whom he was up to the ears in love. The curate and barber ſtood amaz'd, hearing all theſe particulars; and though they already knew Don Quixote's madneſs but too well, they wonder'd more and more at the increaſe of it, and at ſo ſtrange a caſt and variety of extravagance. Then they deſir'd Sancho to ſhew them the letter. He told 'em 'twas written in a pocket-book, and that his maſter had order'd him to get it fairly tranſcrib'd upon paper at the next village he ſhould come at. Whereupon the curate promiſing to write it out very fairly himſelf, Sancho put his hand into his boſom to give him the table-book; but though he fumbl'd a great while for it, he could

find none of it; he ſearch'd and ſearch'd again, but it had been in vain though he had ſearch'd till dooms-day, for he came away from Don Quixote without it. This put him into a cold ſweat, and made him turn as pale as death: he fell a ſearching all his cloaths, turn'd his pockets inſide outwards, fumbled in his boſom again: but being at laſt convinc'd he had it not about him, he fell a raving and ſtamping, and curſing himſelf like a madman; he rent his beard from his chin with both hands; beſiſted his own forgetful ſkull, and his blubber cheeks, and gave himſelf a bloody noſe in a moment. The curate and the barber aſk'd him what was the matter with him, and why he puniſh'd himſelf at that ſtrange rate? I deſerve it all, quoth Sancho, like a blockhead as I am, for loſing at one caſt no leſs than three aſſes, of which the leaſt was worth a caſtle. How ſo, quoth the barber? why, cry'd Sancho, I've loſt that ſame table-book, wherein was written Dulcinea's letter, and a bill of exchange drawn by my maſter upon his niece for three of the five aſſes which he has at home; and with that he told 'em how he had loſt his own aſs. But the curate cheer'd him up, and promis'd him to get another bill of exchange from his maſter written upon paper, whereas that in the table-book not being in due form, would not have been accepted. With that Sancho took courage, and told 'em, if it were ſo, he car'd not a ſtraw for Dulcinea's letter; for he knew it almoſt all by rote. Then pr'ythee let's hear it, ſaid the barber, and we'll ſee and write it. In order to this Sancho paus'd, and began to ſtudy for the words; preſently he fell a ſcratching his head, ſtood firſt upon one leg, and then upon another, gaped ſometimes upon the ſkies, ſometimes upon the ground; at length, after he had gnaw'd away the top of his thumb, and quite tir'd out the curate and barber's patience: before George, cry'd he, Mr. Doctor, I believe the devil's in't; for may I be choak'd if I can remember a word of this confounded letter, but only, that there was at the beginning, high and ſubterrene lady: ſovereign, or ſuperhumane lady, you would ſay, quoth the barber. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho,

you're in the right—but ſtay, now I think, I can remember ſome of that which follow'd: ho! I have it, I ha't now—'He 'that is wounded, and wants ſleep, ſends you the dagger——'which he wants himſelf—that ſtabb'd him to the heart—'and the hurt man does kiſs your ladyſhip's hand—' and at laſt, after a hundred hums and haws, ſweeteſt Dulcinea del Toboſo: and thus he went on rambling a good while with I don't know what more of fainting, and relief, and ſinking, till at laſt he ended with 'Yours till death the Knight of the 'woeful figure.' The curate and the barber were mightily pleas'd with Sancho's excellent memory; inſomuch, that they deſir'd him to repeat the letter twice or thrice more, that they might alſo get it by heart, and write it down; which Sancho did very freely, but every time he made many odd alterations and additions as pleaſant as the firſt. Then he told 'em many other things of his maſter, but ſpoke not a word of his own being toſs'd in a blanket at that very inn. He alſo told 'em, that if he brought a kind anſwer from the lady Dulcinea, his maſter would forthwith ſet out to ſee and make himſelf an emperor, or at leaſt a king; for ſo they two had agreed between themſelves, he ſaid; and that after all, 'twas a mighty eaſy matter for his maſter to become one, ſuch was his proweſs, and the ſtrength of his arm: which being done, his maſter would marry him to one of the empreſs's damſels; and that fine lady was to be heireſs to a large country on the main land, but not to any iſland, or iſlands, for he was out of conceit with them. Poor Sancho ſpoke all this ſo ſeriouſly, and ſo feelingly, ever and anon wiping his noſe, and ſtroaking his beard, that now the curate and the barber were more ſurpriz'd than they were before, conſidering the prevalent influences of Don Quixote's folly upon that ſilly credulous fellow. However, they did not think it worth their while to undeceive him yet, ſeeing this was only a harmleſs deluſion, that might divert them a while; and therefore they exhorted him to pray for his maſter's health, and long life, ſeeing it was no impoſſible thing, but

that he might in time become an emperor as he ſaid, or at leaſt an archbiſhop, or ſomewhat elſe equivalent to it.

But pray, good Mr. Doctor, aſk'd Sancho, ſhould my maſter have no mind to be an emperor, and take a fancy to be an archbiſhop, I would fain know what your archbiſhops-errant are wont to give their ſquires? why, anſwer'd the curate, they uſe to give 'em ſome parſonage, or fine cure, or ſome ſuch other benefice, or church-living, which, with the profits of the altar, and other fees, brings them in a handſome revenue. Ay, but, ſays Sancho, to put in for that, the ſquire muſt be a ſingle man, and know how to anſwer, and aſſiſt at maſs at leaſt; and how ſhall I do then, ſeeing I have the ill luck to be marry'd? nay, and beſides I don't ſo much as know the firſt letter of my Chriſt-Croſs-Row. What will become of me, ſhould it come into my maſter's head to make himſelf an archbiſhop, and not an emperor, as 'tis the cuſtom of knights-errant? don't let that trouble thee friend Sancho, ſaid the barber, we'll talk to him about it, and adviſe him, nay, urge him to it as a point of conſcience to be an emperor, and not an archbiſhop, which will be better for him, by reaſon he has more courage than learning.

Troth, I'm of your mind, quoth Sancho, though he's ſuch a head-piece, that I dare ſay he can turn himſelf to any thing: nevertheleſs, I mean to make it the burthen of my prayers, that heaven may direct him to that which is beſt for him, and what may enable him to reward me moſt. You ſpeak like a wiſe man, and a good Chriſtian, ſaid the curate: but all we have to do at preſent, is to ſee how we ſhall get your maſter to give over that ſevere unprofitable penance which he has undertaken; and therefore let's go in to conſider about it, and alſo to eat our dinner, for I fancy 'tis ready by this time. Do you two go in if you pleaſe, quoth Sancho, but as for me, I had rather ſtay without; and anon I'll tell you why I don't care to go in a-doors: however, pray ſend me out a piece of hot victuals to eat here, and ſome provender for Rozinante. With that they went in, and a while after

the barber brought him out ſome meat; and returning to the curate, they conſulted how to compaſs their deſign. At laſt the latter luckily bethought himſelf of an expedient that ſeem'd moſt likely to take, as exactly fitting Don Quixote's humour; which was, that he ſhould diſguiſe himſelf in the habit of a damſel-errant, and the barber ſhould alter his dreſs as well as he could, ſo as to paſs for a ſquire, or gentleman-uſher. In that equipage, added he, we will go to Don Quixote, and feigning my ſelf to be a diſtreſs'd damſel, I'll beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, will not fail to promiſe me. By this means I will engage him to go with me to redreſs a very great injury done me by a falſe and diſcourteous knight, beſeeching him not to deſire to ſee my face, nor aſk me any thing about my circumſtances, till he has revenged me of that wicked knight. This bait will take, I dare engage, and by this ſtratagem we'll decoy him back to his own houſe, where we'll try to cure him of his romantic frenzy.

CHAP. XIII.

How the curate and barber put their deſign in execution; with other things worthy to be recorded in this important hiſtory.

THE curate's project was ſo well lik'd by the barber, that they inſtantly put it into practice. Firſt they borrowed a compleat woman's apparel of the hoſteſs, leaving her in pawn a new caſſock of the curate's; and the barber made himſelf a long beard with a grizzled ox's tail, in which the inn-keeper us'd to hang his combs. The hoſteſs being deſirous to know what they intended to do with thoſe things, the curate gave her a ſhort account of Don Quixote's diſtraction, and their deſign. Whereupon the inn-keeper and his wife preſently gueſs'd this was their romantic knight, that made the precious balſam; and accordingly they told 'em the whole ſtory of Don Quixote's lodging there, and of

Sancho's being toſs'd in a blanket. Which done, the hoſteſs readily fitted out the curate at ſuch a rate, that 'twould have pleas'd any one to have ſeen him; for ſhe dreſs'd him up in a cloth gown trimm'd with borders of black velvet, the breadth of a ſpan, all pink'd and jagg'd; and a pair of green velvet bodice, with ſleeves of the ſame, and fac'd with white ſattin; which accoutrements probably had been in faſhion in old king Bamba's * days. The curate would not let her encumber his head with a woman's head-geer, but only clapp'd upon his crown a white quilted cap which he us'd to wear a-nights, and bound his forehead with one of his garters, that was of black taffety, making himſelf a kind of muffler and vizard maſk with the other: then he half bury'd his head under his hat, pulling it down to ſqueeze in his ears; and as the broad brim flapp'd down over his eyes, it ſeem'd a kind of umbrella. This done, he wrapp'd his cloak about him, and ſeated himſelf on his mule, ſide-ways like a woman: then the barber clapp'd on his ox-tail beard, half red and half grizzl'd, which hung from his chin down to his waiſt; and having mounted his mule, they took leave of their hoſt and hoſteſs, as alſo of the good-condition'd Maritornes, who vow'd, tho' ſhe was a ſinner, to tumble her beads, and ſay a roſary to the good ſucceſs of ſo arduous and truly Chriſtian an undertaking.

But ſcarce were they got out of the inn, when the curate began to be troubled with a ſcruple of conſcience about his putting on woman's apparel, being apprehenſive of the indecency of the diſguiſe in a prieſt, though the goodneſs of his intention might well warrant a diſpenſation from the ſtrictneſs of decorum: therefore he deſired the barber to change

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* *An ancient Gothick king of Spain, concerning whom ſeveral fables are written; wherefore the Spaniards, to expreſs any thing exceeding old, ſay it was in being in his time; as in England we ſay a thing is as old as Paul's, and the like.*

dreſſes, for that in his habit of a ſquire he ſhould leſs profane his own dignity and character, to which he ought to have a greater regard than to Don Quixote; withal aſſuring the barber, that unleſs he conſented to this exchange, he was abſolutely reſolv'd to go no further, though 'twere to ſave Don Quixote's ſoul from hell. Sancho came up with 'em juſt upon their demur, and was ready to ſplit his ſides with laughing at the ſight of theſe ſtrange maſqueraders. In ſhort, the barber conſented to be the damſel, and to let the curate be the ſquire. Now while they were thus changing ſexes, the curate offer'd to tutor him how to behave himſelf in that female attire, ſo as to be able to wheedle Don Quixote out of his penance: but the barber deſir'd him not to trouble himſelf about that matter, aſſuring him, that he was well enough vers'd in female affairs to be able to act a damſel without any directions: however, he ſaid he would not now ſtand fiddling and managing his pins to prink himſelf up, ſeeing it would be time enough to do that when they came near Don Quixote's hermitage; and therefore having folded up his cloaths, and the curate his beard, they ſpurr'd on, while their guide Sancho entertain'd 'em with a relation of the mad tatter'd gentleman whom they had met in the mountain; however, without mentioning a word of the portmanteau or the gold; for, as much a fool as he was, he lov'd money, and knew how to keep it when he had it, and was wiſe enough to keep his own counſel.

They got the next day to the place where Sancho had ſtrew'd the boughs to direct him to Don Quixote; and therefore he adviſ'd them to put on their diſguiſes, if 'twere, as they told him, that their deſign was only to make his maſter leave that wretched kind of life, in order to become an emperor. Thereupon they charg'd him on his life not to take the leaſt notice who they were. As for Dulcinea's letter, if Don Quixote aſk'd him about it, they order'd him to ſay he had deliver'd it; but that by reaſon ſhe could neither write nor read, ſhe had ſent him her anſwer by word of

mouth; which was, that on pain of her indignation, he ſhould immediately put an end to his ſevere penance, and repair to her preſence. This, they told Sancho, together with what they themſelves deſign'd to ſay, was the only way to oblige his maſter to leave the deſert, that he might proſecute his deſign of making himſelf an emperor; aſſuring him they would take care he ſhould not entertain the leaſt thought of an archbiſhoprick.

Sancho liſten'd with great attention to all theſe inſtructions, and treaſur'd 'em up in his mind, giving the curate and the barber a world of thanks for their good intention of adviſing his maſter to become an emperor, and not an archbiſhop; for, as he ſaid, he imagin'd in his ſimple judgment, that an emperor errant was ten times better than an archbiſhop-errant, and could reward his ſquire a great deal better.

He likewiſe added, that he thought it would be proper for him to go to his maſter ſomewhat before them, and give him an account of his lady's kind anſwer; for, perhaps, that alone would be ſufficient to fetch him out of that place, without putting 'em to any further trouble. They lik'd this propoſal very well, and therefore agreed to let him go, and wait there till he came back to give them an account of his ſucceſs. With that Sancho rode away, and ſtruck into the clefts of the rock, in order to find out his maſter, leaving the curate and the barber by the ſide of a brook, where the neighbouring hills; and ſome trees that grew along its banks, combin'd to make a cool and pleaſant ſhade. There they ſhelter'd themſelves from the ſcorching beams of the ſun, that commonly ſhines intolerably hot in thoſe parts at that time, being about the middle of Auguſt, and hardly three o' clock in the afternoon. While they quietly refreſh'd themſelves in that delightful place, where they agreed to ſtay till Sancho's return, they heard a voice, which though unattended with any inſtrument, raviſh'd their ears with its melodious ſound: and what encreas'd their ſurprize, and their admiration, was to hear ſuch artful notes, and ſuch delicate

muſic, in ſo unfrequented and wild a place, where ſcarce any ruſtics ever ſtraggl'd, much leſs ſuch ſkilful ſongſters, as the perſon whom they heard unqueſtionably was; for though the poets are pleas'd to fill the fields and woods with ſwains and ſhepherdeſſes, that ſing with all the ſweetneſs and delicacy imaginable, yet 'tis well enough known that thoſe gentlemen deal more in fiction than in truth, and love to embelliſh the deſcriptions they make, with things that have no exiſtence but in their own brain. Nor could our two liſt'ning travellers think it the voice of a peaſant, when they began to diſtinguiſh the words of the ſong, for they ſeem'd to reliſh more of a courtly ſtyle than a rural compoſition. Theſe were the verſes.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT makes me languiſh and complain?
O 'tis diſdain!
What yet more fiercely tortures me?
'Tis jealouſy.
How have I my patience loſt?
By abſence croſt.
Then hopes farewel, there's no relief;
I ſink beneath oppreſſing grief;
Nor can a wretch, without deſpair,
Scorn, jealouſy, and abſence bear.

II.

What in my breaſt this anguiſh drove?
Intruding love.
Who cou'd ſuch mighty ills create?
Blind fortune's hate.

What cruel pow'rs my fate approve?

The powers above.

Then let me bear, and ceaſe to moan;
'Tis glorious thus to be undone:
When theſe invade, who dares oppoſe?
Heaven, love and fortune are my foes.

III.

Where ſhall I find a ſpeedy cure?

Death is ſure.

No milder means to ſet me free?

Inconſtancy.

Can nothing elſe my pains aſſwage?

Diſtracting rage.

What die or change? Lucinda loſe;
O let me rather madneſs chuſe!
But judge, ye gods, what we endure,
When death or madneſs are a cure!

The time, the hour, the ſolitarineſs of the place, the voice and agreeable manner with which the unſeen muſician ſung, ſo fill'd the hearers minds with wonder and delight, that they were all attention; and when the voice was ſilent, they continu'd ſo too a pretty while, watching with liſt'ning ears to catch the expected ſounds, expreſſing their ſatisfaction beſt by that dumb applauſe. At laſt, concluding the perſon would ſing no more, they reſolv'd to find out the charming ſongſter; but as they were going ſo to do, they heard the wiſh'd for voice begin another air, which fix'd 'em where they ſtood till it had ſung the following ſonnet:

A SONNET.

O Sacred friendſhip, heaven's delight,
Which tir'd with man's unequal mind,
Took to thy native ſkies thy flight,
While ſcarce thy ſhadow's left behind!

From thee, diffuſive good below,
Peace and her train of joys we trace;
But falſhood with diſſembl'd ſhow
Too oft uſurps thy ſacred face.

Bleſs'd genius, then reſume thy ſeat!
Deſtroy impoſture and deceit,
Which in thy dreſs confound the ball!
Harmonious peace and truth renew,
Shew the falſe friendſhip from the true,
Or nature muſt to Chaos fall.

This ſonnet concluded with a deep ſigh, and ſuch doleful throbs, that the curate and the barber now out of pity, as well as curioſity before, reſolv'd inſtantly to find out who this mournful ſongſter was. They had not gone far, when by the ſide of a rock they diſcover'd a man, whoſe ſhape and aſpect anſwer'd exactly to the deſcription Sancho had given 'em of Cardenio. They obſerv'd he ſtopt ſhort as ſoon as he ſpy'd them, yet without any ſigns of fear; only he hung down his head, like one abandon'd to ſorrow, never ſo much as lifting up his eyes to mind what they did. The curate, who was a good and a well-ſpoken man, preſently gueſſing him to be the ſame of whom Sancho had given them an account, went towards him, and addreſſing himſelf to him with great civility and diſcretion, earneſtly intreated him to forſake this deſart, and a courſe of life ſo wretched

and forlorn, which endanger'd his title to a better, and from a wilful misery might make him fall into greater and everlasting woes. Cardenio was then free from the distraction that so often disturb'd his senses; yet seeing two persons in a garb wholly different from that of those few rustics who frequented those desarts, and hearing 'em talk as if they were no strangers to his concerns, he was somewhat surpriz'd at first; however, having look'd upon 'em earnestly for some time, gentlemen, said he, whoever ye be, I find heaven, pitying my misfortunes, has brought ye to these solitary regions, to retrieve me from this frightful retirement, and recover me to the society of men: but because you do not know how unhappy a fate attends me, and that I never am free from one affliction but to fall into a greater, you perhaps take me for a man naturally endow'd with a very small stock of sense, and, what's worse, for one of those wretches who are altogether depriv'd of reason. And indeed I cannot blame any one that entertains such thoughts of me; for even I myself am convinc'd, that the bare remembrance of my disasters often distracts me to that degree, that losing all sense of reason and knowledge, I unman myself for the time, and launch into those extravagancies which nothing but height of frenzy and madness would commit: and I am the more sensible of my being troubl'd with this distemper, when people tell me what I have done during the violence of that terrible accident, and give me too certain proofs of it. And after all, I can alledge no other excuse but the cause of my misfortune, which occasion'd that frantic rage, and therefore tell the story of my hard fate to as many as have the patience to hear it; for men of sense perceiving the cause, will not wonder at the effects; and though they can give me no relief, yet at least they will cease to condemn me; for a bare relation of my wrongs must needs make 'em lose their resentments of the effects of my disorder into a compassion of my miserable fate. Therefore, gentlemen, if you came here with that design, I beg that before you give yourselves the trouble of reproving

or adviſing me, you will be pleas'd to attend to the relation of my calamities; for perhaps when you have heard it, you will think 'em paſt redreſs, and ſo will ſave yourſelves the labour you would take. The curate and the barber, who deſir'd nothing more than to hear the ſtory from his own mouth, were extremely glad of his proffer; and having aſſur'd him they had no deſign to aggravate his miſeries with pretending to remedy 'em, nor would they croſs his inclinations in the leaſt, they intreated him to begin his relation.

The unfortunate Cardenio then began his ſtory, and went on with the firſt part of it, almoſt in the ſame words, as far as when he related it to Don Quixote and the goat-herd, when the knight, out of ſuperſtitious niceneſs to obſerve the decorum of chivalry, gave an interruption to the relation, by quarrelling about maſter Elizabat, as we have already ſaid. Then he went on with that paſſage concerning the letter ſent him by Lucinda, which Don Ferdinand had unluckily found, happening to be by, to open the book of Amadis de Gaul firſt, when Lucinda ſent it back to Cardenio with that letter in it between the leaves; which Cardenio told 'em was as follows:

Lucinda to Cardenio.

'I Diſcover in you every day ſo much merit, that I am 'oblig'd, or rather forc'd, to eſteem you more and more. 'If you think this acknowledgment to your advantage, 'make that uſe of it which is moſt conſiſtent with your ho'nour and mine. I have a father that knows you, and is too 'kind a parent ever to obſtruct my deſigns, when he ſhall be 'ſatisfy'd with their being juſt and honourable: ſo that 'tis 'now your part to ſhew you love me, as you pretend, and I 'believe.'

This letter, continu'd Cardenio, made me reſolve once more to demand Lucinda of her father in marriage, and was

the ſame that encreas'd Don Ferdinand's eſteem for her, by that diſcovery of her ſenſe and diſcretion, which ſo enflam'd his ſoul, that from that moment he ſecretly reſolv'd to deſtroy my hopes e'er I could be ſo happy as to crown them with ſucceſs. I told that perfidious friend what Lucinda's father had adviſ'd me to do, when I had raſhly aſk'd her for my wife before, and that I durſt not now impart this to my father, leſt he ſhould not readily conſent I ſhould marry yet. Not but that he knew, that her quality, beauty, and virtue were ſufficient to make her an ornament to the nobleſt houſe in Spain, but becauſe I was apprehenſive he would not let me marry till he ſaw what the duke would do for me. Don Ferdinand, with a pretended officiouſneſs, proffer'd me to ſpeak to my father, and perſwade him to treat with Lucinda's. Ungrateful man! deceitful friend! ambitious Marius! cruel Catiline! wicked Sylla! perfidious Galalon! faithleſs Vellido! malicious Julian†! treacherous, covetous Judas! thou all thoſe fatal hated men in one, falſe Ferdinand! what wrongs had that fond confiding wretch done thee, who thus to thee unboſom'd all his cares, all the delights, and ſecrets of his ſoul? What injury did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, which were not all directed to advance thy honour and profit? But oh! I rave, unhappy wretch! I ſhould rather accuſe the cruelty of my ſtars, whoſe fatal influence pours miſchiefs on me, which no earthly force can reſiſt, or human art prevent. Who would have thought that Don Ferdinand, whoſe quality and merit entitl'd him to the lawful poſſeſſion of beauties of the higheſt rank, and whom I had engag'd by a thouſand endearing marks of friendſhip and ſervices, ſhould forfeit thus his honour and his truth, and lay ſuch a

† *Julian. Count Julian brought the Moors into Spain, becauſe king Rodrigo had raviſh'd his daughter. Galalon and Vellido are explain'd elſewhere. Marius, Catiline,* &c. *are well known.*

treacherous deſign to deprive me of all the happineſs of my life? But I muſt leave expoſtulating, to end my ſtory. The traitor Ferdinand thinking his project impracticable, while I ſtay'd near Lucinda, bargain'd for ſix fine horſes the ſame day he promis'd to ſpeak to my father, and preſently deſired me to ride away to his brother for money to pay for 'em. Alas! I was ſo far from ſuſpecting his treachery, that I was glad of doing him a piece of ſervice. Accordingly I went that very evening to take my leave of Lucinda, and to tell her what Don Ferdinand had promiſed to do. She bid me return with all the haſte of an expecting lover, not doubting but our lawful wiſhes might be crown'd, as ſoon as my father had ſpoke for me to be her's. When ſhe had ſaid this, I mark'd her trickling tears, and a ſudden grief ſo obſtructed her ſpeech, that though ſhe ſeem'd to ſtrive to tell me ſomething more, ſhe could not give it utterance. This unuſual ſcene of ſorrow ſtrangely amaz'd and mov'd me; yet becauſe I would not murder hope, I choſe to attribute this to the tenderneſs of her affection, and unwillingneſs to part with me. In ſhort, away I went, bury'd in deep melancholy, and full of fears and imaginations, for which I could give no manner of reaſon. I deliver'd Don Ferdinand's letter to his brother, who receiv'd me with all the kindneſs imaginable, but did not diſpatch me as I expected. For, to my ſorrow, he enjoyn'd me to tarry a whole week, and to take care the duke might not ſee me, his brother having ſent for money unknown to his father: but this was only a deviſe of falſe Ferdinand's; for his brother did not want money, and might have diſpatch'd me immediately, had he not been privately deſir'd to delay my return.

This was ſo diſpleaſing an injunction, that I was ready to come away without the money, not being able to live ſo long abſent from my Lucinda, principally conſidering in what condition I had left her. Yet at laſt I forc'd myſelf to ſtay, and my reſpect for my friend prevail'd over my impatience: but e'er four tedious days were expired, a meſſenger brought

me a letter, which I preſently knew to be Lucinda's hand. I open'd it with trembling hands, and an aking heart, juſtly imagining it was no ordinary concern that could urge her to ſend thither to me: and before I read it, I aſk'd the meſſenger who had given it him? he anſwer'd me, 'That going by accidentally in the ſtreet about noon in our town, a very handſome lady, all in tears, had call'd him to her window, and with great precipitation, friend, ſaid ſhe, if you be a Chriſtian, as you ſeem to be, for heaven's ſake take this letter, and deliver it with all ſpeed into the perſon's own hand to whom 'tis directed: I aſſure you in this, you'll do a very good action; and that you may not want means to do it, take what's wrapp'd up in this; and ſaying ſo, ſhe threw me a handkerchief, wherein I found a hundred reals, this gold ring which you ſee, and the letter which I now brought you: which done, I having made her ſigns to let her know I would do as ſhe deſir'd, without ſo much as ſtaying for an anſwer, ſhe went from the grate. This reward, but much more that beautiful lady's tears, and earneſt prayers, made me poſt away to you that very minute, and ſo in ſixteen hours I have travell'd eighteen long leagues.' While the meſſenger ſpoke, I was ſeiz'd with ſad apprehenſions of ſome fatal news; and ſuch a trembling ſhook my limbs, that I could ſcarce ſupport my fainting body. However, taking courage, at laſt I read the letter; the contents of which were theſe:

'DON Ferdinand, according to his promiſe, has deſired your father to ſpeak to mine; but he has done that for himſelf which you had engag'd him to do for you: for he has demanded me for his wife; and my father, allur'd by the advantages which he expects from ſuch an alliance, has ſo far conſented, that two days hence the marriage is to be perform'd, and with ſuch privacy, that only heaven and ſome of the family are to be witneſſes. Judge of the affliction of my ſoul by that concern which I gueſs fills your

'own; and therefore haſte to me, my dear Cardenio. The 'iſſue of this buſineſs will ſhew how much I love you: and 'grant, propitious heaven, this may reach your hands e'er 'mine is in danger of being join'd with his who keeps his 'promiſes ſo ill.'

I had no ſooner read the letter, added Cardenio, but away I flew, without waiting for my diſpatch; for then I too plainly diſcover'd Don Ferdinand's treachery, and that he had only ſent me to his brother to take the advantage of my abſence. Revenge, love, and impatience gave me wings, ſo that I got home privately the next day, juſt when it grew duſkiſh, in good time to ſpeak with Lucinda; and leaving my mule at the honeſt man's houſe who brought me the letter, I went to wait upon my miſtreſs, whom I luckily found at the * window, the only witneſs of our loves. She preſently knew me, and I her, but ſhe did not welcome me as I expected, nor did I find her in ſuch a dreſs as I thought ſuitable to our circumſtances. But what man has aſſurance enough but to pretend to know thoroughly the riddle of a woman's mind, and who could ever hope to fix her mutable nature? Cardenio, ſaid Lucinda to me, my wedding-cloaths are on, and the perfidious Ferdinand, with my covetous father, and the reſt, ſtay for me in the hall, to perform the marriage-rites; but they ſhall ſooner be witneſſes of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my dear Cardenio; but rather ſtrive to be preſent at that ſacrifice. I promiſe thee, if entreaties and words cannot prevent it, I have a dagger that ſhall do me juſtice; and my death, at leaſt, ſhall give thee undeniable aſſurances of my love and fidelity. Do, madam,

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* A la rexa, *at the iron grate. In Spain the lovers make their courtſhip at a low window that has a grate before it, having ſeldom admiſſion into the houſe till the parents on both ſides have agreed.*

cry'd I to her with precipitation, and ſo diſorder'd that I did not know what I ſaid, let your actions verify your words: let us leave nothing unattempted which may ſerve our common intereſts; and I aſſure you, if my ſword does not defend them well, I will turn it upon my own breaſt, rather than outlive my diſappointment. I cannot tell whether Lucinda heard me, for ſhe was call'd away in great haſte, the bridegroom impatiently expecting her. My ſpirit forſook me when ſhe left me, and my ſorrows and confuſion cannot be expreſſed. Methought I ſaw the ſun ſet for ever; and my eyes and my ſenſes partaking of my diſtraction, I could not ſo much as ſpy the door to go into the houſe, and ſeem'd rooted to the place where I ſtood. But at laſt, the conſideration of my love having rous'd me out of this ſtupifying aſtoniſhment, I got into the houſe without being diſcover'd, every thing being there in a hurry; and going into the hall, I hid myſelf behind the hangings, where two pieces of tapeſtry met, and gave me liberty to ſee, without being ſeen. Who can deſcribe the various thoughts, the doubts, the fears, the anguiſh that perplex'd and toſs'd my ſoul while I ſtood waiting there! Don Ferdinand enter'd the hall, not like a bridegroom, but in his uſual habit, with only a couſin-german of Lucinda's, the reſt were the people of the houſe: ſome time after came Lucinda herſelf, with her mother, and two waiting-women. I perceiv'd ſhe was as richly dreſs'd as was conſiſtent with her quality, and the ſolemnity of the ceremony; but the diſtraction that poſſeſs'd me, lent me no time to note particularly the apparel ſhe had on: I only mark'd the colours, that were carnation and white, and the ſplendor of the jewels that enrich'd her dreſs in many places; but nothing equall'd the luſtre of her beauty that adorn'd her perſon much more than all thoſe ornaments. Oh memory! thou fatal enemy of my eaſe, why doſt thou now ſo faithfully repreſent to the eyes of my mind Lucinda's incomparable charms? why doſt thou not rather ſhew me what ſhe did then, that, mov'd by ſo provoking a wrong, I may endeavour to

revenge it, or at leaſt to die. Forgive me theſe tedious digreſſions, gentlemen! alas! my woes are not ſuch as can or ought to be related with brevity; for to me every circumſtance ſeems worthy to be enlarg'd upon.

The curate aſſured Cardenio, that they attended every word with a mournful pleaſure, that made them greedy of hearing the leaſt paſſage. With that Cardenio went on. All parties being met, ſaid he, the prieſt enter'd, and taking the young couple by the hands, he aſk'd Lucinda whether ſhe were willing to take Don Ferdinand for her wedded huſband? With that, I thruſt out my head from between the two pieces of tapeſtry, liſt'ning with anxious heart to hear her anſwer, upon which depended my life and happineſs. Dull, heartleſs wretch that I was! why did I not then ſhew myſelf? why did I not call to her aloud? conſider what thou doſt, Lucinda, thou art mine, and canſt not be another man's: nor canſt thou ſpeak now the fatal yes, without injuring heaven, thyſelf, and me, and murdering thy Cardenio! and thou perfidious Ferdinand, who dareſt to violate all rights, both human and divine, to rob me of my treaſure; canſt thou hope to deprive me of the comfort of my life with impunity? Or think'ſt thou that any conſideration can ſtifle my reſentments, when my honour and my love lie at ſtake? fool that I am! now that 'tis too late, and danger is far diſtant, I ſay what I ſhould have done, and not what I did then: after I've ſuffer'd the treaſure of my ſoul to be ſtolen, I exclaim againſt the thief whom I might have puniſh'd for the baſe attempt, had I had but ſo much reſolution to revenge, as I have now to complain. Then let me rather accuſe my faint heart that durſt not do me right, and let me die here like a wretch, void both of ſenſe and honour, the outcaſt of ſociety and nature. The prieſt ſtood waiting for Lucinda's anſwer a good while before ſhe gave it: and all that time I expected ſhe would have pull'd out her dagger, or unloos'd her tongue to plead her former engagement to me. But, alas! to my eternal diſappointment, I heard her at laſt, with a feeble voice, pronounce

the fatal yes; and then Don Ferdinand ſaying the ſame, and giving her the ring, the ſacred knot was ty'd which death alone can diſſolve. Then did the faithleſs bridegroom advance to embrace his bride; but ſhe laying her hand upon her heart, in that very moment ſwoon'd away in her mother's arms. Oh what confuſion ſeiz'd me, what pangs, what torments rack'd me, ſeeing the falſhood of Lucinda's promiſes, all my hopes ſhipwreck'd, and the only thing that made me wiſh to live, for ever raviſh'd from me! confounded, and deſpairing, I look'd upon myſelf as abandon'd by heaven to the cruelty of my deſtiny; and the violence of my griefs ſtifling my ſighs, and denying a paſſage to my tears, I felt myſelf transfix'd with killing anguiſh, and burning with jealous rage and vengeance! In the mean time the whole company was troubled at Lucinda's ſwooning; and as her mother unclaſp'd her gown before, to give her air, a folded paper was found in her boſom, which Don Ferdinand immediately ſnatch'd; then ſtepping a little aſide, he open'd it and read it by the light of one of the tapers: and as ſoon as he had done, he as it were let himſelf fall upon a chair, and there he ſate with his hand upon the ſide of his face, with all the ſigns of melancholy and diſcontent, as unmindful of his bride as if he had been inſenſible of her accident. For my own part, ſeeing all the houſe thus in an uproar, I reſolved to leave the hated place, without caring whether I were ſeen or not, and in caſe I were ſeen, I reſolv'd to act ſuch a deſperate part in puniſhing the traitor Ferdinand, that the world ſhould at once be inform'd of his perfidiouſneſs, and the ſeverity of my juſt reſentment: but my deſtiny, that preſerv'd me for greater woes (if greater can be) allow'd me then the uſe of that ſmall remainder of my ſenſes, which afterwards quite forſook me: ſo that I left the houſe, without revenging myſelf on my enemies, whom I could eaſily have ſacrific'd to my rage in this unexpected diſorder; and I choſe to inflict upon myſelf, for my credulity, the puniſhment which their infidelity deſerv'd. I went to the meſſenger's houſe where I had

left my mule, and without ſo much as bidding him adieu, I mounted, and left the town like another Lot, without turning to give it a parting look; and as I rode along the fields, darkneſs and ſilence round me, I vented my paſſion in execrations againſt the treacherous Ferdinand, and in as loud complaints of Lucinda's breach of vows and ingratitude. I call'd her cruel, ungrateful, falſe, but above all, covetous and ſordid, ſince the wealth of my enemy was what had induc'd her to forgoe her vows to me: but then again, ſaid I to myſelf, 'tis no ſtrange thing for a young lady, that was ſo ſtrictly educated, to yield herſelf up to the guidance of her father and mother who had provided her a huſband of that quality and fortune. But yet with truth and juſtice ſhe might have pleaded that ſhe was mine before. In fine, I concluded that ambition had got the better of her love, and made her forget her promiſes to Cardenio. Thus abandoning myſelf to theſe tempeſtuous thoughts, I rode on all that night, and about break of day I ſtruck into one of the paſſes that leads into theſe mountains; where I wander'd for three days together without keeping any road, till at laſt coming to a certain valley that lies ſomewhere hereabouts, I met ſome ſhepherds of whom I enquir'd the way to the moſt craggy and inacceſſible part of theſe rocks. They directed me, and I made all the haſte I could to get thither, reſolv'd to linger out my hated life far from the converſe of falſe ungrateful mankind. When I came among theſe deſarts, my mule, through wearineſs and hunger, or rather to get rid of ſo uſeleſs a load as I was, fell down dead, and I myſelf was ſo weak, ſo tir'd and dejected, being almoſt famiſh'd, and withal deſtitute and careleſs of relief, that I ſoon laid myſelf down, or rather fainted on the ground, where I lay a conſiderable while, I don't know how long, extended like a corpſe. When I came to myſelf again, I got up, and cou'd not perceive I had any appetite to eat: I found ſome goatherds by me, who, I ſuppoſe, had given me ſome ſuſtenance, tho' I was not ſenſible of their relief: for, they told me in what a wretched condition they found me, ſtaring, and talk-

ing ſo ſtrangely, that they judg'd I had quite loſt my ſenſes. I have indeed ſince that had but too much cauſe to think that my reaſon ſometimes leaves me, and that I commit thoſe extravagancies which are only the effects of ſenſeleſs rage and frenzy; tearing my cloaths, howling through theſe deſarts, filling the air with curſes and lamentations, and idly repeating a thouſand times Lucinda's name; all my wiſhes at that time being to breathe out my ſoul with the dear word upon my lips; and when I come to myſelf, I am commonly ſo weak, and ſo weary, that I am ſcarce able to ſtir. As for my place of abode, 'tis uſually ſome hollow cork-tree, into which I creep at night; and there ſome few goat-herds, whoſe cattle browſe on the neighbouring mountains, out of pity and Chriſtian charity, ſometimes leave ſome victuals for the ſupport of my miſerable life: for, even when my reaſon is abſent, nature performs its animal functions, and inſtinct guides me to ſatisfy it. Sometimes theſe good people meet me in my lucid intervals, and chide me for taking that from 'em by force and ſurprize, which they are always ſo ready to give me willingly; for which violence I can make no other excuſe, but the extremity of my diſtraction. Thus muſt I drag a miſerable being, 'till heaven, pitying my afflictions, will either put a period to my life, or blot out of my memory perjur'd Lucinda's beauty and ingratitude, and Ferdinand's perfidiouſneſs. Could I but be ſo happy e'er I die, I might then hope to be able, in time, to compoſe my frantic thoughts: but if I muſt deſpair of ſuch a favour, I have no other way but to recommend my ſoul to heaven's mercy; for I am not able to extricate my body or my mind out of that miſery in which I have unhappily plung'd myſelf.

Thus, gentlemen, I have given you a faithful account of my misfortunes. Judge now whether 'twas poſſible I ſhould relate 'em with leſs concern. And pray don't loſe time to preſcribe remedies to a patient who will make uſe of none: I will, and can have no health without Lucinda; ſince ſhe forſakes me, I muſt die: ſhe has convinc'd me, by her inſide-

lity, that ſhe deſires my ruin; and by my unparallel'd ſufferings to the laſt, I will ſtrive to convince her I deſerv'd a better fate. Let me then ſuffer on, and may I be the only unhappy creature whom deſpair could not relieve, while the impoſſibility of receiving comfort brings cure to ſo many other wretches!

Here Cardenio made an end of his mournful ſtory; and juſt as the curate was preparing to give him ſome proper conſolation, he was prevented by the doleful accents of another complaint that engag'd 'em to new attention. But the account of that adventure is reſerv'd for the fourth book of this hiſtory; for our wiſe and judicious hiſtorian, Cid Hamet Benengeli, puts here a period to the third.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.